

NATIONAL GAZINE

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JULY
1913



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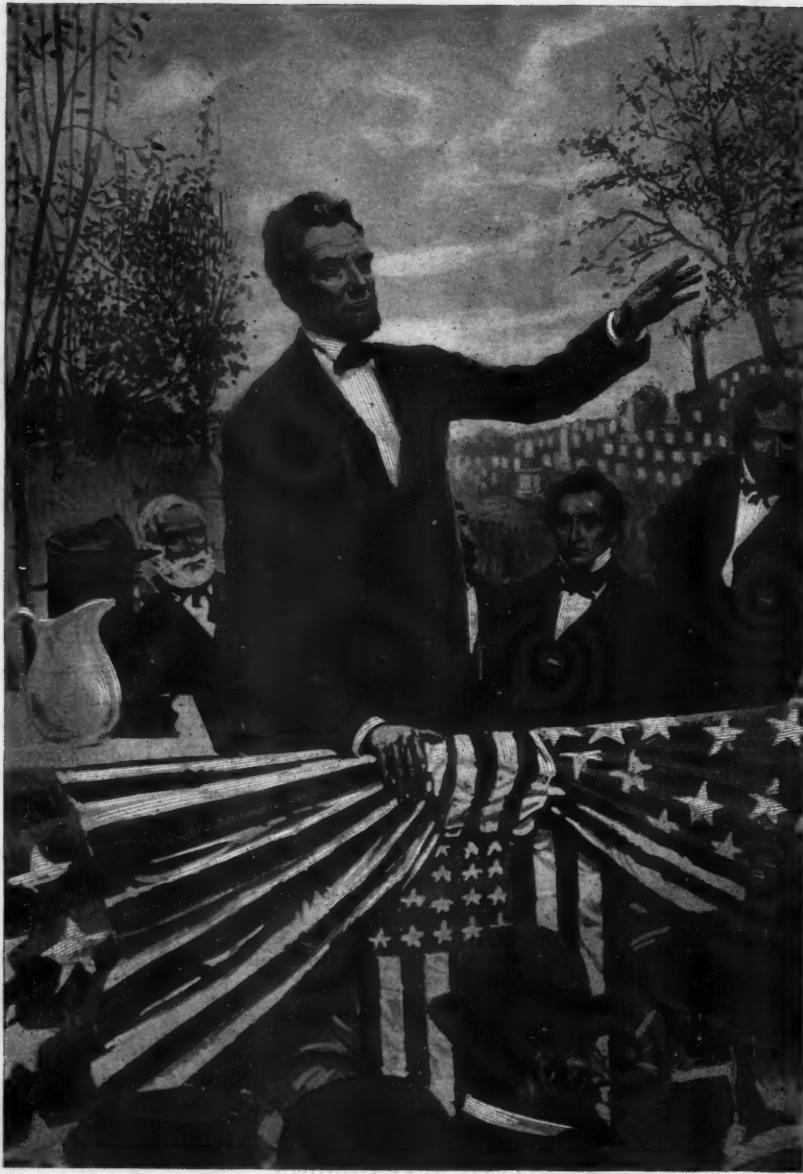
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LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG, OCT. 19, 1863

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining for us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion."

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JULY, 1913

Political Affairs at WASHINGTON

By Joe Mitchell Chapple.

FROM Washington to the field of Gettysburg leads a roadway immortalized in American annals, for over it Lincoln rode when he uttered those immortal words that gave to the men who fell in battle their apotheosis as the real dedicators of the great cemetery in which they sleep forever. In the blistering first days of July, the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle is celebrated by a reunion the like of which has never occurred in all history. On that same battlefield, which fifty years ago was so thickly strewn with dead and dying, the surviving soldiers of the great opposing armies encamp together as comrades. To the battlefield on which was shed the blood of soldiers from nearly every state of the Union—North and South—the President of the nation now makes a pilgrimage from Washington to Gettysburg, as did Lincoln, to dedicate himself and the nation anew to the Union and the "government of the people, by the people and for the people."

Over this roadway to Gettysburg it was at one time proposed to construct the Lincoln Way, which would, indeed, have been a fitting memorial to the great Emancipator, and although art commissioners decided otherwise, yet in the hearts of the people Gettysburg will always be the chief national shrine associated with Lincoln's memory.

* * * * *

DURING this celebration the nation's birthday occurs, and the world at large stands aside for the moment and wonderingly surveys the panorama, reflecting upon the glory of the peace of a united nation, thus ratified upon a battlefield which decided the destinies of the Union forever.

The emotions that come over the throngs standing on "Little Round Top" or on Cemetery Ridge or Culp's Hill, looking over Peach Orchard, the Wheat Field, or rest among the peaceful shadows that now lie over the Devil's Den, as they try to bring up in fancy the picture of those awful days, are hard to describe or to analyze. In the distance stands the old Seminary, the same

building whose steps fifty years ago were running rivers of blood. Looking across the field where Pickett made that last gallant charge, along his bloody road to defeat and glory, on every historical spot are reared monuments to the various regiments on the sites where they fought, and mute effigies that recall the gallant leaders and soldiers of fifty years ago. Gettysburg was a soldier's battle. It was never planned, but was one of those unexpected events that turn the scales of destiny.

* * * * *

THE meeting of the men of the Blue and the Gray after the battle of the first day to drink from the same spring, while the rivulets of Northron and Southron blood were trickling down the rocks and hillsides, foreshadowed the spirit of comradeship that still blooms a half century later. How much was decided on that day, when General Robert E. Lee thought in one moment that Hunt's artillery had been silenced for lack of ammunition preceding Pickett's charge, and then heard the awful fury of the Northern batteries belching forth shell and canister, and mowing down human lives like the wheat in the trampled and bloody fields? The awful thundering of that artillery duel has passed into history, and is now supplanted by the cheery greetings and salutations of the soldiers who on this field proved to the last drop of their blood American valor and heroism.

There is a tender pathos in the expression of comradeship on the faces of the veterans at Gettysburg, whether in blue or in gray, for a full half century has bridged the interval of life's activities and most eventful years, and has nearly completed the span of life for even the youngest of their myriads. Every five minutes of the day during the reunion a soldier's soul was passing on to the last bivouac.

"On to Gettysburg!" was the cry of thousands in the first days of July, and Gettysburg will forever remain one spot where Americans will gather to dedicate themselves anew in sacred, patriotic pledges to their country and their flag.

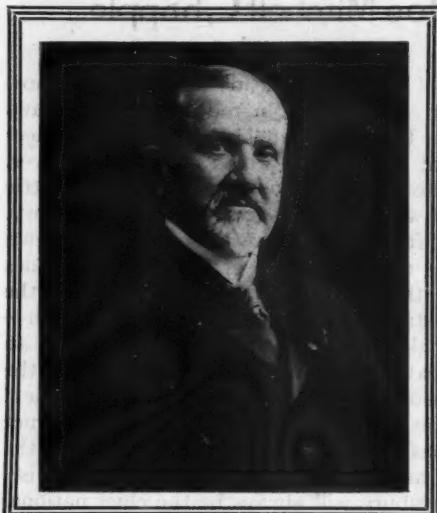
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A GROUP of newspaper men were discussing the habits and work of various congressmen and the issue was raised as to which were the representatives who really represented. Just then Congressman J. A. Goulden of New York was seen hurrying along, and attention was called

HON. J. A. GOULDEN
The New York Congressman who will not be allowed to retire
Visitors refer to him as "the most courteous Congressman;"
newspaper men call him "the ideal Representative"

* * * * *

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HON. J. A. GOULDEN

to the fact that he was at his office at eight o'clock in the morning, looking out for the interests of his large constituency, and when the clock struck nine was dispatching the work at hand with the vigor of a modern business man.

After a service of several terms in Congress, Mr. Goulden voluntarily retired and was earnest in his desire not to return. When his name was insistently presented in the convention of delegates he declared, to settle matters, that he would not take the nomination if there was one dissenting vote. That saving vote of dissension, however, was not forthcoming, so the Congressman was obliged to take to his automobile and make the tour of his district, where everybody loves to meet the man with the smiling face and courtly manners who has given a lifetime of service for others. In Congress there are few more popular members than Mr. Goulden, and accompanied by two good speakers and two or three buglers he made a tour of every section of his District thus reaching the masses; if he wants anything done, there are always a dozen colleagues ready to help him do it, but perhaps this is because most of the time he is doing things for others.

Like other Congressmen of the majority party, Mr. Goulden has been kept busy during the extra session looking after appointments and reinstatements, and none have gone to him without a fair and sympathetic hearing. He is one of the few remaining members of the Grand Army of the Republic remaining in Congress, having served in the navy during the Civil War. He was born within a few miles of the battlefield of Gettysburg and will take a notable part in the anniversary celebration. Whenever the interests of old sailors or soldiers are concerned, Congressman Goulden is never known to lack interest or spare effort in their behalf.



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS ELSIE KINDEL

The winsome daughter of Congressman Kindel of Colorado. She recently returned from a trip abroad, and is making many new friends in Washington



HON. WILLIAM H. THOMPSON

The new Senator from Kansas. He is the youngest Senator ever elected from his state, and one of the youngest men in the Senate. His political success is without parallel in the history of his state.

IN studying the personnel of the Sixty-third Congress it is often remarked that the members of the House and Senate are an unusually handsome lot of men, and that events will probably develop new leaders for coming campaigns. Professor Michael, of the University of Turin, has advanced the idea that the most powerful aid to political power and leadership is beauty in some form. It is especially important, he declares, in helping a politician to rise. He points out many examples and incidents to prove his theory in Italy, especially in cases of Socialist leaders who have been successful rather because of their attractive personality than because of their beliefs. He also calls attention to the fine forms and features of the members of the Chamber of Deputies in France who have taken the reins of public affairs.

With dogmatic scientific precision, Professor Michael enumerates five qualities which he believes necessary to a party leader, all of which many of the young men at Washington possess: energy of will, which enables a man to dominate weaker characters; superiority of knowledge, which compels respect; deep conviction—a force of ideas often bordering on fanaticism; self-confidence pushed to the point of self-conceit, but having the power of being communicated to the mass of the people; and last and most important of all, goodness of heart and absolute disinterestedness.

All these requisites are aside from the qualifications of face and form which are not to be regarded lightly. Is this aspect foreshadowing the entrance of women in politics? Will the feminine element ever be able to eliminate the old-fashioned admiration for Adonis on the stump or Apollo in a moving picture campaign? Only the women themselves can answer.

* * * * *

LETTERS from Japan seem particularly fascinating in the light of recent events. Among those in the editorial file is an interesting missive from Mr. T. Miyaoka, who some years ago was a student here and is now a prominent lawyer in Tokio. With his letter was enclosed a picture of the

entrance to the Sawabun Inn at Fushimi, which town has lost much of its importance with the downfall of the Toyotomi regime. A footman of the Imperial household attends at the carriage door, which the Princess approaches, accompanied by the marshal of her court, who holds an umbrella over her in the rain. Following her is Mme. Miyaoka.

The Princess has been to the late Emperor's mausoleum, which is built on a well-wooded hill called Momo-yama, just outside the town of Fushimi, near Kioto. On this hill once stood the proud castle of Toyotomi Hideyoshi. When the Tokugawa family came into power three hundred and nine years ago everything was done to obliterate the memory of the splendor of the Toyotomi regime. Hideyoshi's ancient castle was razed to the ground, and the place was occupied by a grove of trees. Later the site was planted with



THE PRINCESS OF JAPAN LEAVING SAWABUN INN, FUSHIMI

The Royal Lady is accompanied by the marshal of her court and Mme. Miyaoka, her friend. At the side of the gate, bowing, are waitresses of the Inn

peach trees, whence it was called "Momo-yama" or "Peach Hill." Later the peach trees died out and the heights grew bosky and have now become a thickly wooded hill.

The progress in the development of Japan during the last few years is almost startling in its rapidity. The introduction and adoption of electric lights, telegraphs, telephones, typewriters and all accessories of modern civilization have given the Flowery Kingdom the natural ambition to take her place among the chief nations of the earth, and to resent the abrogation of any treaty right. From the various friendly letters received from Japan,

I wonder if we are not becoming unduly excited, and doing an injustice to the gallant little nation whose posts were opened to the world by Admiral Perry not so many years ago. The United States, with her own understanding of the importance of progress in civilization, has always been the "big brother" of Japan, and the cool-headed people in both countries deprecate any action or utterance that might interrupt the good feeling between the two countries.

* * * * *

MANY thousands of visitors will make their headquarters at Washington during the fiftieth anniversary celebration at Gettysburg. A trip to the national capital is now a confirmed American custom. When Congress is in session, constituents count it a specially favorable time to come

to Washington, but after gazing upon the dome of the Capitol and the dizzy heights of the Washington Monument, the first place that usually comes to the mind of the visitor is the White House.

Secretary Tumulty has been kept busy issuing the tiny drab cards of admission to the executive office, which speed the happy visitors down the steps around to the East corridor to enter the White House. The card is proudly held aloft, to be kept as a souvenir of the call at the White House.

Through the lower cloak room corridors, where the guests leave their wraps at social functions, the visitors pass along the hall where the china sets of several Presidents are displayed in handsome cabinets. On the wall are many portraits of "the first ladies of the land"—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Roosevelt—but one portrait that is conspicuous from its absence is that of the charming Mrs. Cleveland.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. JOHN M. EVANS

The wife of the new Congressman from Montana. She is one of the most attractive additions to Congressional society, and has made many friends since her arrival in Washington

Over and over again the people hear the story of the President's house. In the state dining room where the state dinners are given, trophies of big game still look down upon the diners—a grim reminder of a former president. On the walls are costly tapestries made from exclusive patterns that can never be duplicated. In the Green Room the gold clock presented by Napoleon to Lafayette, and by him in turn to President Washington, still ticks away. The famous Stuart picture of Washington, which Dolly Madison saved by cutting from the frame, when the enemy set fire to the White House in the



War of 1812, now hangs in the Red Room, where a pair of vases presented by the Prince of Wales show to advantage against the bright red plush on the wall. In the Blue Room the diplomats are received; the marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt was also solemnized here, an appropriate background when "Alice Blue" was the popular color.

President Wilson has used the East Room to a large extent for receptions, and here visitors always stop to look at the handsome inlaid Steinway piano, which bears the coat-of-arms of the various states in the Union. The official coat-of-arms of the United States is passed at the front entrance, where it is engraved on the floor, and surrounded by forty-five stars, for the number of states in the Union at the time the White House was reconstructed. Three more brass stars are still to be added. At various functions the Marine Band is usually stationed at the main entrance, and the blaze of scarlet uniforms through the glass doors adds the needed touch of color to the picture. The old White House stairs leading to the second floor where the President's office was formerly located were wearily climbed by Lincoln many times when he had to face the problems of cabinet meetings. They have now been removed to make room for the spacious entrance now provided, and with them has passed the historic old conservatory which was as noted in federal romances of its day as "Flirtation Walk" at West Point.



Photo by Clinedinst

HON. JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS

The new Senator from Illinois. He was an officer in the Spanish-American War and has served before in Congress as Representative from the State of Washington. He is one of the most noted lawyers in Chicago

THE first appearance of a threatened war cloud during the Wilson administration occurred when the Japanese Viscount Sutemi Chinda made various calls at the State Department, emphasizing the intense feeling in Japan occasioned by the act of the California legislature in passing an alien land bill, which denied to those ineligible to citizenship the privilege of holding land in the state.

There were many conferences between the President and Secretary of

State Bryan to hold in check any provocations that might lead to an acute situation. A war cloud is like a bit of gossip—it starts by people talking of things. In Tokio, for instance, the talk turned to parallels and past cases. It was argued that Americans are now imposing the same regulations upon residents from Japan as was complained of by the American government when naturalized Jews returned to Russia, only to be denied the privileges accorded to the citizens of other countries. Then in America the talk—only a whisper as yet—has been that there is an intrigue between the empire of Japan and other European nations who have fixed envious eyes on Mexico and South American countries, and are preparing for a great change in the world map upon the completion of the Panama Canal.

In Room 212, where the Secretary of State receives diplomats on Thursdays, the interest in foreign affairs speedily shifted from Europe, the Balkans and Mexico to Japan, and there are many consultations of the great globe in the State Department, which so often turns on its axis to bring into view that portion of the earth where international complications have arisen. Secretary Bryan's visit to California to attempt to influence the state legislature was one of the new departures of the present administration. It was not successful, but it indicated President Wilson's good intention in trying to avert international complications, and to maintain treaty obligations as the supreme law of the land. Secretary Bryan also has declared that there shall not be war with any nation during his administration if he has the power to prevent it.

* * * * *

THREE was a flush on her cheek, and fire in her eye, and you knew something had gone amiss. The telephone operator in Washington could not help but somewhat intuitively observe oracularly the drift of the lines and the plot perhaps by telepathy, if not telephony. It was this way:

The young lady had an admirer who was employed in an undertaker's establishment, and he was devoted, was John, but he would insist on driving up to the house of his lady love in the undertaker's cart. Now this cart with all its grim significance stood before the fashionable residence while John went in to exchange greetings. The wagon appeared so regularly and frequently that it set the neighbors talking and inquiring why the undertaker's cart should stop before the house so frequently unless there was a morgue concealed on the premises. So over the telephone John was told, without mincing words, that he would have to change his business, or at least quit driving his cart around, or he would be a real "dead one" as far as certain favors were concerned.

The sequel of this joke is not so sad, after all, for in due season the undertaker's cart was forsaken for Hymen's dove-drawn chariot.

* * * * *

WHILE sitting at a peace banquet, it seemed ironic that the conversation should turn upon the progress and development of explosives, but the guest at my right was thoroughly enthusiastic over acetone. This new explosive, he insisted, was a great deal more powerful than any of the other high explosives except the Shimose powder which Japan has exclusive control of, and which it has sometimes lately been felt that the men in charge

of the soldiery of the "Flowery Kingdom" are aching to test on American ironclads. It is said that the Japanese expert who invented this explosive is half-blind and sadly scarred by the numerous accidents attending its invention. When used against the Russian fleet in the Strait of Shimonoseki few of the Russian ironclads escaped destruction. Acetone was successfully used in the Balkan war, which indicates that the world powers of war in providing more deadly explosives are keeping pace with the work of the peace propaganda.

Still, even the deadly bombs used in England by the militant suffragettes now seem to have no more terrors than a well-baked biscuit. In these exhilarating times we are accustomed to high explosives, and to look back to the



Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS AND HER FOUR SONS

A glimpse of the delightful family of the Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Daniels, though socially prominent, is known first as an ideal wife and mother

old muzzle-loading muskets and cannon of the Civil War seems like a glimpse into ancient history. As one artillerist remarked, the artillery fire in the battle of Gettysburg, with all their shells and canister, was like throwing spit balls in comparison with the effects of the artillery in action today. A revenue cutter with its insignificant armament of four guns might be taken for a pleasure yacht, for there are none of the frowning portholes of the frigates and warships of 1812—but contemplate the deadly stream of fire and destruction that these four guns pour upon an enemy.

War at best is not a pleasant pastime, but if we keep on developing armaments and explosives, and Dr. Lyman Abbot continues to talk over and



MR. JAMES A. FARRELL

The president of the United States Steel Corporation, who made an interesting witness in the government hearings on the steel industry. (A short account of the hearing will be found on another page.)

must be protected, though goats' hair is used in third class wool.

Congressman Garner of Texas, on the Ways and Means Committee, represents the only district in the country breeding goats on a large scale, and his opponents insist that his attitude in tariff-making depends largely on "whose goat is gored." The first draft of the bill permitted the Texas goats to butt the Ohio, Idaho and Montana sheep out of the tariff corral.

In the meantime Senators Smoot, Lodge, Root, Borah and La Follette, as Republican tariff champions, are preparing for the final fight on the bill that is to bring in the big market baskets. There is no cloture rule in the Senate, and the Senators promise to discuss and ventilate thoroughly every phase of the measure. It has not yet been christened as a free trade or "tariff for revenue measure only," and it is certainly not a protective measure except in special instances. The Republican Senators insist that when you have a market basket it is essential to have a pay envelope to go with it, to keep something in the basket. The contest goes merrily on between those who prescribe more pay envelopes in industrial development and those who want a weightier market basket with sugar still going down, and the country patiently awaits the voice of the legislators at Washington, while drawing on their savings accounts.

preside at peace conferences, a little war cloud may break out now and then to furnish an opportunity just for practice.

* * *

THE extra session of Congress began to talk of tariff, and tariff talk continued to be the center of legislative action while business marked time and certain industries placidly awaited the guillotine.

The question whether the tariff was, after all, not really a local rather than a national issue, was heatedly discussed. The contention of General Winfield Scott Hancock, the Democratic presidential candidate in 1876, that the tariff was a local issue is emphatically demonstrated in present-day tariff-making. Sugar is vital to some states, steel to others; pottery and textiles have stories to tell of threatening calamity—but free wool is insisted upon. Goats, however,

THE doorkeepers of the House of Representatives have now become familiar with the faces of many new members. Several innocent visitors were on the House floor at the time of the secret Democratic caucus on the tariff bill, but they were politely banished when they promptly denied the charge of being new members. It was still rather early in the history of the new Congress to determine "who is who," and who will eventually prove to be the party leaders, but Oscar W. Underwood, smiling and suave, holds his party cohorts well together. Congressmen who came to Washington with high hopes of national fame soon found themselves in the shadow of those whom patronage or circumstances favored. Others, taking advantage of an incident or a special occasion, rose to the occasion and became conspicuous as leaders over night. As a rule, however, time is required for the evolution of a congressional leader who can hold his own against all comers.

In the Senate chamber the limelight has shifted to the right of the center aisle and is focussed on Vice-President Marshall. The Vice-President is a nervous little man, and often shifts about in the big chair as if desperately resisting the lawyerlike impulse to put his feet on the desk. He started out bravely wearing a silk hat—the one brought from Indiana for the inauguration, but the President insisted on a Fedora, and the Vice-President, after his torrid speeches against wealth, laid aside his tall silk hat and wore it every other day—three times a week—then twice a week—until now he ventures out with it only on Sundays, because he feels that the President's Fedora should not be outshone by the vice-presidential headgear.

* * *

ONE of the bodyguard of Abraham Lincoln during his last days in the White House, Colonel William H. Crook, is still employed in the executive offices. He has served under thirteen administrations without interruption. He accompanied President Lincoln on his last trip to Petersburg and Richmond during the war, and never was more than a few feet away from him from the time he left Washington until he returned. Colonel Crook is at present the disbursing clerk at the executive office and has seen service under twenty-seven secretaries. Thirteen was a favorite number with President Wilson, and Colonel Crook was his thirteenth appointment, and still remains. Although seventy-three years of age the



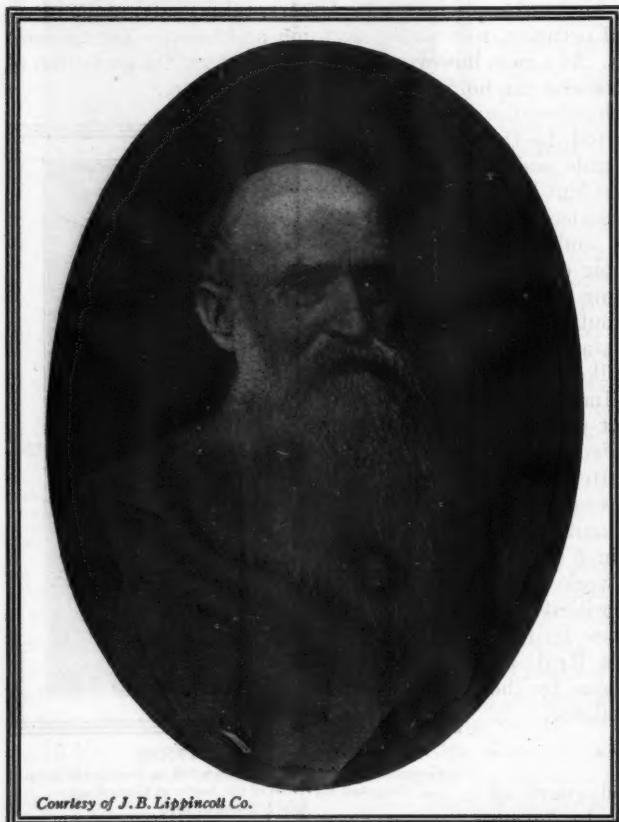
HON. JOHN K. TENER

Governor of Pennsylvania, who acted as host to the sixty thousand survivors of the battle of Gettysburg,
July 1, 2 and 3, 1913

Colonel declares that he can enjoy himself as well as he could thirty years ago. He has written many contributions with reference to the White House, which will later be published in book form, and is one of the very few men in official life at Washington who was in any way associated with the administration of Abraham Lincoln. He delights in relating incidents of the days when Lincoln strolled from the old office in the White House proper along the Avenue, and over to the Treasury Department, clad in his Scotch shawl and silk hat, eager to meet and mingle among the people and free himself from the official exclusiveness of the White House.

It was only four years—but what eventful years they were—that young Crook, soldier and aide, stood at the side of the great Emancipator.

* * *



Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY

The late Confederate leader, whose division in concentrating near Gettysburg encountered Meade's advance and bore the brunt of the fighting July 1, 1863

THE return to power of the Democratic party recalls the days when Governor Peck led the party to victory in Wisconsin during Cleveland's administration. At the time of his election, Mr. George W. Peck, the author of "Peck's Bad Boy," was one of the best loved and most popular newspaper men in the country. He

always had a rich and rare fund of humor, but when concentrated in the reminiscent glow of "Peck's Bad Boy," the country was carried by storm. It seemed paradoxical to find a very dignified gentleman—with a military manner, an imperial gray moustache, but a humorous twinkle in the eye—the author of the most popular humorous books of the times, all in the same person.

Governor Peck became one of the most popular men who ever occupied the executive chair in Wisconsin. The doors of his office were always open, and his administration was impressed with the kindly and genial personality of the man. At that time Wisconsin was in the forefront of national affairs, with Governor Peck in the executive chair and Senator William F. Vilas in the Cleveland cabinet. Politics as mere politics, however, never interested Governor Peck. He liked to mingle with men of all parties and creeds. Never shall I forget the time when a boy called on him at Madison and approached the Governor's desk (the first time he ever was in a real governor's office) trembling with awe. He never forgot his impression of the Governor sitting in his swivel chair, with pasteboard box, shears, and pencil at hand, as much at home as in an editorial sanctum.

If George W. Peck believed in a person, there was no "official" tone or veneer about it, for he believed in an official just as he believed in a man as a man. He was just as ready to do things for other people when Governor as he was when plain George W. Peck, the author of "Peck's Bad Boy."

During the campaign there was some scoffing by jealous opponents who insisted that the author of a funny book could never uphold the dignity of a state executive. Such fears were soon dispelled. Mr. Peck was one governor whom the members of the legislature delighted in honoring socially. They knew him for an executive in the broadest sense of the word, for he attended strictly to executive work and induced the legislature to do the same.

Governor Peck has had a busy, useful and patriotic career, which must be briefly recorded. The records in "Who's Who" indicate that it was in Henderson, New York, that he first saw the light, along about the year (I say "about", for he does not look it), 1840. He learned the printer's trade and was a good printer, always set a clean proof and only washed forms in lye—using the "lie" in no other way. He knew his case and thin-spaced with the geometrical exactness demanded in book work, even for the "local" column. He was editor of the *Jefferson County Republican* at the beginning of the war. He enlisted as a private, returning as

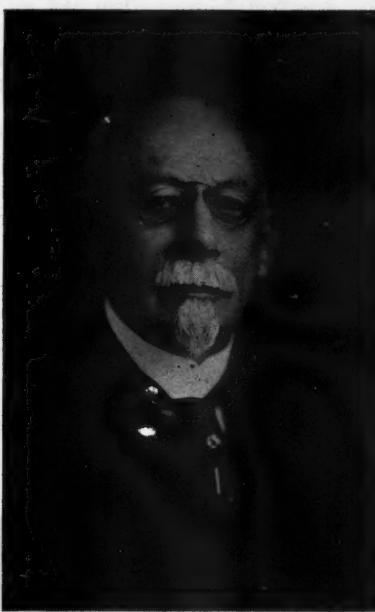


Photo by Stein

HON. GEORGE W. PECK

One of the most popular governors that the state of Wisconsin ever honored. The creator of the famous "Peck's Bad Boy"



CONGRESSMAN CLYDE H. TAVENNER

The Illinois legislator who first won prominence as a writer of radical newspaper "copy" and later became a successful publicity director

still remember with grateful appreciation the genial governor who sent many a lad forth with an inspiration to do things, and did not storm them or advise or counsel when his hand could find his pocket, or his ready pen record an endorsement or an order that would help the young fellows along.

IT was scarcely nine o'clock, and that is early in the morning for Washington. Sweeping along the corridors of the Senate Office Building came women from all directions. They found their way among the elevators and around the corridors to the committee room where a Senate hearing was to be held on the suffrage situation. There were but few men in the room outside of the committee itself.

The enthusiastic faces of the champions were all aglow with expectancy, as the opening address was begun by Doctor Anna Howard Shaw. In her clear voice and charming manner the beloved leader outlined her cause. She

lieutenant of the gallant Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, and wears the little bronze button of the G. A. R. with distinction. The young lieutenant returned to newspaper business as a "peaceful pursuit," first at Ripon and later at LaCrosse, where he established *The Sun* in 1874. This *Sun* was still shining when he removed to Milwaukee in 1878, and called his paper *Peck's Sun*. In this were published the famous humorous sketches called "Peck's Bad Boy." In 1890 we find him Mayor of Milwaukee, and from there it was but a step into the governorship of Wisconsin.

For four years George W. Peck gave the Badger State a governmental administration that will never be forgotten.

Governor Peck still lives in Milwaukee, and in all parts of the country—east and west, north and south—both "bad boys" and "good boys"

was followed by Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette, who in her manner of speech and appearance very closely resembles her distinguished husband. Mrs. LaFollette made a remarkable and forcible address, and as the audience hung upon her words, the thought flashed through many minds at that time, that if Senator LaFollette was ever nominated and elected President, there would be a "First Lady of the Land" who could deliver speeches from the throne, as well as grace social functions. Mrs. LaFollette and her charming daughter, Miss Lola, are vigorous suffragettes and although the suffrage movement lost in their state, the LaFollettes have an abiding faith in its ultimate success.

As Mrs. LaFollette presented her argument to the committee, one of the men auditors burst out admiringly, "Isn't that just like Bob!" which shows how well the former school chums have carved out their devoted life companionship.

Other speakers followed, representing almost every phase of the subject. As suffrage is adopted in various states, the basis of representation for Congressmen will be somewhat complicated, as states that do not have woman suffrage will suffer in their representation, as compared with states in which the votes of women are counted. In no state as yet have the women the right to vote for President. Equal suffrage is only as yet applicable to state matters, and consequently the apportionment is made on the vote cast for presidential electors rather than that for state officers.



MRS. CLYDE H. TAVENNER
The wife of Congressman Tavenner. She is only twenty years old, and is the youngest wife of any member of the House

THE beauty and effectiveness of the Woman Suffragist parades in Washington and New York remind us that the militant tactics of the English suffragettes are in sharp contrast to the demonstrations made by their American cousins. The English conditions may be hard, but there is a suspicion that a rage for free advertising in seeking the martyr's robe is too much in evidence oversea. In the kindness of his heart Mr. Herbert Gladstone as Home Secretary inaugurated the policy of leniency to women, but failing to

win their case by hysterical appeal and other feminine wiles, they resolved to kick the shins of the police, smash windows and refuse to eat in prison, even placing bombs and wrecking trains in foolish imitation of a sullen and dangerous child. Cabinet meetings in England have been the special object of attack, and Mr. David Lloyd-George has had his home bombarded with real bombs.



Photo by Clinchedini

MISS AGNES WILSON

The daughter of the Secretary of Labor. She is one of the most efficient young ladies in Cabinet circles, having served for several years as secretary to her father, also as clerk to the Congressional Committee on Labor

and classical lore, there were some rather sharp comments in the cloak room on the story of a Congressman who had "come over" to look in upon the "floor of the Senate" and dream of the time when a senatorial desk and a swivel chair were to be given him for his very own.

One new Congressman was introduced to the Senators as a classical scholar and orator, who had "roamed with Romulus, ripped with Euripides, soaked with Socrates, prated of Plato, and soared with Caesar," but when asked if he could discuss both sides of the Japanese question, or the several items in the new tariff bill, the student of ancient and dead languages found his classical lore of little value.

At the same time the careers of such members as Henry Cabot Lodge and John Sharp Williams testify to the value of an adequate acquaintance with Greek and Latin in attaining a full command of the English tongue. In these prosaic days, however, the problem for most of us is how to make every penny count. "The only classical revival I foresee," remarked a Senator, whose taste runs to modern literature and art, "is through the Greek fruit

At Washington the cabinet members do not seem to have suffered, for the women of America have displayed more effective methods in their campaign. They have not hidden behind the weakness of femininity while demanding the masculine privilege of voting. In the natural evolution of events, American women will undoubtedly receive the ballot, not as a privilege, but as a right established in 1776, and when the American women make their declaration of independence, they will make it in a way to win results.

* * *

NOW and then there appear in the *Congressional Record* classic allusions which are somewhat confusing, since classical quotations and illustrations of the nineteenth century are not so much in vogue now as in "the fifties."

After a certain Congressman had aired his knowledge of Latin

pedlers and Latin bootblacks, who serve today but may be in command tomorrow. Perhaps they and their college-bred sons will introduce a system of classical politics."

* * * * *

THE parson had taken his Sunday School class out that day for a hike in the woods, in "Boy Scout" fashion. The boys loved the jolly, stout old parson who was for years a chaplain, and the parson loved the boys—but they missed connections on their meals. They played soldier, made camp fires and played Indian, but the commissary wagon failed to arrive and the parson was interrogated fast and furious until in sheer desperation he put up a sign, "The parson does not know when the commissary wagon will arrive." This the boys looked at and ogled from all angles, and when the good parson's back was turned a postscript was added: "P. S. The parson don't care a darn."

When the parson saw the postscript he laughed heartily, and told the boys that it reminded him of an old army story. The boys were all attention as he told of the old chaplain in the army, who was also the regimental postmaster. The mail had been delayed, and the questions came so fast that in self-defense the notice was put up, "The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive." Some impatient soldiers, whose pink-tinted, violet-scented weekly letters were held up, put a postscript under the sign, "and don't care a dam."

"This proves the immortality of a joke that has run the cycle of several generations," said the chaplain, as the boys laughed. "Why, Chaplain," spoke up one bright lad with a twinkle in his eye, "that's the very same joke they played on Noah when he didn't hurry up the lunch aboard the Ark."

* * * * *

DURING a trip to Pennsylvania, a story was told of the late Henry H. Rogers of Standard Oil fame. After a lapse of many years, Mr. Rogers visited the town of McClintockville, and the oil fields where he began life working in a refinery. As he stood before the little cottage where he and Mrs. Rogers began housekeeping, he told of the days when he used to go to the stream with a pail for water and help his wife with the washing on Mondays. He had now become a millionaire, but when he finished the story he turned to a friend and said, "Do you know that after all those were the happiest years of my life? We were independent—all to ourselves—and not the target of the envious."

Despite evidence like this from men who have won millions, the American people seem to insist upon straining, fighting and battling for the wealth that takes away the comfort and content of a humble home and occupation, and stirs up distrust and envy. A change seems apparent, however, in the ideals of coming generations. The teachings that inflame the popular mind against those who have wealth, merely because they have wealth, and from a spirit of envy, are now recognized as inimical to the best interests of the republic. There is much in the life of many millionaires that ought to excite sympathy rather than envy, like the case of the young heiress who recently ran away just to "have a home—a real home—away from the surveillance of servants and the burden of conventionalities."

The statesmen who can inspire the average man and woman, boy and girl

with an appreciation of their real blessings, and check the dangerous agitators who are simply seeking to lash public sentiment into unreasonable passion, are those who will win the appreciation of posterity.

The late Mr. Rogers was the close friend of Mark Twain, and when the latter was in financial straits his friend came to him promptly. "Mark," he

said, after the two had talked matters over, "this is one time I am glad there is such a thing as money, as it seems to be the only cure for your present ailment."

* * *



MISS EMILY STEVENS

A talented young actress who has been successful in creating many important roles on the American stage. She had the advantage of training by her cousin, Mrs. Fiske, whom she formerly understudied

sion of the property, which was first utilized as a medical museum, but in recent years has been in charge of the quartermaster's department.

The policy of the government has always been to remove every reminder of this and other assassinations. The Pennsylvania Station, in which President Garfield was assassinated by Guiteau, has long been completely obliterated and nothing remains to mark the spot where the late President McKinley was shot in Buffalo.

The disposition of Americans to remove the bloodstained scenes of such deplorable memories is accounted by European philosophers one of the most happy characteristics of a race whose fresh ideals and hopeful optimism will not permit the gloom of past catastrophes to depress them, while the affection associated with the memory of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley increases and is intensified as years pass. Their birthdays, rather than the days of their passing, are observed, and in the same way their birthplace is made a shrine, while the spot where they died is wiped out.

Although Washington's birthplace at Wakefield, Virginia, has entirely disappeared, a sketch of it still exists, and a movement has been initiated among patriotic societies to rebuild the little home on Pope's Creek. The site

EVERY time I pass Ford's Theater in Washington and the little red brick building opposite, wherein President Lincoln died, the great tragedy is recalled to memory by the throng of visitors outside, always going and coming. The Ford Theater has long been used by the government to store away the files of the adjutant-general's department, but has been declared unsanitary and unsafe by the commission, and this sombre scene of the assassination of President Lincoln will soon be torn down and replaced by a modern structure. Soon after the tragedy, the government acquired posse-

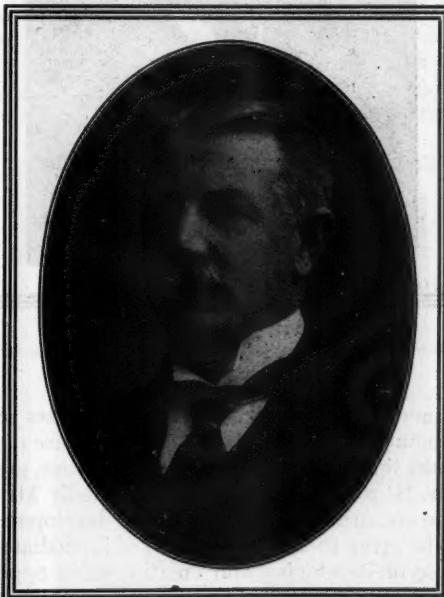
is marked now by a simple shaft that the government erected to indicate the spot where Washington was born. The United States and Virginia are now united in the project to preserve the memory of Washington's birthplace, making it possible for the thousands of pilgrims who visit his tomb at Mount Vernon to visit also his birthplace. Every night as the steamers pass this historical spot on Pope's Creek, leading from the Potomac, they salute at the birthplace of George Washington. Two centuries have passed since the little Washington home on the Potomac rejoiced in the birth of a son, and the spot will now be made another historical shrine.

* * * * *

THE increased use of automobiles and auto-trucks has served notice on counties and municipalities that "dirt roads" and even macadamized streets are threatened with rapid demolition by the friction of heavy driving wheels propelled by powerful motors. Some years ago Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture took up the idea of laying broad steel rails or rather wheel-ways in highways exposed to heavy teaming and congested travel. A rail was made seven inches wide by three-fourths of an inch thick, slightly dished so that the wheels naturally keep the track unless intentionally steered out of it. Each joint of two rails was tied at the middle and both ends and had at either end a slight projection to prevent the water from forming a channel along the line of rails and also to enable the wheels to enter the rails from the road-bed.

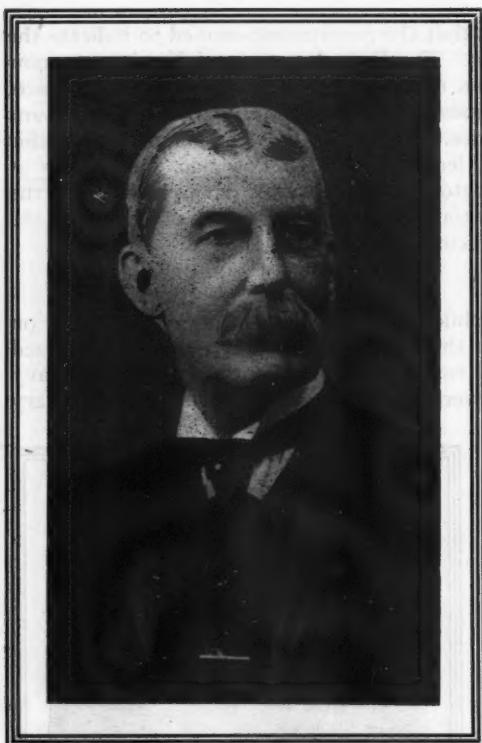
It was altogether an ingenious invention, and a trial length of road was laid and tested for its efficiency. A gain in tractile power of some six hundred per cent was demonstrated. The method of laying the rails seemed to be easy and permanently enduring.

The officials in Washington are now agreed that this idea of "Tama Jim's" was most practical, not only beneficial to the automobile and auto-car, but to everyone who rides or transports heavy articles, besides providing a method of saving heavy outlays for the repairs of macadamized highways. Wagon railroads on public highways are not an altogether impossible dream, and the Good Roads Congress will now have another interesting topic to discuss at its meetings.



MR. CHARLES C. GLOVER

A prominent citizen of Washington, D. C., whose energetic efforts have helped make it the "City Beautiful."



THE LATE HENRY M. FLAGLER

Whose record as a money-maker will be forgotten when centuries hence men tell of his over-sea railway

monument to himself that far surpasses any mammoth shaft of marble or monument of bronze, but also in the case of Florida, too long hampered by her coast line of sandy keys, marshy lagoons, great swamps and shallow reaches of sea, he recreated a state. Unstintedly Mr. Flagler poured his great fortune and constructive energy into the development of Florida. No thought seemed to be given to any expectation of immediate return. With the consuming purpose of developing and creating more opportunities for business, health and happiness, he pushed his railroad on to the south.

In other ages men have written great epics and immortal poems, but Henry M. Flagler in making a habitable country out of what was considered a barren waste, flinging across the Keys an oversea railroad, and connecting with Florida by rail the historic island city of Key West, has graven in masonry and steel a life history, which will endure for centuries after many of the noted poems and orations of his time are forgotten. Nothing seemed to daunt this leader, even at the age of fourscore years, when he made a simple and modest address at Key West announcing the completion of the road he had created, developing opportunities for millions, and bringing the United States within a few hours of Cuba and sixty-four hours of Colon. He foresaw

THE passing of Henry M. Flagler at the age of eighty-three recalls not only the monumental results of his active and successful business life as represented in amassed millions, but especially the stupendous and beneficent works which his millions have accomplished in the development of the railroad system of Florida. The building of the "over land and sea" railway to Key West will be his best and most enduring memorial from generation to generation. He achieved what was accounted impossible when he tied the Florida Keys together, belting long sea-reaches with concrete arches and the rails that save so many tourists from the perils and nausea of a sea voyage, and bringing the Antilles almost to our very shore line. The moment that health or pleasure seekers arrive in Florida they realize that in his active life Henry M. Flagler not only built a

with an unerring and prophetic vision, and realized the dreams of his young manhood when he went South, like Ponce de Leon, to find restored health, which in return impelled him to lavish on the development of the "Land of Flowers" his life purposes, fortune and energy.

* * * *

A FEW years ago the startling assertion of Dr. Osler that the usefulness of life ended at sixty years of age startled the world. The assertion did not check the energetic young fellows of sixty from going right ahead and doing things without a thought of the chloroform bug. The Doctor may have intended that his utterances should be taken in a scientific Pickwickian sense, for in meeting him one would never believe him responsible for such a grim edict. Now that Dr. Osler is himself approaching the "age limit," he may modify his original statement, and with the honors of Knighthood "thick upon him," Sir William Osler may take a brighter purview of long life as the sunset of sixty approaches.

One bit of philosophy lately advanced by Dr. Osler seems destined to live to bear good fruit. There is no use, he remarks, in worrying about yesterday and tomorrow—today is what we must take care of. When one stops to think of it, most of our real worries come from regrets for misspent yesterdays, or from apprehensions of possibly unhappy tomorrows, little realizing that between the sunset and sunrise of today lie all-important and imperative duties. Dr. Osler insists that when one starts the day with the first two hours going right, smooth sailing for all day is forecasted. This reminds me of the admonition of dear old grandfather, who used to say "Never get up in the morning without a hearty laugh. If you can't think of anything humorous, tickle yourself." In other words, let your day begin with a temperamental sunrise, for cheery words and thoughts constitute a radiant dawn that glows on into noonday brightness, whether the weather outside be indicative of gloom or a threatened tempest.

* * * *

IN the light of proposed legislation people can realize how a party is often pledged to a proposition without a dissenting vote during the hurried framing of a party platform. On a hot



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS DOROTHY DUNCAN GATEWOOD

The popular daughter of the Naval Medical Director. Her engagement to Lieutenant Earl North of the Army Engineer Corps has recently been announced. Miss Gatewood is regarded as one of the prettiest girls in Army and Navy circles

nigh a committee is chosen to meet, and melting with feverish heat, the members attempt to incubate a platform whose hastily-hatched chickens too often come home to roost. The Democratic platform did not seriously consider the question of Canal tolls, but simply made a provision in the Canal bill for free tolls for coastwise ships, which is defended as a form of subsidy to stimulate American shipping interests.

Then someone discovered that a blunder was made, for it was pointed out that the United States could not live up to the letter and spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty if American vessels were exempted from paying tolls.

As one leader remarked, with a sigh, party platforms seem to be better known and more studied than the Constitution itself, and the belief is current that if political leaders, Senators and Congressmen would study the Constitution even as their children have to study it in school, there would not be so many futile bills poured into the legislative hopper, which would mean a saving to the country of millions of dollars.

A little understanding of the Constitution itself and its fundamental tenets and principles

SENATOR THOMAS STERLING
Of South Dakota, one of the schoolmasters in the Upper House.
He was formerly Dean of the Law School, University of
South Dakota

would save a great deal of disappointment, and make political platforms saner and safer—so says the man in the gallery sitting by the clock, watching Speaker Clark pound the gavel for better order.

The new seating arrangement is proving a great success. It is making a more deliberative body of the House and the seating here and there and general mix-up of leaders has an aspect of Congressional Democracy that is a refreshing change.

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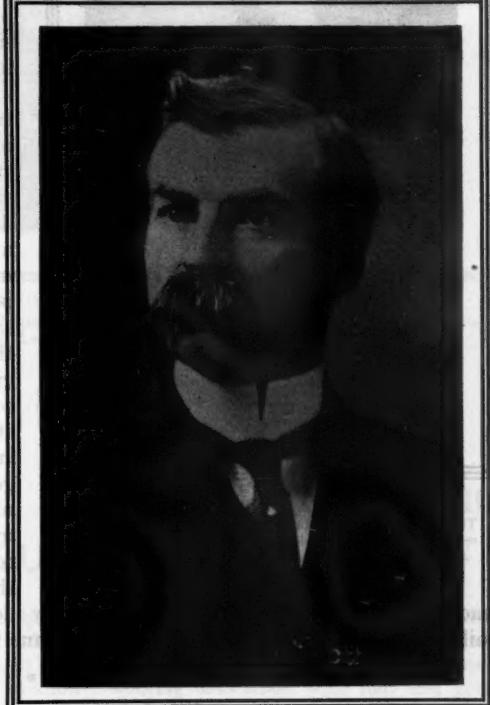
THREE is something impressive in the way one Senator generally calls on another in the Office Building at Washington. A repressive dignity precludes the old-time free and easy method of "dropping in to see Tom," or Jim or Jack—kicking in the door and sitting down on the table or desk, and "smoking up" without invitation. Today there is a sedate step, measured and regular, as the Senator sets out to call, with a manner and bearing that at once suggest senatorial dignity and courtesy. Such a bearing and dignity must perforce take the place of the impressive senatorial toga



of the old days, and a visiting dramatist (a lady, to be sure), has suggested that it would be most fascinating to come to the Senate on some holiday and find the distinguished gentlemen who now wear tweed and business suits attired in the Caesarian toga and mantle—a *mise en scène* that would leave Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* at its best presentation hopelessly in the back-ground.

* * * * *

ONE notable phase of the current news is the destruction of old theories, and announcements of something new. Now comes into the arena a physician who proves that reading in bed is not injurious. He has practiced it for thirty years, he says, and claims that it is all in knowing how to hold the book and shade the light. Careful directions are given on how to arrange the bed or couch so that the light comes from behind and falls full upon your page. Then you must hold the book at right angle with a line drawn from your eyes to the printed page. Reading in this way gives the body a rest and the brain full play to absorb what is read, even better than when sitting up, so the luxurious reader can go to bed and turn on the switch or keep the gas burning without loss of health and vigor. So much for reading in bed—now for the destruction of an astronomical theory. The moon, we are told by a noted scientist, is not round, but oval—no reference to green cheese. The information comes from Portugal, and "cinematographic" pictures of an eclipse are offered in evidence. Now when lovers linger under the witchery of the moon or a modern Norval speaks of the moon, "round as my father's shield," these impressions are relegated to the limbo of obsolete figures of speech or poetic license, for have we not the negative of a photograph to prove the affirmative? Our traditions and beliefs in regard to the very elements are dissipated by these new discoveries. Mineral water is no better than hydrant water, declares one new scientific doctor, and



SENATOR THOMAS J. WALSH

The Montana leader, who is an expert on irrigation and land laws. Legislation on these matters will be his special hobby in the Senate

some famous mineral waters are no better than sea water. Possibly a sea drink at the soda fountains will soon be in favor, and some enterprising firm will begin to bottle the Atlantic for commercial purposes.

So the world wags on, and as old theories are exploded, new ones are brought out to help along the current of news. The "early to bed and early to rise" theory is no longer popular because of the fate of the foolish worm who got up too early during the fishing season. Truly this is an ultra-practical age. Research is again proving that each individual has his own peculiar tastes and requirements, and even the pure food propagandists are puzzled by the axiomatic proposition that "what is one man's food is another's poison."

In the Smithsonian Institution an investigation has been made of the skeletons of the stone age to see what ailed the sick in that remote era. Gout, dyspepsia and rheumatism, it appears, were known to the megalithic and cave-dwelling peoples who evidently had the same diseases which deplete the race and enrich the drugists of today. A complete pathology of the men of the stone age gathers new hygienic information for the present generation, proving that man made of dust must consume so much of the earth's good loam to feed the billions of microbes that fight the "dust to dust"

Photo by Clinedinst

"ALFALFA BILL" MURRAY

The picturesque Oklahoman who is now in Washington recorded in the *Congressional Record* as "Hon. William H. Murray, Delegate-at-Large from Oklahoma"

bacilli battalions. If any glimmer of a new idea comes, there are unsatiated millions of readers on earth ready to welcome it.

* * * * *

WHEN the distinguished Second Assistant Secretary of State, Hon. A. A. Adeé checked his bicycle for Europe, it was said that the war clouds in the Far East had passed away for Mr. Adeé would be the last man to leave the ship of state if there was any chance of trouble. He will go to France as usual, seeking the secluded and little traveled sections, stopping at wayside inns and armed with a clicking camera. His anecdotes of past trips keep diplomatic Washington chuckling during the official season, and though administrations may come and go, the little man at the desk in the northwest corner of the State Department continues to pedal his way through the complexities of party policy and platform.



Photo by Cinedinst

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE

Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson. Another American journalist who has gone up higher after a varied and most eventful career

A Secretary Unafraid— Franklin K. Lane

by GUY NESMITH

IF you could look into the eyes of the man you would like him, for instinctively your heart would go out to him. But if it had been your privilege to know him intimately, to be closely associated with him through the years of his youth and his mature manhood, you would love him, as do all who have known him long and intimately.

Perhaps some readers have been surprised that the press from the Atlantic to the Pacific approves of President Wilson's choice for Secretary of the Interior, and that unanimously they have acclaimed his choice to be wise and patriotic. But

there would be no surprise if these readers knew the man as so many of the writers of the press know him, through intimate working association with him and years of close observation of his work as a newspaper man, as a lawyer, as a statesman. They know him and the ideals he cherishes, the motives that inspire him and the noble purposefulness of his life. So they hastened to add their tribute of praise for the wisdom of President Wilson's choice.

Franklin K. Lane began life as a newspaper reporter, and in San Francisco on the *Chronicle* won the spurs that brought about his selection as the New York corre-

spondent of that journal. In the San Francisco school of journalism, which has given so many illustrious names to the list of modern intellectuals, he served his apprenticeship. Among the first of the many who have since gathered the laurels of letters, he came to New York at a time when great, new ideas were being born—in the days when Henry George was awakening the people to thoughtful consideration of political problems; when Theodore Roosevelt was bringing to public service a higher sense of patriotic purpose and honorable ambition; at a time when Parkhurst was thundering from pulpit and press against the immoral partnership of the police and criminals; in the days when the inspired Father McGlynn was making his appeal to the hearts of men with love and tenderness and pity for the oppressed.

From the ferment of that time it would have been strange if a youth of Franklin K. Lane's high and lofty ideals had escaped without bearing away in his heart and mind the strong determination to be of service to the world. Lane was not only a youth of high ideals, he was first of all "a gentleman unafraid," who bore in his heart an all-embracing love of mankind. The self-effacing service of Father McGlynn made a strong appeal to his youthful imagination. He saw in the self-immolation of that earnest worker for human welfare the devotion of a saint. He saw in the services of the others a high and rare type of courage. It mattered not whether he could or could not agree with the doctrines these men preached; the example of their devotion to their beliefs appealed to him, and no doubt had much to do with giving answering direction to his natural bent.

And so when the time came for him to speak to the world on his own behalf through the medium of his own newspaper, *The Tacoma (Wash.) Daily News*, there is little reason to speculate on why his voice was raised in behalf of civic righteousness, of purity in politics, of public ownership and control of public utilities and of the thousand and one tentative theories of that day which have since become the tenets of the progressives.

He spoke as one having authority. The *News*, theretofore merely a purveyor

of local information, became a national voice. His clear and logical pronouncements on the national issues were quoted in the metropolitan press, and his editorials on local issues brought a re-alignment of local parties.

His was a powerful influence in the shaping of those first laws which the newborn state of Washington was just then establishing. Although of the minority party, yet what the *Tacoma News* said on this or that measure before the legislature had more to do with its success or failure than what was said by those who spoke for or against it in legislative halls.

He was the loyal and devoted advocate of the interests of organized labor, and his voice was raised in protest against the murder of Washington's coal miners—both when they were shot down in cold blood by the state militia and when blown to eternity in explosions resulting from faulty mine ventilation. He denounced judges who were false to their trusts and drove them from the bench. He exposed police corruption and its partnership with the vice and crime that disgraced his city. He tried to prevent the Northern Pacific Railroad from consummating its purpose to acquire the tidal water front of the city. He fought continuously for the common good, bravely, but against losing odds. He suffered the experience of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," for the public mind of that day was but dimly aware of the iniquities practiced in the name of local development.

Yet the plain people loved him. I have seen twenty thousand of them gather in the open air to hear him talk. The sinister influences which controlled the mercantile world, however, were too powerful for him then. In 1893, in the days of stringency following the panic, the attack upon his property was strongest, and he retired to San Francisco and there began the practice of law.

* * *

San Francisco and all of California in that day was under the domination of the Southern Pacific Railroad. But Lane did not "line up" with the crowd that controlled. Fortunately at that time there was a group of idealists who held to the high purposes of political reform. Lane

easily and readily took rank with them as one of the leaders of the new thought. Union labor aligned itself with the causes of reform, and in its ranks were some who came to betray. And though Lane was elected to office in the same movement that swept these corruptionists into power, he was no false prophet, no follower of Mammon, and had no compromise to make with the powers for evil that brought failure to the reform movement. In all the ruck and muck of that day, when reputations fell and characters melted in the limelight of publicity, one figure stood up lofty and illumined—that of Franklin K. Lane. Choosing honor rather than riches; choosing to serve rather than to be served; actuated by love of his fellow-man instead of by love of money, he came through those troublous times the most beloved of his people, poor but unafraid, humble but great! Only the other day, speaking from the solitude of his cell at San Quentin, a convicted bribe-taker told how and when and where he (as the one-time political associate and friend of Franklin K. Lane) had arrived at the parting of the ways; how he had chosen to follow the lure of gold while Lane had gone on in pursuit of honorable public service.

It is characteristic of the great heart of Mr. Lane that he was one of the first of those who signed a petition for the pardon of this criminal who had wronged him and wronged his people. "Poor fellow, poor misguided fellow—how I pity him!"—that is what I heard Lane say when he signed the petition.

And there you have the heart of him—his great, forgiving, loving heart, the heart that beats with sympathy for those who suffer, with hope for those who despair—the heart that beats with love for all mankind.

Wise, calm, deliberate and thoughtful, with a newspaper training to give him the fabulous "nose for news,"—Franklin K. Lane can smell a falsehood no matter how artfully it is concealed. The Interior Department will be to him like a newspaper office—a place to work. He will introduce the methods of the "journalism that does things." His staff will have no rest, for he is untiring. I have seen him hovering over the imposing stones at form-

closing time, tearing out a two-column scare-head news story to insert an editorial that changed men's destinies. I have seen him rush from the composing room to the stereotype room and urge to greater speed the men who made the plates and thence to the press room to speed up the presses, and from there into a howling mob of newsboys to stir up their enthusiasm so that they would call out, not the news feature, but the editorial feature of the day. Then he has hurried back to the editorial room to grind out a start for tomorrow's edition, and that night he perhaps spoke at a banquet of merchants or business men at one hour, and at a later hour talked to an assemblage of working-men.

It is to this whirlwind gait, then, that his associates must soon accustom themselves to move. That is why with only four very short years in which to do things you may expect Secretary Lane to do great things in the Department of the Interior. Not merely perfunctory things—things that all his predecessors have done, but new things, big things—things that will make for glory of the Wilson administration. The Secretary of the Interior will do this not expecting to lay the foundations of a presidential boom, for, unfortunately, he is ineligible to that high office, being born on Prince Edward's Island. What he does, he will do because it needs to be done, because it is right to do it, and because he can't help doing the right thing that needs to be done.

I have followed him in whirlwind campaigns from hall to hall, when he talked to men earnestly and convincingly in terse sentences, speaking direct truths of their duty to themselves, to their families and to their community, when there was neither reward, nor hope of reward nor thought of reward, only the thought to serve the common good. I have seen him in victory and in defeat, but I have never seen him discouraged, never hesitant, never doubtful as to what was the right thing to do, therefore never undetermined as to what he should do.

I did not see him when in that somber and solemn emergency he helped with dynamite to lay waste some of the most beautiful and richest sections of his beloved

city, but in my imagination I have seen him many times, leading the timid, shouting encouragement, stilling protest as pile after pile the ruins of palaces were built up as an impregnable bulwark against the passage of the flames. San Francisco in that hour knew him as "a gentleman unafraid," for he piled up the wealth of her millionaires as a barrier to protect the homes of her poor from the devouring wolves of flame.

So, too, the world will come to know him as "a gentleman unafraid," for he has the courage to act in the face of adverse

criticism if he be but convinced that he is right. He has the courage to upset precedent, and the broad-minded intelligence to ignore petty rules and restrictions that hamper free action in the larger essentials of statecraft.

I have said that if you could look into the eyes of Franklin K. Lane you would like him. You have need only to glance at his pictured features to catch the illumination with which the soul manifests itself and demonstrates that love of his fellow-man is the guiding motive of his life.

I LOOKED INTIL HIS EEN

By J. W. WHITCOMB

I LOOKED intil his een—
My heart it trembled sair.
I didna ken I loved the lad;
I thought na to beware.

By chance he touched my hand—
Hoo could it be sae sweet!
I did na ken I loved the lad,
But my heart maist gar'd me greet.

I felt his dear warm breath,
He chanced to come sae near;
I didna ken I loved the lad
But I trembled as wi' fear.

He told me he maun gae awa'—
I could na thole to hear.
He told me that he loved a lass—
Her name I dared na speir.

He said he loved her weel—
He gazed at me sae lang
My heart seemed leaping out
And breaking into sang.

He said he loved her weel—
I kenned the thought he had;
My heart it trembled sair—
I kenned I loved the lad.

The STORY of *The* BATTLE *of* GETTYSBURG *by* *Charles Winslow Hall*

THE first three days of July, 1913, will convene at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, the veteran soldiers of the Civil War, Confederates and Federals, to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg.

In the world's history there is no record of such a gathering of the survivors of a great battle in which nearly two hundred thousand men fought or raided and waited to join in the terrible fighting, and over forty-three thousand men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. It was a battle in which both sides fought with the conviction of the justice of their own cause and the injustice of the other, and with every passion that personal sufferings, losses and bereavements, and the highest military ambitions and resentments could inspire.

A very comprehensive record of what was done at Gettysburg during those days prepared by General H. S. Huidekoper will give the reader the military history of the three days' fighting, with many interesting details, statistics and incidents, and it only remains to recite considerations which induced General Robert E. Lee to invade a northern state, and attempt to avert the steady exhaustion of the men and means of the Confederate government.

First it should be said that in the West the progress of the northern arms, although sometimes temporarily blocked, was on the whole material and uninterrupted. Missouri had in 1863 practically ceased to be the battleground of opposing armies; Kentucky was hopelessly lost to the Confederacy; and Tennessee, while furnishing many men to the Confederate armies, had practically fallen under federal dominance, while her mountaineer riflemen on her eastern border hung like a threatening storm cloud on the western boundaries of Virginia and northern Carolina. Mississippi was practically helpless, although Pemberton still held Vicksburg with some 25,000 men, who could not get out and were fast approaching actual starvation at the close of a six months' siege, while Port Hudson, after a brave defense, was also certain to fall into Federal hands.

The men of the West seemed from the first to be better fitted to meet the Confederate infantry than their fellow-soldiers of the Eastern and Middle States.

There were good reasons for this, which have not always been given such consideration as they deserved; the first and most important being that the levies from large cities and manufacturing towns were generally inexpert in the use of firearms,

and especially of the rifle. There were notable exceptions, but a large proportion, unlike their Southern and Western fellow-countrymen, were painfully lacking in this most needful accomplishment of the soldier.

Even the Eastern militia companies were content for many years with perhaps one target practice yearly, on which occasion

of the "embattled farmers" at Bunker Hill, and of "the hunters of Kentucky" at New Orleans—lessons that seemed to have been strangely forgotten by most of the federal generals who led attacking forces during the first three years of the war.

In a paper read before the Mississippi Historical Society in 1906 on "Mississippi at Gettysburg," it was well said by



Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

GROUP OF STATUARY FOR VIRGINIA STATE MEMORIAL AT GETTYSBURG

This group by the sculptor, F. Wm. Sievers, will be placed in position for the anniversary celebration at Gettysburg. Mr Sievers says of the work: "The conception is ideal and is intended to commemorate the three branches of military service. The different characters illustrate the various walks of life from which Lee's army was recruited. The group measures 16 feet in length, and the figures are 7 feet high or less. The work is to be in bronze and is to be placed in front of the Virginia State Memorial, the granite work of which is already completed. It stands on Confederate Avenue, just out of Spangler's Woods, almost the very spot from which General Lee viewed the battle."

each man generally expended three musket cartridges and the best hit carried off the prize. A few rounds of shot (never shell or grape) were in like manner allotted to the state artillerists in some states. The manual of arms, the details of guard duty, and the evolutions of the company and platoon, constituted the military curriculum, except at the yearly encampment, when some attempts were made to form those close columns, squares and masses of infantry, such as broke under the fire

William A. Love, who took part in the charge of General Barksdale's brigade during the second day's struggle in the "wheatfield":

"Mississippians justly prided themselves on marksmanship. The bear-hunters of the Mississippi Yazoo-Delta, the deer hunters of the pine woods, and the small game hunters of the East Mississippi prairies were ready marksmen and invincible except against great odds."

Other especially favorable conditions

made the average Southerner more effective than his federal opponent. Thinner in flesh, active, wiry and a lover of sports, he could march longer, move swiftly and with less suffering, and could more readily provide for his own comfort in camp and campaigning. Acclimated, he did not suffer from malaria and the change of living and drinking water which sometimes more than halved the effective strength of new Northern regiments with fever and dysenteries. Necessity confined the Confederate most of the time to a very simple diet, which when adequate in quantity was on the whole nourishing and hygienic, while the Federal sutlers and garrison cities too often furnished the Northern soldier with pastry and other luxuries and enervating debauches which kept him "out of condition" for long marches and continued exposure.

That these and other less material conditions inspired the men of the army of northern Virginia with a self-confidence and courage that exceeded the average was very natural, and on the whole warranted, although in the later years of the war the veterans of the Northern army had learned to shoot, to campaign, to march and dispense with superfluities as well as their opponents.

In 1863 the logic of events had inspired General Lee and his subordinate generals with a like and even greater confidence in their men and themselves. The failure of McClellan to secure a decided victory at Antietam, September 16, 1862, resulted in the transfer of the command of the Army of the Potomac to General Ambrose E. Burnside, who in November began an offensive campaign which included co-operative movements along the Atlantic seaboard, calculated to prevent any reinforcements of Lee's army from the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida; to cut the main railway lines between Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah and Richmond, and in the event of the defeat of Lee to place between him and those cities some twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand men.

In pursuance of this plan, Burnside moved his forces toward Fredericksburg on the lower Rappahannock November 15, 1862, and by December 1 the two

armies confronted each other across the river. Lee's forces were posted on intrenched high ground back of Fredericksburg, where the army of the Potomac crossed on pontoon bridges, covered by their artillery fire, and prepared for the final assaults on their intrenched adversaries. Meanwhile General Peck starting from Suffolk, Virginia, December 11, with from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand men, tried to penetrate to the line of railway, and General Foster with a like force moved inland from Newbern, North Carolina, to take Kingston, the Confederate headquarters in North Carolina, to capture Goldsboro and destroy the great railway bridge and as many miles of trackage as possible. Peck was stopped at the Black Water and made no further advance, but Foster defeated General Evans at Kings-ton December 14, dispersed another force at White Hall Bridge on the sixteenth and destroyed several miles of railroad track and the great railroad bridge at Goldsboro on December 18th. Burnside's army had, however, been terribly repulsed at Fredericksburg December 13th, and Foster's rear guard had to repulse with heavy loss the first of the regiments sent from Virginia to punish his audacity, and then returned unmolested with his force to Newbern.

In January, 1863, Burnside attempted an advance which was utterly paralyzed by the yellow clay mud of the Virginian roads, and shortly after he was relieved of his command, which was transferred to General Joseph Hooker.

On April 20th Hooker began a forward movement which in early May resulted in his repulse at Chancellorsville, and the loss of many prisoners, thirteen guns, and a great quantity of small arms, supplies and ammunition. All these losses on the part of the Federals were more than neutralized by the loss to the Southern cause of General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, who while preparing for a frontal attack on Hooker's center at Chancellorsville was mortally wounded by some of General Hill's troops, and carried from the field, dying thereafter of his injuries. It is a matter of general belief that had General Jackson taken part in the succeeding campaign of the year, the battle of Gettysburg

would either never have been fought, or would have been less disastrous to the Confederacy.

The many successful defenses and attacks made by the army of Northern Virginia during the events described, and the failure of the Northern generals effectively to use the men and munitions so lavishly poured in upon them, and also the desire to secure in Pennsylvania the food, horses, mules and supplies needed for his armies, encouraged General Lee to advance into Pennsylvania and Maryland, threatening Washington with capture, and possibly defeating the Army of the Potomac, and taking possession of Washington, Harrisburg, or even Philadelphia.

Other conditions also appeared favorable. A large number of regiments raised in August and September of 1862, to serve for nine months, had been sent north to be mustered out, and although many were still held undischarged ready to go again to the front in case of emergency, there must be considerable delay in getting them together, and refitting them for actual service. General Lee was also kept informed of the serious lack of patriotism and courage on the part of a considerable number of the people of the Northern states and of the conspiracies such as brought on the draft riots in New York and Boston, which were only quelled by the sword. Among certain communities also there was an utter apathy, which even in the great state of Pennsylvania left whole towns utterly defenceless against even a handful of foraging cavalry or foraging infantry.

General Hooker was not long kept in ignorance of this movement, whose inception and details are very minutely described in General Huidkoper's article. It may be pointed out, however, that Lee's army passed to the west of Washington and that Hooker in due season interposed his forces between Lee and Washington, while Stuart, the commander of the Confederate cavalry, instead of foraging on Lee's right flank and keeping him in touch with the movements of the Army of the Potomac, made a raid eastward at his own sweet will, and greatly increased Lee's perplexities.

When Hooker finally resigned the command and General George G. Meade assumed command of the Federal forces, Lee's divisions were scattered widely apart, and most of them were north of Gettysburg, toward which town indeed General Jubal A. Early had marched from Chambersburg and through or by Gettysburg, toward York, and had actually sent a portion of his command into the town whence the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania militia barely escaped with the loss of some two hundred prisoners, who were paroled and sent home. Early then marched on, dividing his forces, and reached York, while a division went to Wrightsville, where the destruction of the bridge across the Susquehanna prevented their further advance.

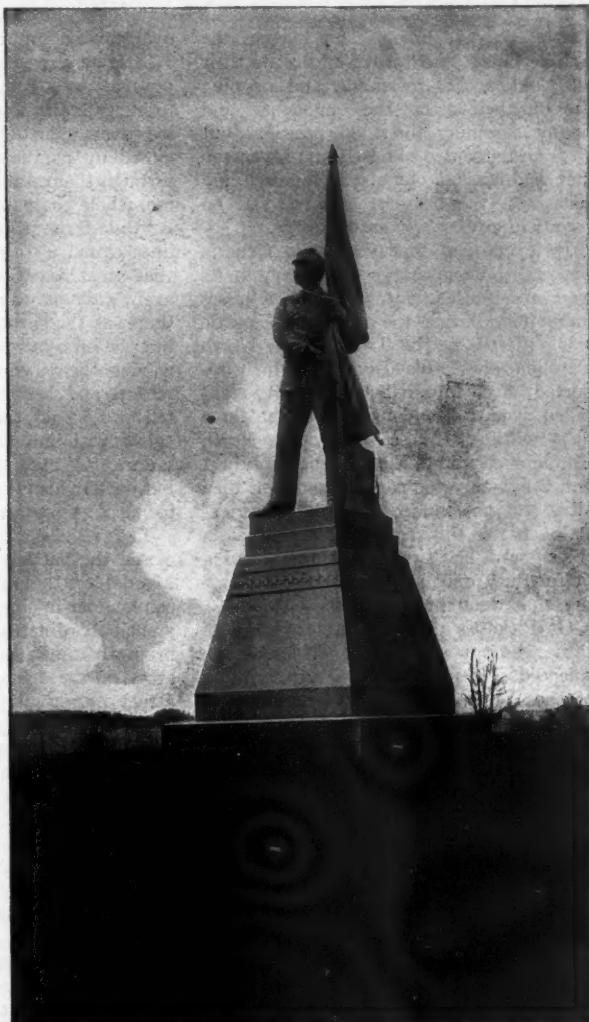
General Ewell had reached Carlisle, Longstreet and Hill were near Chambersburg, when on June 29, Lee notified his corps commanders to concentrate on the west side of South Mountain, at or near Cashtown.

On the next day Early and Hill moving from the north to the south, found Gettysburg occupied by the First and Eleventh Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and that the battle had already begun. Even the civilian reader will understand that this first day's battle was fought by portions of both armies on the move, and that thus, accidentally, Meade's army came by degrees together to a common stronghold at Cemetery Ridge, south of the town, while Lee, returning south, found a "lion in the path," and felt compelled to attack, with the Army of the Potomac in the strongest position.

* * *

The first day's fighting on July 1 cost heavily in killed and wounded on both sides, which are said for the numbers engaged to have been the heaviest of the three days, not excepting those of Pickett's fatal onset on the third day. According to Southern writers, certain advantages of position there secured were relinquished and could never again be regained. On the second day the advance of Sickles' Corps to the Peach Orchard, considerably in advance of the general line, brought on a desperate and long-continued contest, during which McGilvery planted his

batteries which poured shell and canister on the Confederate flank, until Sickles' line was pushed back. Then all the batteries except Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts were taken out of action and hurried to fill a gap in Hancock's battle-line. Bigelow being left without supports to delay the Southern advance as long as possible, and having lost eighty horses out of eighty-eight, twenty-eight men and three out of four officers, killed or wounded, retired his guns by prolonge for nearly half a mile, firing canister at every halt, until two of the six guns were jumped by the remnant of their horses over a stone wall and made their way to join the brigade under the command of a lieutenant. Captain Bigelow, then supposed to be mortally wounded, was mounted on a horse by Bugler Charles W. Reed and a sergeant, and was led by Reed through a swarm of Confederates, who chivalrously spared the boy and his wounded commander as they rode straight for the guns of their own brigade about to open fire on the advancing enemy. Passing between the fire of two guns, the fugitives escaped and Captain Bigelow recovered. Bugler C. W. Reed is now living, a veteran artist in Boston, and received a gold medal of honor for his exploit, an honor which should have been conferred on every survivor of Bigelow's Battery which was sacrificed to gain time for Hancock to form and fill out a new line.



Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

THE 13TH MASSACHUSETTS MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG

While this was in completion, a Southern regiment, the advance of the successful Confederate Brigades, charged, heading for the break in the Union line. The First Minnesota, Colonel William Colville, re-

duced in numbers and lacking two companies detached on special duty, were ordered to charge the advancing line. They obeyed, and with only two hundred and sixty-two men and officers broke the charge, passed through and beyond the first regiment, and turned and made their way out again, reforming and opening fire on their astonished opponents, and finally regaining their old position, but with a loss of two hundred and seventeen men and officers, out of two hundred and sixty-two, the heaviest relative loss on record in any war or any country.

It is needless to say that in General Pickett's famous charge very heavy losses were experienced, but the heaviest losses in number during the three days' battle was suffered by the Twenty-sixth North Carolina of Heth's Division, which reported five hundred and eighty-eight killed, wounded and missing in the three days fighting. It is said that of one North Carolina company, the fighting of July 1 and 2 left only the captain and four men alive and unwounded, and that in Pickett's charge this remnant, acting as a color guard, had two men injured, leaving fit for duty only three men of the sixty-five that went into the fight.

Of Pickett's charge, the testimony of those who opposed it bears witness to the splendid discipline, courage and devotion of the Southern infantry; yet I cannot resist the temptation to tell of one account given to me by one of the early settlers of Dickey County, North Dakota, a veteran named Bolles, who in his old age bore with privation and poverty, in the attempt to build up new states in the wilderness. He had had charge of the officer's mess kettles packed on an old mule, and in the forced march of the Sixth Corps had pressed ahead toward the scene of the battle, coming in upon the flanks of the Union position just as the advance of Pickett's and Pettigrew's devoted forlorn hope began.

Bolles began in a quiet way to relate:

"Well, I got there, and as I didn't know where the regiment would be ordered, I halted, but just then we were all ordered 'out of the way,' and I led the mule further back and tied her to a tree, just as a battery of artillery galloped into posi-

tion and opened fire in a hurry. I ran to a place where I could see the valley, and it seemed full of Confederates, their lines compact and steady, and their battle flags waving in the sun. Only as they passed over broken ground did the lines waver a little as a great wave does as it passes over a reef or shallow, and the officers riding gallantly from one flank to the other led them splendidly, and kept the lines closed up as the shell and canister tore through them, taking out, as it seemed to me, whole companies at once.

"But those men never flinched; the lines closed up again a little shorter and that great sea of marching men came on again wave on wave, breaking up here and there, as the shrapnel tore through them; but the officers would ride back and forth waving their swords and the lines would reform and keep steadily advancing. I tell you," said the old veteran, his face aglow with admiration of that splendid failure, "A man never sees such a sight but once in his life, and it was worth living for, just to see and remember it."

The repulse of this splendid charge closed the battle of Gettysburg, in which Meade, less than a week in his new role of commander-in-chief, with the loyal aid of great subordinates, who often had to act promptly and independently, kept his army on the defensive, and forced Lee to attack or retreat. There has never been any recrimination of each other or depreciation of their leader on the part of the Federal generals, nor any lack of generous praise of General Lee and his brilliant staff of corps and battalion commanders, or admiration of the splendid rank and file of his veterans.

On the other side, there has been some sharp criticism of Lee's strategy and tactics, and of the action, inaction or error of some of his subordinates, but the grave has closed over nearly all of the great commanders of that mighty and culminating struggle for the independence of the Confederacy. What might have happened if either Lee or Meade had begun the fight with most of their forces concentrated at Gettysburg on that first day of July we can only conjecture; or what would have happened had Lee avoided battle altogether or attacked on the flanks

of Meade's Army, instead of trying to pierce the center.

The reader must, however, try to realize that the march of two great armies with their artillery ambulances, ammunitions, food and general supply trains are in no wise to be looked upon as a cut-and-dried review or procession of a few thousand men without impedimenta, coming fresh and vigorous from quiet encampments or comfortable homes to a holiday parade.

On the contrary, Lee's army was impeded by long trains of animals and supplies gathered from the towns and farms of Pennsylvania and guarded by soldiery often shoeless, hatless, and suffering from overfeeding on the unwonted plenty of the few days spent beyond the borders of desolated Virginia. These men, hot, dusty, footsore, sometimes sick or slightly wounded, are obliged to halt and double-quick by turns to close up the broken columns, and often to go into action without delay, rest or refreshment, and then to endure the inferno of artillery fire or to exert every muscle and sinew in the headlong charge or sudden change of position. The reader must figure to himself that such were the conditions under which Lee's scattered army was fused and remoulded into a fighting organization, at whose perfection and deeds the world still wonders.

To a less extent, this was also true of Meade's Army, which although splendidly equipped, nourished and cared for, came hot upon the trail of Lee's invading army from the line of the Rappahannock, several days after Lee had "folded his tents like the Arab and as silently stolen away." The Sixth Corps, or a large part of this army, especially was at Manchester, Maryland (thirty-five miles away), at half-past eight in the evening of July first, when the early successes of the Confederate attack had carried important positions and greatly broken the strength of the First and Eleventh Corps. The Sixth by a forced march brought Meade a re-enforcement of three brigades late in the afternoon of July second and the remainder—three brigades—came in in time to form a reserve on the eastern wing of the army, from which small detachments were made from time to time, to re-enforce threatened positions.

Bearing these things in mind, the civilian

will realize that the men of the South and the North who met at Gettysburg had often reached that field of carnage and most strenuous endeavor only after excitement and fatigue, which at home would have warranted a rest of several hours if not days, and that the almost superhuman effort, endurance, courage and self-sacrifice there exhibited warrants our greatest respect and admiration, regardless of any sectional, political or moral differences. "Until the crack of doom" no greater wager of battle between conflicting principles and brave champions will ever be presented to the eyes of men, and that both armies were worthy of world-wide honor will be but re-established on a higher and nobler basis, when the surviving veterans of Lee and Meade, of Hancock and Longstreet, of Sickles and Pickett, Reynolds, Barksdale and Armistead take each other by the hand in that vast cemetery wherein their comrades who fell in that great fight await the resurrection.

The arrangements for this grand meeting began some two years ago and every state in the Union it is believed will bear its part in sending at its own cost to this grand and peaceful reunion its surviving veterans of the great, decisive battle of the Civil War.

In 1911 Governor Foss of Massachusetts appointed a commission of six members, headed by John E. Gilman, past National commander G. A. R., to arrange for the transportation of every veteran present at the battle. Over sixteen hundred have qualified in this way, and between seventeen hundred and eighteen hundred other veterans have asked the commission to arrange for their transportation at their own expense.

Massachusetts appropriates \$30,000. Maine will send about five hundred survivors and appropriates \$10,000; New Hampshire, about four hundred men, appropriates \$10,000; Vermont, between two and three hundred, at a cost of \$10,000; New Jersey appropriates \$25,000; New York, \$150,000; Pennsylvania, \$380,000; Ohio, \$12,000; West Virginia, \$5,000; Wisconsin, \$40,000; Minnesota \$25,000, and the hearty responses from states north and south has the ring of the spirit of comradeship.

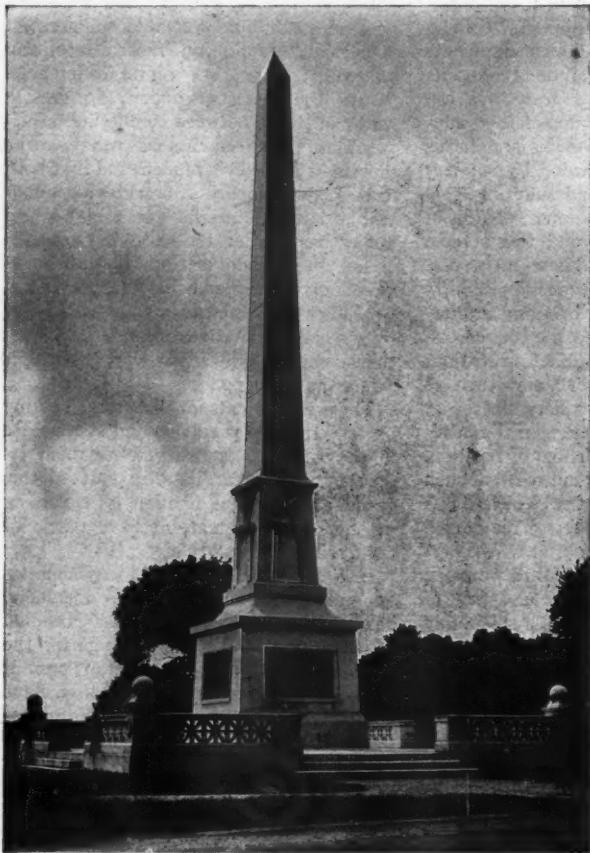
The states of the Lost Cause, it was feared, would be unable to expend like amounts for the transportation of their veterans, but it is given out that the railroads will do their share by giving free transportation to southern survivors of

There have been provided 6,000 tents, 48,000 cots, 12,000 wash basins, 13,000 lanterns, 75,000 wax candles, 7,000 galvanized water buckets and 50,000 individual kits, which last will become the property of the veterans. Four hundred cooking ranges and an army, commanded by a chief commissary, assistant commissioner, ten commissary sergeants, four clerks, eight hundred cooks, and one hundred thirty bakers, will provide food for this great concourse. The consumption of meats, cereals, vegetables, bread, coffee and tea will approximate 1,500,000 pounds, or 750 tons.

Every provision is made for the care of sick or injured veterans, including the erection of eighty-seven hospital tents, attended by one hundred thirty army surgeons and nurses, aided by a large ambulance corps. The cost of this gathering to the United States government will be at least \$350,000. The camp, just half a mile from Gettysburg, will be guarded by regulars, and no one except the veterans will be allowed to enter.

The visitors will de-
train and embark within its limits, and express, telegraph, telephone and postal facilities, and stores to supply tobacco, cigars and sundries will provide for every necessity. The entire force of Pennsylvania state constabulary, mounted and on foot, will police the camp during the week.

Briefly, the exercises of July 1 (Veterans'



Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

THE MONUMENT OF THE UNITED STATES REGULARS

the battle. The United States Government will be prepared to care for fifty thousand veterans between June 28 and Monday, July 7, when the camp will be broken up. Great avenues have been laid out on land adjoining the National Park, which will be lined with wall tents holding eight cots each and lighted by five hundred 75-candle-power Tungsten lights.

Day) will consist of a great campfire, presided over by the chief commanders of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the United Confederate Veterans.

On July 2 (Military Day) detachments of each branch of the Army and National Guard will represent the changed equipments, weapons, and tactics of the present day.

July 3d (Civic Day) Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania will preside over a civic galaxy of the governors of the several states, and the visiting general public.

July 4 (National Day) the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court presiding with the President, Vice-President, Cabinet officers, Senators and Congressmen as guests of honor, will attend a great mass meeting at 10 A.M., at which suitable exercises and singing will precede an address by President Wilson, who will lay the cornerstone of a great Peace Memorial and conclude the public ceremonies of the great anniversary.

Any uniform or guidon may be worn or carried by the veteran, the sentiment of the promoters being voiced by Governor Tener of Pennsylvania:

"I want it understood by the whole Confederate soldiery that they are coming as the guests of this state, and it will make no difference to the state of Pennsylvania whether the men from the South come in civilian attire or their old, gray uniforms. Whether the uniform be gray or blue, the wearer will be heartily welcomed, with whatever flags they desire to bring with them. We meet under one flag, the Supreme flag, and all others are simply representative of personal pleasure to those who may have served under it, and they should be permitted to show their respect in such manner as best pleases them."

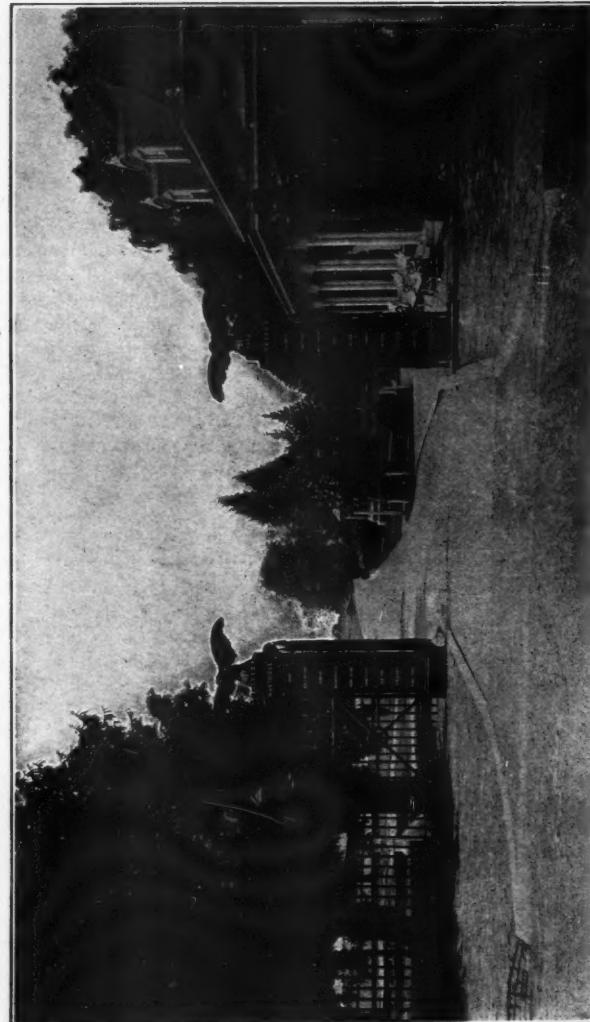
General J. M. Schoomaker of Pittsburgh, one of the youngest commanders in the Union army at Gettysburg, is president of the commission in charge, and Colonel L. H. Beitters, representing the state, has

not left anything undone to add to the comfort of the guests of the state and the success of the event.

As a natural result of existing conditions, it is almost impossible that any but the veterans, those caring for them, and a few invited guests can reasonably expect to visit Gettysburg on this occasion, excepting those who can come by automobile and bring their own tents and food with them. Some thousands will probably attend in this way, returning in the evening to some town or hamlet twenty or thirty miles away. As the railways with all their preparation and outlay will be burdened to the uttermost with the transportation of fifty thousand veterans, the transient traveler had better visit Gettysburg "after the rush is over."

The occasion, unique in history and conceived on a princely and generous scale by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, will redound to the increased amity and esteem of a reunited South and North; will be a magnificent epoch in history from generation to generation, for men can say that even as the battle-wrath of Southron and Northron was fell and devouring, fearing nothing and sparing nothing, if only their cause might triumph, so when the game had been played out and Providence had led the whole land into a prosperity never before allotted to any people, through the generous spirit of the fathers who had founded one nation and of the brave and noble men who had fought together, yet later worked together, that peace and brotherly love might ensue and continue, the world saw a new heaven and a new earth, glorifying the battlefield of Gettysburg; a new earth of peaceful slumberers, beloved, honored and not forgotten, and splendid memorials of a great past; a new heaven of summer sunrises and sunsets, that witnessed in the friendly greetings of once relentless foes a renaissance of the angel chorus of the Nativity: "Glory to God in the highest. On earth peace and good will to men."

Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG. THE PILLARS BEAR THE NAMES OF THE STATES WHOSE TROOPS WERE ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE

FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE *by* *General H·S·Huidekoper*

This article by General Huidekoper describes the campaign and the battle so clearly and so accurately and so fairly to each side, that I recommend its perusal by those who would wish the history of the Battle of Gettysburg in a twenty minutes' talk.

(Signed)

JAMES LONGSTREET

Lieut.-Gen., C. S. A.

THE campaign which had for its object the capture of Philadelphia, and then of Baltimore and Washington, was undertaken by General Lee a month after the defeat of the Federal army at Chancellorsville, the result of which was a belief, by the Confederates, in the invincibility of Lee's army and in its ability to defeat the army of the Potomac, wherever met. The Gettysburg campaign covered two months of 1863, and included 115 battles, engagements, combats or skirmishes, the principal of which were Brandy Station (cavalry), Winchester, Aldie, Hanover (cavalry) and Gettysburg.

The battle of Antietam (in September, 1862) was fought in Maryland, a few miles from Pennsylvania, but that of Gettysburg was the only general battle ever fought on northern soil, and after Gettysburg no important battle was fought between the two armies for ten months—until Grant came east—and never again did Lee attempt an invasion of the North with his whole army.

Before leaving the Rappahannock Lee had determined on a campaign offensive in strategy, defensive in tactics, but at

Gettysburg he assumed the offensive as to tactics, confident in the ability of his large and magnificent army to beat Meade's army anywhere.

For convenient reference in connection with the battle of Gettysburg, the following summary will be of use. This may require some change as to time, when the Battle-field Commission shall have given the public the results of their thorough research as to all matters pertaining to the battle.

- May 28. Hooker advises War Department of contemplated movement of enemy.
- June 2. Hooker issues marching-rations to his army.
- June 3. Lee's army commences to move westward on its way north.
- June 9. This movement verified by cavalry fight at Brandy Station.
- June 11. Hooker's army commences to move northward.
- June 14. Milroy's army defeated at Winchester and driven to Harper's Ferry.
- June 16. Confederate cavalry enter Greencastle, Pa.
- June 22. Ewell's corps (in the advance) crosses the Potomac River.
- June 25. Reynolds' corps (in the advance) crosses the Potomac.
- June 26. Gordon (Ewell's corps) passes through Gettysburg.
- June 28. Ewell's advance troops reach the Susquehanna River. Bridge burned.
- June 28. Meade assumes command of the Army of the Potomac.
- June 29. Ewell, about to capture Harrisburg, recalled to Gettysburg.
- June 29. After dark, Buford discovers enemy's fires on mountain, west.

June 30. Kilpatrick defeats Stuart at Hanover (cavalry fight).

June 30. Buford at 11, enters Gettysburg and takes a position west of town.

JULY 1

Early morning. For two hours Buford's cavalry opposes advance of enemy.
10 to 11. Reynolds' advance (Wadsworth's division) engaged. Reynolds killed.
11 to 2. No fighting. 1st and 11th corps take position.
2 to 5. 1st and 11th corps engage with Hill and Ewell.
5 and 6. Sickles' 3d corps and Slocum's 12th corps arrive on field.
5 to 7. 1st and 11th corps occupy Cemetery and Culp's Hill.

JULY 2

Dawn to 3.30 p.m. No fighting.
3.00 p.m. Meade calls his corps commanders in council of war—broken up by Longstreet's attack upon Sickles.
3.30. Longstreet attacks Sickles' corps. Fight until dark.
6. Johnson (Ewell's corps) carries Culp's Hill, east side.
7. Early (Ewell's corps) is repulsed on East Cemetery Hill.
Late in day. Gregg's cavalry takes position on right. Sundown. Kilpatrick engages enemy at Hunterstown.

JULY 3

Daylight to 10. Slocum's 12th corps recovers Culp's Hill.
10 to 1. No fighting.
11.00 a.m. Kilpatrick's cavalry arrive and take position southwest of Round Top.
1.00 p.m. Artillery duel for an hour or more.
About 3. Longstreet (Pickett, Pettigrew, Trimble) assaults Union line at the angle.
5.00 p.m. Kilpatrick's cavalry move against Confederate line. Farnsworth killed.
7.00 p.m. Federal troops (McCandless) advance to the Rose farm.
During night Ewell withdraws to Seminary Ridge, evacuating town.
July 4. Lee commences march of his infantry, in retreat to the Potomac.
July 7. Lee's army reaches Potomac River.
July 14. Confederate army re-crosses the Potomac.
August 1. Lee back on the Rappahannock River.

On the 28th of May, 1863, General Hooker, at Fredericksburg, telegraphed to the Secretary of War that the enemy was preparing for an important movement, and that desperate as it might seem, his purpose was to take the same route he had taken the year before in the Antietam campaign. The route referred to was the one west of the Blue Ridge. On an average of about two hundred miles from the Atlantic, a line of mountains (the Appalachian Range) runs from middle Alabama to Canada. The Blue Ridge is the eastern stretch of these mountains in North Carolina and Virginia, and extends northward through Maryland into Pennsylvania (as South Mountain), where with a sweep to the east, it ends a few miles southwest of Harrisburg and south of Carlisle. The valley in Virginia west of this ridge is known as the Shenandoah, and its continuation in Maryland and in Pennsylvania as far as Harrisburg, as the Cumberland Valley.

The Potomac breaks through the Blue

Ridge at Harper's Ferry, but at other points there are "gaps" through which an army could pass if not prevented by an enemy. As these gaps are easily guarded by a few troops, the Shenandoah Valley was a perfectly secure route for a large army to follow. Besides, the Shenandoah Valley was the garden and granary of Virginia, and its main road was a hard, smooth, even turnpike, very favorable to rapidity of movement. To keep abreast of Lee's army, Hooker advanced his forces on the east side of the Ridge, and by so doing kept Washington fully protected.

On June 3 Lee's movements began. Hooker had issued marching rations to his army the day before, but it was not wise to move (as Halleck declared when Hooker, properly but uselessly, asked permission to march directly into Richmond), until Lee's whole army was safely beyond the Blue Ridge, which was on July 11. Meantime, on June 9, Pleasonton had fought Stuart at Brandy Station (twenty thousand cavalrymen engaged), capturing the headquarters baggage of the latter, in which papers were discovered showing the intention of Lee to invade Pennsylvania. Infantry coming to Stuart's rescue, Pleasonton retired. On June 14, Ewell (Lee's advanced corps) attacked Milroy's army at Winchester, capturing four thousand men and twenty-eight pieces of artillery, and driving the rest of his men to Harper's Ferry. This affair sent a chill through the north, and everywhere the recruiting of three-months' men was commenced. Generals Couch and W. F. Smith were assigned to duty in eastern Pennsylvania, and emergency-men were sent to Carlisle, York, Columbia, Gettysburg and elsewhere.

On June 24, Stuart, with most of the Confederate cavalry, cut loose from Lee, moved eastward, and crossing the Potomac at Seneca started for York, where he expected to meet with Ewell. At Hanover, sixteen miles east of Gettysburg, he encountered Kilpatrick, on June 30, and was whipped. He then made for Carlisle, where he had an engagement with the Philadelphia Battery and a couple of regiments (three-months' men), which prevented him from entering the town. It was in this engagement that C. Stuart Patterson, recently

president of the Union League of Philadelphia, was so painfully wounded. Learning there that Ewell had been recalled to Gettysburg, Stuart started for the same place as soon as his hard-marched horses had been rested. Longstreet and Hill with their corps, who were at Chambersburg, twenty-four miles west of Gettysburg, were ordered to Gettysburg at the same time Ewell was recalled from the Susquehanna.

Nine prominent roads converge at Gettysburg, and the concentration there of Lee's army was forced upon him by the rapid and masterful movement of Hooker with the Federal army, who hurried into Pennsylvania to intercept the invading host and so to loosen the grip it had upon the fair valleys, rich with ripe grain and teeming with money, horses, cattle, clothing, shoes and provisions.

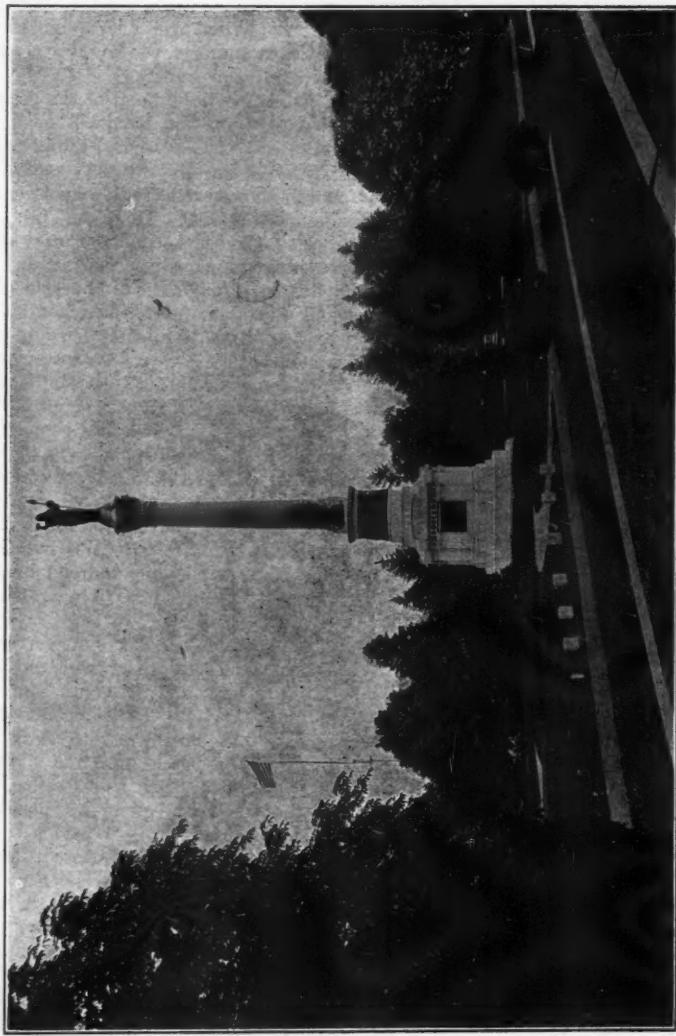
Curiously, the Southern army came into Gettysburg from the north, and the Northern army from the south. As to roads taken by Meade, his left wing moved by the Emmitsburg road and his right wing by the Taneytown and Hanover roads and by the Baltimore Pike.

Lee's army had always been in good condition, and Hooker's had become so after Chancellorsville (May 1, 1863), by the retiring of the nine-months' men, by a reorganization of the cavalry under Pleasonton, and by attention to every feature of discipline in its broadest sense. In a general way (to avoid going into the endless and profitless discussion of the relative numerical strength of each) the two armies were well matched; each had, approximately, about 85,000 men, including 10,000 cavalry to each, the Union army carrying with it 327 pieces of artillery, and the Southern army 287 pieces. The Federal army, however, had at Gettysburg a new and untried commander, General Meade, who, three days before the battle, had superseded General Hooker (by directions from Washington) and new commanders, Sykes, and Newton on July 2 and 3, for two of its seven corps, as well as several new officers for the cavalry—Kilpatrick, Merritt, Custer, Farnsworth and others—chosen by Pleasonton while Hooker was in command. The Confederate army had its skillful and accomplished

Longstreet, as well as the experienced A. P. Hill, and the renowned Ewell in command of its three corps. It should be remembered that a division in the Confederate army, of which there were nine, was as large as a corps in the Union army, for the writer will not admit that the latter, in numbers, was equal to the former by many thousands.

Excluding the ground of the great cavalry fight on the Rummell farm, three miles east of Gettysburg, the area of the battlefield was about twenty square miles, partly shown on the relief map accompanying this article. There, in July, 1863, Lee's magnificent, confident army of Confederate troops, which had invaded Pennsylvania through the Cumberland Valley and was on its way to the rich cities of the east, again met its all-time and ever-present opponent, the Army of the Potomac. Before concentration at Gettysburg, the advance of Ewell's corps had got as far as Wrightsville, which is about seventy-five miles from Philadelphia, or a four days' march, and had watered their horses in the Susquehanna, and Ewell himself had got almost to Harrisburg, which he was about to capture. At Wrightsville was burned the mile-long railroad bridge, to prevent the invaders from crossing the river.

As soon as Hooker had crossed the Potomac, he sent the left wing of his army (First, Third and Eleventh Corps and Buford's Cavalry Division, under Reynolds), to the northwest—to South Mountain and Frederick—and the right wing (Second, Fifth, Sixth and Twelfth Corps) to the northeast—all in Maryland; and in this position, ready to attack wherever the enemy might be discovered, the Army of the Potomac was turned over to General Meade. This will account for the fan-like disposition of the troops, and for the apparent slowness of their concentration at Gettysburg when the order for it was given. Comte de Paris says: "Hooker could not have made a better choice to harass the enemy. The operation had been well conceived and admirably executed." He also remarks that nothing but praise can be accorded Hooker for his management of his army for the two weeks prior to his removal. The change in com-



Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.

THE NEW YORK STATE MONUMENT IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG

manders was due to a disagreement between Halleck and Hooker about the control and use of French's twelve thousand men at Harper's Ferry.

With the forces thus spread out, the Sixth Corps was at Manchester, thirty-two miles distant, and to join the army made one of the most remarkable marches of the war, leaving there at 9 P.M. July 1, and reaching the field at 3 P.M. the next day; the Fifth Corps made a long, hard, all-night march and reached the field early on the 2d. Reynolds' wing was the closer to the enemy, and on June 29, his First Corps was advanced to Emmitsburg, ten miles from Gettysburg, and his cavalry to Gettysburg.

On June 30, the First Corps was ordered to Gettysburg, but Reynolds becoming convinced that the enemy would attempt to interpose, by way of Fairfield, between Gettysburg, which was held by Buford, and the main part of the army, halted the First Corps at Marsh Creek, six miles from Gettysburg, and hastily threw up defenses for the night. On the same day Buford's cavalrymen, reconnoitering out on the Cashtown road, ran into some of Pettigrew's infantry, and in the evening of that day Colonel Gamble stationed his pickets along Marsh Creek.

Early in the morning of the 1st of July, Pettigrew's Division advanced toward the town, and at Willoughby Run, with his whole brigade dismounted, Gamble, in a spirited fight, held back the Confederates for about two hours. Buford, anxious about the situation, had, on June 30, advised General John F. Reynolds of the expected encounter on the coming morning, and Reynolds had put the First Division of his First Army Corps upon the road after breakfast on July 1, and had himself hurried forward the few miles to meet General Buford. Together they rode out the Cashtown Pike, and where their two grand monuments stand now, near the McPherson farm, a conference was held about 9 A.M. As a result, Reynolds hurried back to his advancing troops to spur them forward, and as he was leading the foremost regiment into the McPherson Woods he was struck in the head with a bullet and died instantly. This happened at quarter past ten in the morning, on

July 1, 1863. Comte de Paris says of Reynolds: "Undoubtedly the most remarkable man among all the officers that the army of the Potomac saw fall on the battlefield during the four years of its experience."

The Eleventh Corps had, on July 1, been ordered "within supporting distance" of the First Corps, but the Third Corps had been ordered to Emmitsburg, where General Meade had personally directed Sickles to have his troops placed in position for the night, in a way they might best meet any attack from the west. The Third Corps had marched from Taneytown that day, and by two o'clock had gone into camp, but Sickles, hearing the continued and heavy firing ten miles in his front, with commendable promptness, and on his own responsibility, put his men again in motion (except two brigades of infantry and a battery of artillery, which he left for the purpose of complying with Meade's order to hold the position at Emmitsburg), and reached Gettysburg in time to strengthen the slim line Howard was opposing to the confident but dilatory enemy.

From quarter past ten on, for an hour, there was fighting in and about the woods and on the field north of the railroad cut, and down near Willoughby Run the Confederate General Archer and a large part of his brigade were captured. During the two hours' lull in the battle, which occurred after that, the Confederates beyond Willoughby Run were massing their troops in three lines, for an assault by Hill's Corps that was to sweep the Union troops off Seminary Ridge. To prevent this, General Doubleday, who then commanded the First Corps, skillfully threw his two Pennsylvania brigades of the Third Division on their arrival, onto the front line, Biddle's on the south of the woods, and Stone's on the north of the woods, both on the open ground, the Second Division having been sent to the woods extending towards Oak Hill, somewhat in the direction of Carlisle, from where Ewell had been recalled. For three long hours (two to five) these fresh troops, as well as those which had been engaged in the morning, received the repeated and terrible assaults of an enemy five times their number,

and when the night had come and the defeated corps had reached Cemetery Hill, it was found that the First Army Corps had been reduced from nine thousand four hundred and three officers and men to two thousand four hundred, many of the regiments losing from fifty to sixty per cent. Of course many of the missing men made their way back to their regiments that night.

At Balaklava the Light Brigade lost thirty-seven per cent of its men, and at Inkerman The Guards lost forty-five per cent, and both go down to history, in verse and prose, as having been annihilated. At Gettysburg the Second Wisconsin lost 233 out of 302, the Nineteenth Indiana lost 210 out of 288, and the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, out of 380 men and seventeen officers, brought back about eighty men and only one officer not wounded. The One Hundred and Twenty-first, the One Hundred and Forty-second, the One Hundred and Forty-third, the One Hundred and Forty-ninth, and the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania lost quite as heavily. Among the First Corps' officers wounded in the first day's fight were Generals Doubleday, Meredith, and Paul, and Colonels Morrow, Stone, Wister, Fairchild, Dudley, Biddle, Tilden, Leonard, Coulter and McFarland. The disasters of the afternoon to the Second Division were lessened by its capture of much of Iverson's Brigade, of Ewell's Corps, out at the Mummasburg Road, near Oak Hill.

While the First Corps was actively engaged, the Eleventh Corps (General Howard), came onto the field from the Emmitsburg road. Steinwehr's Division, and much of the artillery, were sent to Cemetery Hill to fortify, and Shurz's and Barlow's Divisions were started for Oak Hill, that they might hold it against Ewell's Corps coming back from near Harrisburg. Unfortunately for the Federals, the enemy (Rodes) had already seized the hill and Howard was forced to take the plain, so as to afford some protection to the First Corps, then faced to the west and on the ridge. His two divisions were skillfully placed, and for two hours he persistently sustained an unequal and hopeless fight, being finally forced back to Cemetery Hill, just as Doubleday had been, and at

about the same time. His losses were heavy, one regiment losing seventy per cent. Without protection, and without hope of holding their ground even, Howard's men acquitted themselves with credit. Among the officers of the Eleventh Corps wounded in the first day's fight were General Barlow and Colonels Lockman and Robinson.

Although, at four o'clock, from the hill beyond Willoughby Run, Pender had brought his division of fresh troops to relieve that of Heth, which had been fighting Stone, Meredith and Biddle for three hours, and an hour later had vigorously pressed back the three reduced brigades, Doubleday, with great presence of mind and pertinacity (both always conspicuous in battle), so disposed these retiring troops behind the improvised breastworks at the Seminary as to check, for a time, the Confederate advance.

The melee in Gettysburg was a notable episode of a remarkable day. By five o'clock, the Eleventh Corps had been pressed into the town from the north closely pursued by Ewell, and nearly an hour later, the First Corps men commenced coming in from the west, also hard pressed by Hill. By that time the churches and halls were filled with the disabled, and wounded and dying men lay on the streets and sidewalks. Over these latter and into the bewildered retreating throng was sharp firing from every side, but there was no panic, no rout. Remnants of regiments, driven around this corner and that corner, kept by their colors the best they could, and then fell back to the hill, with the loss to the First Corps of only one gun (whose four horses had been shot down at the edge of the town) and without the loss of a color except that of the One Hundred and Fiftieth P. V., whose three field officers had been disabled. The capture of this flag was of sufficient importance to warrant its presentation to Jefferson Davis, among whose baggage it turned up when he was captured after Appomattox. No blame was ever attached to the regiment for the loss of its flag, for, as Comte de Paris says, Stone's brigade was the last to enter the town, and barely escaped capture at the McPherson barn by Perrin, who was maneuvering to cut it off.

The retreat, as a whole, was in good order, and was so well conducted as to enable Howard, with the timely arrival of the advance of Slocum's Corps on Culp's Hill and of Sickles' Corps on the left, to occupy Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill so strongly as to deter the eager foe from storming them that night, although two hours of daylight yet remained. General Fitzhugh Lee, appreciating his uncle's misfortune at Gettysburg, says Hill and Ewell should have carried Cemetery Hill that evening. Between the field of battle and Cemetery Hill, the enemy took twenty-five hundred prisoners, of whom one hundred and forty-five were officers. Probably most of these were captured in the town, for Doubleday's men were ignorant of the direction of Cemetery Hill—in fact, did not know of Cemetery Hill—for the "Old Man," Doubleday, had always kept their eyes to the front, and points in their rear were never under consideration.

Military writers say a salient must be avoided, as weak and easily taken, but Stone's men (the One Hundred and Fiftieth) had such a position at the McPherson barn and were the last to leave the field, just as the Peach Orchard was held the next day down to the last moment. The occupying of a salient on a battlefield is often a military necessity, and the wholesale and thoughtless condemnation of them reminds one of the remark of the old Austrian marshal that he "could do nothing with that new man [Napoleon], for he disregarded every rule of warfare."

To the able generalship and the superb staying quality of Major-General Doubleday is largely due the praise the First Corps is entitled to for the fight it made on the 1st of July at Gettysburg. His First Division captured Archer, his Second Division brought in Iverson's men and his Third Division (Stannard's Brigade) took fifteen hundred of Pickett's unfortunate command. Reynolds' habitual confidence in him had not been misplaced.

That Reynolds' command was not more closely supported by the rest of the army was through no carelessness, but because General Meade had selected a strong position on Pipe Creek in Maryland (see "General Meade," by Pennypacker, pages 138 and 139), for concentration and for

the battle, and had sent Reynolds forward to cover the movements of the corps to Pipe Creek. To this end, Reynolds was instructed, in event of finding himself confronted by a superior force, to hold it in check if he were able, and to fall back slowly. Pipe Creek is a small stream about fifteen miles southwest of Gettysburg, and back of that, some eight miles on the direct road to Baltimore, is Westminster, which then was the base of supplies for the Federal army. The position there had been selected with good judgment, and was well chosen for defense, if Lee could be induced to turn back into Maryland for an attack upon our army and forego the promising and attractive march he was making toward the rich cities of the north.

In no officer had Meade greater confidence than Reynolds. They were warm personal friends, each had commanded a brigade in the Pennsylvania Reserves, and the loss of Reynolds was a severe blow to the commander of the army, for he was relying upon the military instincts and ability of that great soldier to help him in that critical moment.

After hearing of the death of Reynolds and of the occupying of Cemetery Hill, Meade sent Hancock to report as to the strength of the position which had been taken, and then Meade himself hurried to the front.

Among the incidents of the first day was the appearance on the field of John Burns, citizen, who came out from the town dressed in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons on it, with a tall hat on, and with his pockets distended with powder and ball. He approached the firing line, where Major Chamberlin of the One Hundred and Fiftieth P. V. was standing, and begged to be allowed to fight with that regiment. While discussing the matter, Colonel Wister came up and advised him to go into the woods and fight from behind a tree, which the old man did, receiving there three wounds, for which Pennsylvania has erected to his memory a handsome statue, located on the ground where the One Hundred and Fiftieth fought. The writer was present at this interview and vouches for the correctness of the statements.

THE SECOND DAY

During the night of the 1st and during the 2d of July, the two army commanders were hurrying up their troops, but it was late in the afternoon of the 2d before the last of Sedgwick's Sixth Corps came in, and it was night before Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps got into position. The anxiety of each commander to avoid a battle until his men were well in hand resulted in a perfect quiet until three o'clock, when Longstreet moved for his attack upon Sickles.

By noon of the 2d, Sickles had his whole corps on the field, and being ordered to take position on the left of Hancock, occupied the Emmitsburg Road as far as the Peach Orchard, throwing his left back towards Round Top. He was hardly in position before Longstreet, with eighty-nine guns directed by the skillful Alexander at his disposal, and with the impetuous Hood as one of his division commanders, enveloped the Union line, where, for four hours, from four to eight o'clock, the battle raged furiously, the Fifth Corps, Caldwell's Division of the Second Corps and part of the Sixth Corps of the Union army having been drawn into the contest, and the scene changing, from its beginning at the Devil's Den, to the valley between the Round Tops, then to the Wheatfield, back to Devil's Den, again to the Wheatfield, then to the Peach Orchard and the Emmitsburg Road (6.30 p.m.), and on down to the Codori House for the final struggle just at dark, when Hancock threw the First Minnesota into the broken line, with the exceptional loss of eighty-two per cent of its men. Hood's men had actually come over the western slope of Big Round Top into the valley between the Round Tops, and had they fallen back upon the side of Big Round Top and intrenched, instead of allowing themselves to be driven from the valley, a different story might be told of Gettysburg. Fortunately for us, at that moment, Devil's Den was in our possession, for a thousand Confederate riflemen on it, in that crisis, would have turned their repulse into certain victory.

The fighting of our Fifth Corps men on Little Round Top had been superb. Vincent's contest to drive Laws from the hill

had cost him dearly, and the country dearly in his untimely death, for which Lincoln rewarded him promptly with a brigadier's commission (the only commission sent by a special messenger to the battlefield of Gettysburg), and Chamberlin won great distinction by using the bayonet when his ammunition had been exhausted and in driving the almost victorious enemy from the valley between the two hills back beyond the Devil's Den. Conspicuous on that afternoon was Captain Bigelow of the Ninth Massachusetts Battery, who, with four-fifths of his horses killed, drew his guns by hand back from the Wheatfield road firing as they went and got two of his pieces to the new line in the rear.

The interposition of Sickles' Corps between the Confederate army and Round Top was what Longstreet least desired, for he had made his plans for a prompt and vigorous movement upon that strategic position, and doubtless would have carried the hill successfully but for the delay occasioned by his maneuver to dislodge Sickles, which enabled the Union troops to secure the eminence just as the Confederates were ascending the western slope. Longstreet had directed this fight personally, but his ability shown on this occasion was overshadowed by his success three months later, when, in command of the left wing of Bragg's army at Chickamauga, with some of Hood's and McLaw's Gettysburg troops as part of his command, by a well-executed movement contrary to Bragg's plans, he threw Rosecrans' army into the wildest confusion, even advancing so far as to capture part of his headquarter baggage.

It was in the valley between the Round Tops that the desperate struggle for Little Round Top took place, when Vincent, O'Rorke and Weed and Hazlitt on the Union side were killed. Out at the Wheatfield Colonels Zook, Taylor and Cross were killed, and near the Peach Orchard General Sickles lost his leg, and General Graham was wounded and captured. In the fight on the Second Day Barksdale was killed and Hood was wounded, but wounds did not count with Hood, who afterwards, minus one leg and one arm, commanded the western Confederate army and fought Sherman near Atlanta.

When Longstreet opened up his battle, it was expected that Ewell, out behind Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, would, at the same time, attack the Union lines in his front. He did not hear the guns of Longstreet, however, and so his attack was not made until six in the evening, when he pushed Johnson's Division against the enemy on the east side of Culp's Hill, and after fighting two hours gained a lodgment in a part of the works of the Twelfth Corps, which had been vacated by troops called to aid in defending the line on the extreme left against the attack of Longstreet. Johnson's troops pushed their advance, by nine o'clock, as far as the Baltimore Road, and but for a fear that they, in the darkness, were being led into a trap, could have pushed on another three hundred yards, to the immense trains of Meade's army. In this contest the Confederates secured Spangler's Spring, but all night long the men of both sides in peace carried their canteens to the fountain and filled them with the bubbling water.

A little later, about seven o'clock, supported by numerous guns in a hot artillery fire, the Louisiana Tigers (five regiments) and a North Carolina brigade of Early's Division, stormed East Cemetery Hill, carrying everything before them, even to capturing Weidrich's artillery in the hastily-thrown-up lunettes, and to clubbing the gunners of Ricketts' battery. But there were infantrymen back of the guns, across the Baltimore Pike—Carroll's Brigade—and these Hancock personally led against the foe, with the result that the Union guns and position were saved and the Louisiana Tigers were almost annihilated.

The result on the left of the Union army may be summed up thus: The Confederates had failed to seize either of the coveted Round Tops, and each side had suffered frightfully in killed and wounded. On the Union right, Ewell had captured the rifle-pits of the Twelfth Corps on the east side of Culp's Hill, his men were in close proximity to Meade's reserve trains and the losses on each side were heavy.

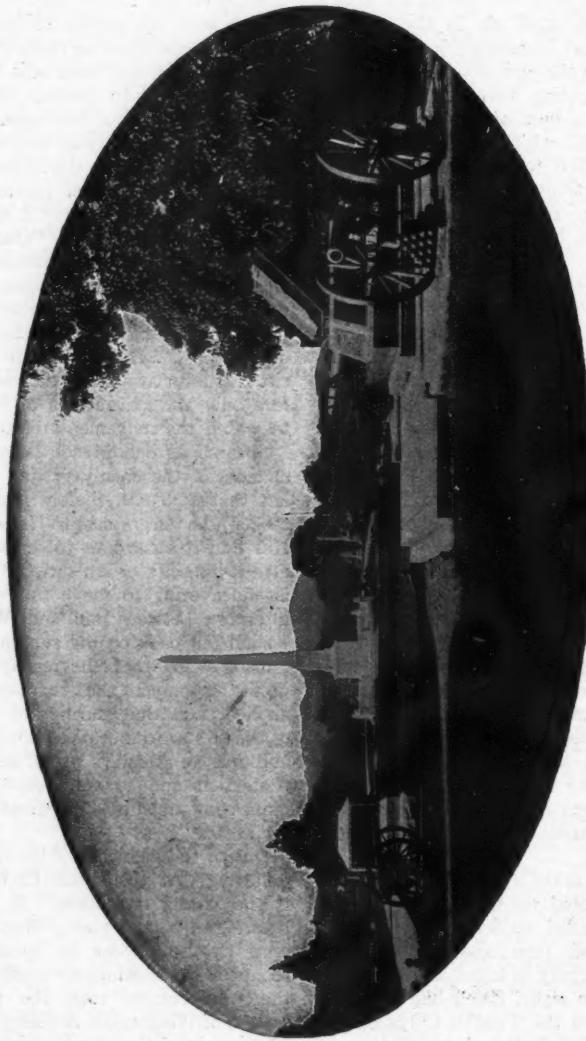
It is fair to Longstreet and to Hood to say that they both favored the "turning" of Round Top in preference to the direct

attack upon Sickles at the Peach Orchard, and it would seem as though their plan of attack would have had a chance of success, and with much less loss of life than attended the long fight they did make directly on the Union lines. The chances of this were the greater because, through some misunderstanding probably, Buford's cavalry, which had been sent to the Emmitsburg Road to protect the flank of the Union army, had been withdrawn, and Longstreet's Corps was without menace in this direction for thirty hours, which included the four hours' battle on Round Top and with Sickles. Of this feature Comte de Paris says: "One of those strange blunders that frequently occur on the battlefield was the means of compromising the safety of the Federal line just in that part which will be the first to be menaced. . . . Buford is gone . . . Merritt is still far away, and Sickles has therefore only the skirmishers of his infantry to watch the movements of the enemy."

So anxious had Meade been about the chances of the enemy getting around his left that at 3 P.M. (before Longstreet attacked), he telegraphed to Halleck: ". . . If I find it hazardous to do so [make an attack himself], or am satisfied the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear and interpose between me and Washington, I shall fall back on my supplies at Westminster." It must be remembered that up to this moment the Sixth Corps had not arrived, and that during the whole day of the 2d, up to four o'clock, the left flank and rear of Meade's army were without protection and so were exposed to the movement urged by Longstreet and feared by Meade.

One of the incidents of the day was the following: At the Peach Orchard corner is the Wentz farmhouse. A year or so before the battle, young Wentz went to New Orleans, where he became a lieutenant in the Washington artillery. When the Confederates took the position, a section of Washington Artillery was placed in the rear of the Wentz garden, and the young officer found himself at his former home for one full day, without the necessity of a leave-of-absence, but not to the delight of his father, who never forgave him for his perfidy.

Courtesy Western Maryland Railway Co.



HIGH WATER MARK AT GETTYSBURG. THIS BRONZE BOOK MARKS THE FARthest POINT TO WHICH GENERAL PICKETT'S CHARGE PENETRATED THE FEDERAL CENTRE THROUGH A BREAK IN A FENCE WHERE CUSHING'S BATTERY WAS SERVED

THE THIRD DAY

At daybreak on the morning of July 3, General Slocum, of the Twelfth Corps, moved to drive the Confederates from the Union breastworks they had gained and occupied the night before, and for six hours the woods howled with shot and shell, as one of the most desperate of battles was carried on. Slowly but surely, foot by foot, the Union troops advanced until the breastworks were wrested from the enemy, and the Confederates were driven back across Rock Creek. Lee had failed in his attempts on the left and on the right of the Union line, but with superb confidence in the valor of his men, he himself planned and directed the third assault, which was to be upon the center and was to bring the looked-for victory.

From ten to one there was an ominous silence over the whole field on both sides. Then came the shot and shell from one hundred and fifty Confederate guns posted along Seminary Ridge, directed upon the center of the Union line, and immediately one hundred and fifty guns from the Union side responded, and for an hour and a half the very heavens and the earth shook with the concussion. The Union officers knew full well what that cannonading meant, and so General Hunt (of the artillery) ordered his pieces to cease firing that the guns might cool off, and he had his disabled batteries replaced by fresh ones, and had the caissons replenished with ammunition for the assault that was to come. Soon it came. Lee thought the Union guns were silenced from exhaustion, and promptly gave the order for fifteen thousand of Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's choicest troops (Longstreet to command) to force the Federal line. Pickett was in advance with his five thousand five hundred men, and on his left, in close support, was Pettigrew with his four brigades, and Trimble with his two brigades, and ample troops were in the rear of these three divisions. Beautifully they marched on, and on, until the Codori House was reached, when Pickett's charge commenced. From there it was rush, until on and beyond the stone wall, at the angle, both sides mingled in wildest disorder, shooting and clubbing each other in a hand-to-hand struggle that seemed to have no end. The

end, however, came, and one by one the Confederates threw down their arms or sought retreat. Of Pickett's 5,500 men, 232 had been killed, 1,157 had been wounded, and 1,499 surrendered. Out of fifteen flags, twelve were left with the enemy, three only being saved by the few brave troops which made their way back to the starting point.

Pettigrew and Trimble, who were on the left of Pickett, assaulted the Union line at a point to the north, nearer to the town, at the Bryan house, but they, too, were repulsed, with a loss of about two thousand men and fifteen stands of colors. Longstreet says that Pettigrew was too severely punished on the first of July (by the troops on the McPherson farm) to have been in good condition for a vigorous support of Pickett, but as Pettigrew, Trimble, Fry, Marshall and Lowrance were all wounded, and most of their field officers were killed or wounded, we must acknowledge that they and their men did their full share of the fighting on that occasion, although the world-wide credit and reputation has gone to Pickett. Pickett's Division lost its three brigadiers; Garnett and Armstead were killed, Kemper was wounded and a prisoner, and every field officer of the fifteen regiments was killed or wounded. On the Union side, Hancock, Gibbon, Webb, Brooke, Stannard and Smyth were wounded, and among those killed were Willard, Sherrill, Ward, Baxter, O'Kane and Revere. Hancock, lying on his side, with the blood pouring from his wound, continued to direct the defense, and even after the struggle was over, wrote a note to Meade, begging him to follow up his success by a counter charge.

While the battle was waging in Meade's front, one of the great cavalry battles of the war was being desperately fought on Rummell farm, three miles east of Gettysburg, north of the Hanover Pike. Fortunately Kilpatrick, on his way back from Hanover, had left Custer's brigade of Michigan troops with Gregg, whose duty it was to protect the right flank of the Union army, and thus reinforced so as to have about five thousand sabres, Gregg successfully fought Stuart with six thousand sabres, until night offered the latter an opportunity to slip away from the front

of his skillful, vigorous opponent. In this fight, on Stuart's side were Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, and on Gregg's side was the late Secretary of War, Alger, who here, as well as everywhere he ever fought, was commended for his valor. Since the battle it has been claimed by Lee's friends that it was his intention to have Stuart's cavalry strike the Union line in the rear at the moment Longstreet was to carry the line in the front, but the orders of the day do not confirm this claim; and we must give Stuart, who was one of the ablest cavalry leaders of the world, credit for the proper effort to get in the rear of our line for the purpose of destroying our trains of ammunition and other supplies.

Eleven o'clock of the 3d found Kilpatrick in front of Round Top, with Merritt out on the Emmitsburg Road and Farnsworth near the hill. At five o'clock, after the repulse of Longstreet, Kilpatrick, who thought that cavalry could fight anywhere but on the ocean, dismounted Merritt's men, who were on open ground, leaving Farnsworth's men, who were in front of stones and brush, mounted, and ordered a charge. It is said that Farnsworth looked at his commander and asked, "Do you mean it?" To which Kilpatrick replied "Are you afraid?" Farnsworth rejoined by saying, "Take that back," and charged, uselessly and hopelessly, and was killed at the foot of Round Top, near Plum Run. Merritt found the enemy too strong to make headway against, and so was unable to accomplish anything beyond finding that Longstreet was contracting his line and was retiring behind the Emmitsburg Road. Merritt, Farnsworth and Custer had, just before the battle, on June 29, been promoted from captaincies to the command of brigades. Farnsworth was held in high esteem as an ideal cavalryman, as were also the other two.

At seven o'clock the Union line (McCandless) was advanced to the Rose Farm, which lies a few hundred yards south of the Peach Orchard, and that ended the day's movements. The battle of Gettysburg was over.

After the repulse of Longstreet, the aggressive Pleasonton (temporarily on Meade's staff, although in command of the cavalry corps) strenuously urged that

an attack should be made immediately upon the right flank of Lee's army with a strong body of some of Meade's fresh troops, claiming that the time had come for a great victory. This was not done, and the soldiers of the two sides have argued the question ever since. Meade was at that time a new army commander and had not then acquired that confidence in himself and in his troops which he gained afterwards, nor the skill, which, later on, made him one of the great tacticians of the Civil War.

All night long after the battle Lee was pushing his trains back to the river down the Hagerstown Road, and on the 4th he commenced moving his army. At break of day on the 5th, the last of the Confederates had left Gettysburg, and soon after, with the Sixth Corps (which had done little fighting during the battle), in the advance, Meade's infantry followed in pursuit. It, however, fell to the cavalry to inflict what damage was done to the retreating army, and from one to three skirmishes took place daily, the most important of which occurred on the night of the 4th, at Monterey Gap, where Kilpatrick, re-enforced by some of Gregg's men, intercepted the immense wagon train of Ewell as it was working its way through the mountain pass under the protection of Stuart's cavalry. The fight was a weird one. It commenced after midnight, in a pouring rain, the only gleam of light being the vivid flashes of lightning, which showed the way for friend and foe. Stuart's cavalry was routed, the train of wagons nine miles long and laden with the booty taken from the farmers of Pennsylvania was captured and burned, and Kilpatrick turned back only that he might make secure his one thousand eight hundred and sixty prisoners and his immense drove of captured army mules.

Lee reached the river on the 7th and finding his pontoon train had been destroyed by General French, he put his troops in position for defense until the water should recede or new means for crossing be found, and defied Meade for one full week. On the 13th Meade ordered an attack to be made the next day, but when he moved on the 14th for the attack, he found the enemy had crossed the river

the previous night, making his escape over a bridge constructed of lumber collected for miles above and floated down to Falling Waters.

The battle of Gettysburg was the bloodiest single battle of the war, and today it is the most celebrated one in the world's history. The Union losses in the three days were 23,049, and the Confederate losses were probably as high, in killed, wounded, captured, 12,227, and missing, as 29,000.

It has generally been supposed that the advantage of position favored the Federal troops and gave them the victory at Gettysburg. This we will concede—and yet some explanation about the line we held. When Hancock, on the night of the 1st, reported to General Meade about the position Howard had taken, he said: "I think we can retire; if not, we can fight here, as the ground appears not unfavorable. The position, however, is easily turned by way of Emmitsburg." At the council of war which was held on the night of the 2d, after Culp's Hill had been temporarily lost, General Newton, the accomplished engineer officer, said, "The position is not a fit one to fight in," and General Meade replied in words which seemed to concur in this view, although he added, "We shall stay here and fight it out." From Culp's Hill, on the right, to the Angle, the ground is highly advantageous, being very strong in its natural features,

but from the Angle to Little Round Top (a mile), it is low and affords no good positions for either artillery or infantry, and Little Round Top is only fairly good, because of its limited area and for the reason that it can be easily turned. Big Round Top is so thickly wooded as to be unavailable for artillery, but, amid its bushes and behind its rocks, infantry can be made secure, whose presence there in 1863 was only to prevent the lodgment of a couple of pieces of artillery, after which, with a few hours' work in clearing obstructions, the guns would have commanded the summit of Little Round Top. The Confederate line on the west is extremely favorable, for its whole three miles, for the practice of artillery and for the formation and movement of infantry, and in its elevation, was forbidding enough to make, in Meade's opinion, a charge upon the Confederate line, after a repulse of Longstreet, a hazardous venture.

Gettysburg was really a drawn battle, and yet, paradoxically, it was the decisive battle of the war, and, from the condition of affairs, was treated by both sides and by the world as a great Union victory. From then on Lee was always on the defensive; hence Gettysburg, in the annals of the war, is known as high-water mark; and at the bloody angle, on the field itself, where Longstreet's great assault was ended in defeat, a tablet records, HIGH-WATER MARK.

Swift combat

Immortalizes man; he, if he falls,
Hath, for his portion, laud in minstrels' lays.
But of the tears—her never-ending tears—
The woman who is left behind, forsaken,
No word of after time doth take account;
No poet singeth of the thousand days
And nights wept through, wherein some silent soul
In its vain yearning to recall the friend
The lost, so swiftly gone, consumes itself.

—Goethe.

The AUTOS WHIZZIN' BY

by Harry A. Earnshaw

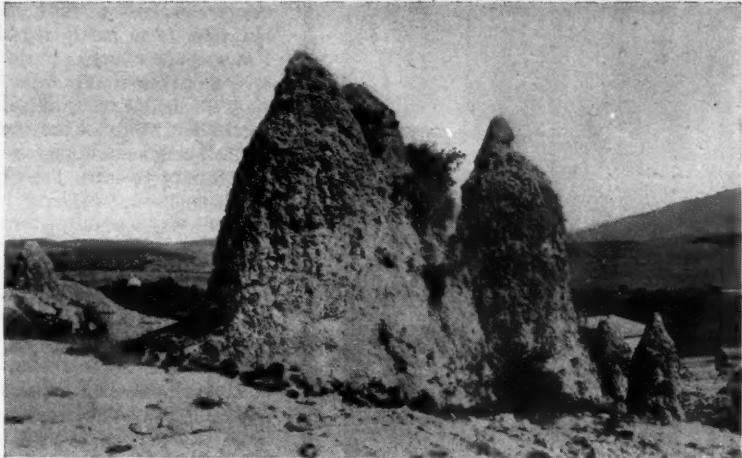
AS I walk home from work each night,
I watch the autos whiz —
sometimes it seems it ain't just right
— that things is as they is.
My work is hard, my hours is long,
The bills they pile up high,
Makes wrong seem right, and right seem wrong
With autos whizzin' by.

There goes Jim Sherwood, millionaire,
A-ridin' in his car,
He's gom' home — it don't seem fair —
I'm walkin' twice as far.
Tho' we've heard say with some alarm
Jim Sherwood's never smilin'
Since Death came to the man down there
And took away a child.

And so I think again, "Well, Bill,
Perhaps it's just as well
That you can't live up on the Hill,
And be a regular swell;
There's little Kate, and Evelyn,
And Billy, wife and I —
And folks ain't always happy in
The autos whizzin' by."



—Macy



NATURAL MINERAL FORMATION FROM THE BOILING SPRING AT HAMMOND, MUSCATINE

The City of Algiers

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

WE had imagined Algiers to be an enlarged Tangier, and that oriental town, which we had visited three years before, has sent out to us an appealing call ever since.

Even the terrible sea voyage of three hours back to Gibraltar, wherein a whole winter's record as a good sailor had been lost did not serve to shadow my memories of Tangier.

The approach to it was so picturesque: the great rowboats manned by piratical looking Moors; and the big billows over which we dashed; and the white, strange Moorish town on the cliffs above us; the pier with its crowd of picturesquely garbed men, all remained in my mind, and stood forth like a vivid painting. Then the narrow streets through which not one vehicle ever passed, only donkeys and mules; and the wonderful bazaars all

added detail to our memories of Tangier. And when we were told that Algiers would be like Tangier, only on a larger scale, we had imagined our whole winter spent there, with only flying visits to other points of interest.

We reached Algiers in the morning, and its first appearance was a disappointment. It was beautiful and semi-tropical and attractive; but it was distinctly Parisian, and not Oriental.

It seemed a little Paris as we made the long drive from the wharf to the St. George Hotel in Mustapha Superior, where we had engaged rooms two months previously. We found the hotel charmingly arranged, and our rooms opened upon a quite tropical garden; and for the first day or two we were so comfortable after the long sea voyage that we forgot our disappointment in the city itself.



INTERIOR OF "THE HOUSE OF RETIRED WIVES"

Then the weather, which on our arrival was damp and cool, grew damper and cooler; a fire was a necessity every day in our room. Furs were not at all uncomfortable when outdoors; our exploration into the old Algiers, where we were told we would find our Tangier, proved most disappointing.

It was picturesque and oriental to be sure, but so squalid, so dirty, so wretchedly miserable, was its appearance, and so devoid of bazaars and booths that one visit satisfied us.

One Friday I visited the cemetery of El Kettar, a great man who is worshipped as a saint. The cemetery where his body reposes is the one place in all Algiers where the women of the harems can feel the fresh air of heaven on their faces. And that is allowed only once a week, on Friday when they are permitted to unveil, and sit and chat together within the cemetery precincts. It was a curious sight as I entered, and it suggested resurrection morn. Fully fifty shrouded white figures

were scattered about the grounds, sitting on graves, their bodies and heads covered by white robes, but their faces partly revealed. I walked about among them, and several of them smiled at me, but we were unable to converse, beyond a few words, as the women of the harems are not given the opportunity to learn French or any language but Arabic.

There was a small percentage of pretty faces, and those belonged to the very young women; the middle aged were plain, with that plainness which proceeds from a dull mind and an uneventful life. One woman of rather prepossessing appearance and a far-away expression in her large black eyes, caressed the blonde head of a blue-eyed child, of perhaps three years of age.

There was a bevy of women about the child, and I asked which was the child's mamma. That word, and my look of enquiry made my question understood; and the sad-eyed woman was indicated as the mother of

the child. I pointed to the blue eyes of the baby and then to the mother's dark eyes; and one of the women laughed mischievously and said in French: "A little French child."

Afterward I talked with my guide about the matter, and he said: "Once in a while you will find a blonde Arab; blue-eyed Arabs are frequently seen, but the child might have French blood, you know." And then he shrugged his shoulders and left me to my own conclusions.

* * *

In Algiers, and indeed in all Mohammedan cities, the "High Society" ladies of the harem never go outside the harem walls, save veiled in closed carriage, and attended by trusty servants. It is the middle class and the serving people one meets on the streets, and in the shops and cemeteries.

The Mohammedan men are intensely jealous and suspicious of women. Keeping them in utter ignorance as they do, they know that the women have no guiding

principles to save them from being foolish and indiscreet; and the men know too, that their women are governed by their appetites, vanities and passions, and so they keep them as wholly as possible from temptation. Yet these temptations reach them, now and then, and the women who are allowed to go out alone, or even in twos or threes, however heavily veiled, sometimes find opportunities for intrigue.

It is the nature of man, no matter what his nationality, to like that which seems difficult to obtain; and many foreigners who visit these lands are particularly fascinated by the idea of a gallant adventure with a veiled woman. Its dangers render such a romance the more alluring; but the dangers which are unknown to them lie in the fact that many women of professionally immoral habits wear the veil and invite attention; and he who responds to the languid glances of their long eyes is not making a fool of a jealous Mohammedan husband, but making a fool of himself instead.

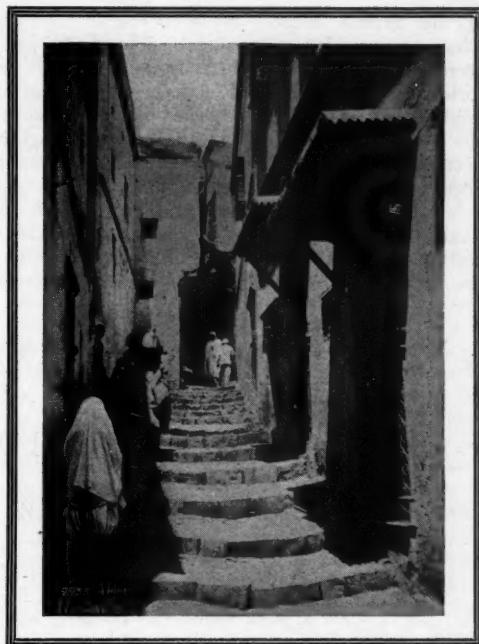
* * *

One of the most interesting houses we saw in Algiers was the "House of the Retired Wives."

It stands directly opposite the large Roman Catholic Cathedral, which was once the Palace of the Bey; and the House of the Retired Wives is now occupied by the Archbishop.

When the Bey was supreme in Algiers, before the intervention of France, the palace contained several hundred wives. And as new ones were frequently added, old ones had to be retired. So as a wife became superfluous, or undesired, for any reason, she was sent across the street, where she had much more freedom than in the Bey's Palace; for there she was supposed to keep to her own apartments, and not wander about at will. In the "House of the Retired Wives" she could move about at will.

She left all jewels and valuable presents,



A STREET IN OLD ALGIERS

which the Bey had bestowed upon her, in the Palace, for her successors; but she was fed and clothed, until she died, in her new home.

Love does not enter deeply into the harem marriages; for the wife is selected by a woman agent, who goes about among the marriageable girls, studies their attractions, and looks into their financial situation; she reports to the men who desire wives, and carries their proposals back to the chosen ones. The groom does not see the bride, or the bride the groom, as a rule, until after the ceremony has taken place. Yet without doubt, real love sometimes results from the unions; and many a heartache must have crossed the threshold of the "House of the Retired Wives."

The weather remained so chilly and so wet that just as soon as we had received our first mail, which was to be addressed to Algiers, we decided to move on to Biskra, in the desert of Sahara.

Two days before our departure, the news

of the terrible disaster to the General Chanzy was received at our hotel. Several rooms had been engaged there by the unfortunate passengers, and sixteen were booked for the hotel in the lower part of the city. This hotel, by the way, is much better suited to the convenience of travellers who only desire to remain in Algiers a few days, than the St. George. That is distinctly for those who want quiet and rest and luxury for a season. But it is too far from the places one wants to visit

and from the shopping center for the bird of passage tourist.

If one wants a whole winter of a more than half modernized oriental town, with beautiful scenery and a climate which the English people find bracing and agreeable, compared with their own, and where every comfort and convenience can be had by paying a good price, then Algiers is the place. But it did not hold the charm we sought, and we were glad when we boarded the train for Biskra.

A MOORISH MAID

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

ABOVE her veil a shrouded Moorish maid
Showed melting eyes, as limpid as a lake;
A brow untouched by care; a band of jetty hair,
And nothing more. The all-concealing haik
Fell to her high arched instep. At her side
An old duenna walked; her withered face
Half covered only, since no lingering grace
Bespoke the beauty once her master's pride.

Above her veil the Moorish maid beheld
The modern world, in Paris-decked Algiers;
Saw happy lad and lass, in love's contentment pass,
Or in sweet wholesome friendship, free from fears.
She saw fair matrons, walking arm in arm
With lifelong lovers, time-endear'd, and then
She saw the ardent look in eyes of men,
And thrilled and trembled with a vague alarm.

Above her veil she saw the stuccoed court
That led to dim secluded rooms within,
She followed, dutiful, the dame unbeautiful,
Who told her that the Christian world means sin.
Some day, full soon, she would go forth a bride—
Of one whose face she never had beheld.
Something within her awakened and rebelled;
She flung aside her veil, and cried, and cried.

An American Mystic

Will Levington Comfort and His Work

by Mary Adams Stearns

A NEW book—"The Road of Living Men"—by Will Levington Comfort reminds us that this is his fourth novel inside of three years; that before "Routledge Rides Alone" came out his name was practically unknown, that now he holds undisputed rank as one of America's ablest novelists.

It is seldom that an author publishes four novels without having revealed himself rather definitely as belonging to some class or school, yet with each of his four books, Mr. Comfort has introduced his readers to new fields and given them fresh surprises. One of the reasons why his work will live is because of its universal appeal—dealing with real men and women and the most vital things in life—love, sex, womanhood, manhood, and the infinite aspects of self. It would be easy to mention a host of ordinary things which Mr. Comfort is *not*, but his genius and his art are developing so rapidly that it is difficult to say exactly what he *is*, and quite impossible to say what he *will be*.

His qualifications might lead him into any of several paths, but rather does he seem to be choosing a combination hitherto unknown in literature—perhaps his is a new voice. As a teller of tales he would take highest rank, did not so many qualities urge his pen and modify the mere spinning of a yarn into something of infinitely wider scope. Words used to describe

Andrew Bedient's life ("Fate Knocks at the Door") might easily apply to his own: "Thirty-odd swift strange years, ships, Asia, queer voices, far travels, unspoken friendships, possibly a point or two of passion, glimpses into dim lands and dark lives." And out of these far travels and exceptional experiences came the sheer happenings which have gone into the making of several hundred short stories and four long novels.

The art of story-telling is seen most clearly in "Routledge Rides Alone." Here there is little but straight dramatic movement. True, Rawder is a prophecy as well as a touch of what is developed in the later books, but Routledge is a man of action with only a little time to dream. Noreen is charming, but only a sketch, which the stimulated imagination of the reader fills in; and that which makes Jerry Cardinegh

noteworthy is his dramatic value. The story deals with the Russo-Japanese war—war as suffered by the man in the trench, blinded by smoke and choked by thirst. Never has any novelist shown so vividly the uselessness and horrors of war as a means of settling international disputes.

As an essayist Mr. Comfort would have many new thoughts to express, or many world-old ones to rewrite. He has proved that his handling would be original, his phraseology gripping and abounding in vivid



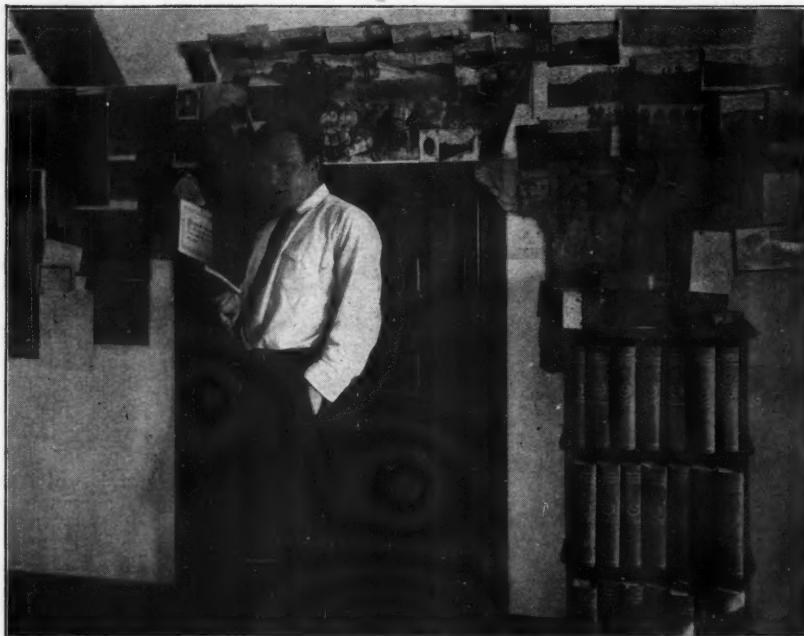
WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT
His latest photograph

epigrams; and everywhere we find glimpses of the message he is trying to get across—a message of hope, courage, and upward-looking. Again and again we are reminded of Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra:—

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God
stands sure."

His pages are full of little essays and sentences of compressed and vital import. Nothing that Mr. Comfort has written

scious and analytical woman; Andrew Bedient who has been called "the cosmic man"; Quentin Charter and David Cairns, who develop as we watch; Yuan of broad humanity but alien race; Jane Forbes, who perhaps touches the highest mark of all—so high that many will overlook her. Every one of these characters is destined to live, for each represents some one of the best things that men and women can be. One of them, Bedient, is a spiritual giant, and Mr. Comfort's insistence on the



THE AUTHOR AT WORK

but has this deep-seeing, thought-stirring, insistent power and a masterful command of words, necessary and peculiar to the essayist.

As a portrayer of characters he is unexcelled. With a depth of insight and understanding he knows a wide range of men and women, of universal, not local interest:—Routledge, the fighter; Rawder, the mystic; Vina Nettleton, the spirit-woman; Adith Mallory (little more than a sketch), the woman of great giving and unselfish love; Beth Truba, the self-con-

"immanent glory of womanhood" seems like a prophecy that a spiritual giantess is not far behind.

As an idealist (some might say mystic) Mr. Comfort strikes an entirely new note in modern writing—a note not to be defined by limiting words—for it is too penetrating, too fine, too spiritual for hard and fast definition. It is doubtful if anything finer has ever been written than his story of the mother (*Fate Knocks at the Door*); consummate, too, is the vision of the Shining One (*The Road of Living Men*); and the

mother of solitary pilgrimage (in "She Buildeth Her House"). Strangely and purely mystic is "The Little Hut at Rydamphur" (Routledge) and "a Flock of Flying Swans" (Fate Knocks).

But no one of these lines—story teller, essayist, idealist, or character painter, is followed to exclusion. Always is his work a blending of rare literary style, engrossing plot, character insight, and a forward look toward a better world—it is the revelation of a new order of genius.

Perhaps nothing is so strong in Mr. Comfort's work as his fighting spirit. Always does he fight; whether it be in a battle of red blood, a battle against the domination of the senses, a battle for the freeing of woman's mind, a fight for better manhood and finer womanhood, an urge for the uplifting of sex from the dragging realism where it seems to have fallen or a

striving for greater spiritual sight. Always is there a fight for better things in the heart of Mr. Comfort himself, and in the hearts of all his characters. Even his lesser

men and women (drawn always as carefully and as sharply as if designed to occupy foremost place) reveal this note of high purpose. Never is life lived in his stories for the sake of killing time; never does he write to exploit a fad. Life as Mr. Comfort sees it is a great and wonderful game to be lived finely and

purely, even when carnal things press close; and in no way does his wide genius reveal itself more vividly than in this constant onward and upward fighting. These are but a few of the many excellencies common to all four novels.

In "Routledge Rides Alone" the dominant note is romantic adventure and the desire to "scoff at war before men; to



MR. COMFORT AND HIS CHILDREN



MR. COMFORT ENJOYING HIS FAVORITE SPORT

show what a monstrous activity it is for *men*; to show how black is the magic of the ambitious few who dare to make cannon-meat of God's multitude—to paint war so red, so real in all its ghastly abortive reality that the nations shall shudder and sin no more."

In "She Buildeh Her House" the theme is purely psychological. It is a story based on the broad belief in the power of mind over matter. It is as full of fighting as Routledge, but here, minds instead of bodies battle for victory. The man combats the animal forces of self; the woman overcomes the terrible fascination of the occultist. It is in this book that one finds the marvellous description of the eruption of Mt. Pelee—Nature's symbol of this great mental struggle.

"Fate Knocks at the Door" leaves the field of mentality for the broader plains of the spirit, where souls contend with their baser selves for supremacy. Andrew Bedient, after thirty years of wandering into strange corners of the earth, finds "the long-awaited woman." But missing the fulfilment of his love in her becomes the lover and prophet of all womanhood. The thoughtful reader cannot fail to find this the finest and most satisfying of the four books, for it seems to embody all that the others have, with infinitely more added. The first chapters echo the virile action of "Routledge"; the dominion of mind is found in Beth's self-consciousness

and analysis, also in the egotism with which David Cairns contends, but the story of a man's soul is what lifts this book to the highest class of literature. Tense activities, unsurpassed descriptions, poetic beauty, mystic insight, supreme love—these are the elements found in "Fate Knocks at the Door."

"The Road of Living Men" turns again to sheer story-telling, but with the addition of a wealth of development only hinted at in "Routledge." It concerns the love of a man and woman, their escape from China at the outbreak of the Boxer Rebellion, their year-long betrothal, and their final coming together. There are flying bullets, treachery, valiant deeds and vivid action; but there are also brave hearts, aspiring souls, lives laid down for brothers and sisters, and lives lived for others. No more wonderful mating has ever been drawn than that of Mary Romany and Thomas Ryerson. The deep things of life here take on a new meaning, for Mr. Comfort has achieved a rare combination—he has sacrificed neither plot interest, character portrayal, nor idealistic insight, but combined them with a skill new and effectual.

* * *

In all that Mr. Comfort does there is an opulence and a sureness which suggests great untouched reservoirs of power, and places him without question among the literary masters of the Twentieth Century.

"WE ARE NOT SET AS JUDGES OF OURSELVES"

. . . We are taught by life
To be less rigid with ourselves, with others;
And this thou, too, wilt learn. This race of ours
Is marvelously made and fashioned, link'd
Throughout itself, with curious interlacements,
So that no soul may ever stand alone
In self-sufficing purity, apart
From other souls' entanglings. Yea, moreover,
We are not set as judges of ourselves.
To walk on straight and heed the path before him
Is first and foremost duty of a man;
Things he has done he seldom rightly values,
Far seldomer the things he now is doing.

—Goethe.

The Friend of Phineas

by Charles C. Lofquest

NICK DURKEE, general manager of the Biggest Show on Earth, tossed the letter he had been reading to Jerry Mooney, the elephant keeper, back on his desk.

"There's the Old Man's orders," he said, glancing keenly at Mooney, who sat, hat in hand, at the side of his desk. "He says I can get rid of old Phineas whenever I want to. I don't see any use of keeping the elephant through winter to swell haybills; might as well get rid of him first as last. Don't you think so, Jerry?"

Durkee thrust his big hands into his pockets, waiting for the keeper's answer. Mooney, however, did not seem to have heard the question. He sat almost stupidly silent.

But Jerry Mooney had heard. He knew his charge Phineas was doomed—had known it, several weeks, by a subtle intuition. It was this knowledge which made it hard for him to answer; for his elephants were everything to him, and of all his herd, through some tragic vagary of choice, the villainous Phineas was his particular pet.

Still the manager, his sharp eyes vigilant over the tip of his cigar, saw in Mooney's face no sign of the agitation he had expected. The keeper was gazing out of the window which looked upon the principal street of the small city where the Biggest Show on Earth was in winter quarters. Suddenly his little steel-blue eyes flashed under their shaggy brows and the deep lines at his mouth tightened.

"Sure, what are yer connivin' to do wid old Phinny—sell him?" he asked.

"Sell—Phineas!" laughed Durkee. "Quit your joking, Jerry; you've been bull-man long enough to know every showman in the country is wise to Phineas. Lord, you can't give him away; there isn't a zoo that'll take him as a gift."

The keeper stroked his tuft of reddish whisker.

"Then how are yer goin' to get rid wid him?"

"Kill him, of course."

"And how are yer goin' to kill poor old Phinny, eh?"

"There's only one way to put a brute like that out of the way; we'll have to poison him."

"But who's goin' to py'zun Phinny?"

"You are, Jerry," declared Durkee.

"I am, am I?" exclaimed Mooney. "Bein' what ye might say the friend of Phineas, I'm picked to slip me friend, still spakin' so to spake, the gentle dose that'll make him sleep tight and sound; so that's it, is it?"

"No one but you, Jerry, can do it," nodded Durkee. "Phineas won't eat what everybody'll give him."

"Old Phinny has some sense, that he has, b'dad!" remarked Mooney.

"Doc Haley, our veterinary, can't do it," frowned the manager. "Haley and the elephant don't get along well, do they?"

"Huh, the Doc!" sneered the keeper. "That man may know a heap of facts about dead ellyphants, such as how to slice 'em up for soap, but, be garry, he don't know anny more of live ellyphants nor does a wooden Injun about swimmin'!"

"I don't give a snap for your opinion of the Doc," retorted Durkee angrily. "That bull is no earthly good to the show. He's got to die; that's the Old Man's orders."

"Orders are orders," admitted Mooney, fidgetting with his hat. "But some orders ain't pleasant to hear. Sure, old Phinny and myself has been friends for manny years, and 'tis tough to hear he's goin' be the way of all flesh, worse still to know 'tis yer own hand as sends him away. But, sure, Phinny wasn't so bad last season."

"How about that affair at Baltimore?" snapped the manager, reaching for a slip of paper on his desk. "Do you know what that cost us?"

Mooney, sighing, was forced to confess that he did not.

"Only three thousand, that's all," continued Durkee, consulting the figures on his slip.

"But it wasn't Phinny's fault!" expostulated the keeper earnestly. "Some nosey fool stuck a pin into him to see how thick his skin were."

"And the season before that," went on Durkee, ignoring the explanation, "he broke loose twice, crimping our profits for two thousand even."

"S'help me, both them times it wasn't Phinny's fault," insisted Mooney emphatically. "The first time some ijot threw a quid of chewin' down his throat as he were reachin' for a peanut, and he would tell ye that himself if he could spake. And, sure, the second time it were a r-rap on the trunk that sent him rampoogin' over the country."

"Season before that fifteen hundred, before that five hundred, before that—aw, pshaw! that's how it's been right along," growled Durkee.

Unable to combat cold figures, the keeper sat quite haggard and overcome.

"If Phineas was a bull we could take into the big top and put through any tricks there might be some sense in keeping him," added the manager, his expression relaxing. "But all he can do is to stand in the animal-tent, and sulk and chew his way through a couple of car-loads of hay a day."

Mooney was slowly filling a corn-cob with cheap tobacco, seeing which the other offered him a cigar.

"Thanks, Nick, thanks," said the keeper, biting off the end of the panatella, having first carefully stowed away his pipe.

"Between you and me, Jerry," confided Durkee, "I'll get a little out of this Phineas business at that. You see, I've got a dicker on with a college out on the coast. They want Phineas."

A smile spread slowly over Mooney's countenance, and he felt his heart beat queerly.

"That is—his bones," explained the manager. "They've offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for them."

Mooney's face fell.

"Now what the devil does them collidge

professors want wid the bones of old Phinny, I'm askin' ye that, Nick?" he demanded, hurling his cigar away.

"They want them for their museum—to lecture on, I suppose."

"Saints of Heaven, what is there in Phinny's bones worth lecturin' about, eh? These collidges and collidge professors and rah-rah dudes are a pack of dom nonsense. If a man wants to know somethin' about an ellyphant, why can't he walk up to a live one and get his information like a man, instead of pokin' around an empty skeleton?"

Durkee was again busy with his papers.

"Well, they want us to ship as soon as possible, Jerry," he said briskly. "Here's a package of arsenic. Doc Haley says there's enough for two doses, in case the first one doesn't do business. Give Phineas a dose as soon as you can—in some apples, Doc Haley says."

Mooney took the package extended him.

"Orders are orders—" he mumbled vaguely, arising.

"You bet, orders are orders, Jerry. Don't forget we must ship quick, for there's a sick hippo with the Robinson show they're thinking of buying, too. Remember two doses—in some apples. Good day!"

II

When Jerry Mooney emerged into the street he found it easy to remember all the things he could have said in defense of Phineas. In fact, he waxed quite eloquent as he strode hurriedly along, the crisp January wind cutting his face as he excitedly hectored an imaginary Mr. Durkee. So keenly was he interested in his own lucid logic that he failed to hear his name called by a man who came running after him out of a livery-stable on the opposite side of the street.

"Hello, Jerry," yelled the man several times.

Mooney looked over his shoulder, stopping when he recognized Haley, the circus veterinarian.

"Sure, Doc, now ain't Paddy Clancy's stables the wrong place for ye?" he asked, his eyes twinkling maliciously.

Haley smiled apprehensively, and shifted the bundle he carried.

"What do you mean, Jerry?"

"I thought yer were off cornerin' the arsenic crop."

"Not exactly," laughed the other, "but I have the apples for the arsenic."

The keeper glared at him but made no retort.

"Of course, it's tough on you," said Haley, filling the pause, "but it really means less work for you, Jerry, with that old bull off your hands."

"Yes, and a sight less comfort, be dade!" flashed Mooney. "'Tis little I've minded tendin' old Phinny. Yes, and 'tis missin' him I'll be when he's gone."

* * *

Perceiving that any attempt to console Mooney was futile, Haley wisely dropped the subject. Not a word passed between them as they walked out of the city and along a road that after a two-mile trudge across a flat prairie country took them to the show's quarters. The winter home of the Biggest Show on Earth, with all its brightly painted buildings, was quite a settlement in itself. As the keeper turned to go to the big red barn where the elephants were housed, the veterinary handed him the package he was carrying.

"Here's the apples, Jerry," he said. "All you've got to do is to dope up half a dozen, and it'll soon be over. But be careful none of the other stock get hold of the poison."

"Do yer think I'm jackass enough to bile the arsenic up in a stew for all me herd to feast on!" the keeper hurled after Haley who was hurrying off to the horse stables.

Mooney's eyes sparkled with wrath, but when the stable-door slammed behind the veterinary his anger quickly cooled. He started for the elephant barn dejectedly, muttering his protest against the unpleasant duty he had to perform.

The structure he entered was a lofty, ill-lighted wooden building. Large stalls were built along three sides, leaving a wide space in the center where animals could be drilled in ring tricks. Most of this space, however, was filled with heavy circus-wagons and canvas-shrouded floats.

Mooney stopped, glancing about for his helpers, but these unfaithful fellows were nowhere to be seen. The keeper sniffed the air, suspecting that his men

had again been violating his order against smoking in the barn.

"Mike! Pete! Hans! Jack!" he shouted out. "Where the devil are ye, yer lazy can-rushers!"

Four tousled men in overalls, namely Mike, Pete, Hans and Jack, helpers to the elephant keeper, finally crawled forth from a stall where some hay was stored. Mooney glared at his sleepy crew with a baleful eye.

"So! 'Tis smokin' ye've been," he snorted fiercely. "How often must I tell ye to quit yer cigaroot-smokin' in the barn? A fine time we would have if a fire started, wid devil a fire-injine and nothing but a bunch of scalawags be the likes of ye to quinch it! Get out of me sight or I'll kill ye."

The four roustabouts shuffled away, glad to get out of reach of the keeper, while Mooney walked over toward the stalls.

Old Phineas was lying flat on his side in the straw when Mooney reached his stall. One small eye in the bulky head was closed, but the other, black and crafty, kept winking and watching. When it fell upon its keeper it snapped wide open, and the trunk and ears became tense.

For some moments Mooney stood silently studying Phineas.

"Get up, Phinny!" he presently exclaimed. "'Tis a fine mess ye've got yerself into."

There was a husky undertone of tenderness in the keeper's rough voice. Phineas condescended to raise his head, and extended his supple trunk as a token of his good-will.

"None of that blarney," grumbled Mooney. "Get up and I'll tell yer some news."

Discovering the package under the keeper's arm, Phineas' lassitude immediately disappeared. With a snort he arose and shook the kinks out of his joints, his trunk, tail and ears dangling, his dusty hide shaking loosely. Mooney patted his pet.

"Be garry, 'tis manny times I've been told yer would finish me, Phinny," he sighed, "and now 'tis me as'll be doin' ye a dirty trick. Ah, wurra, wurra, 'tis a queer world!"

Old Phineas slipped his trunk over Mooney's shoulder and tried to get at the apples. But the keeper stepped back, gazing up fondly at the uncouth beast.

"It were the truth that Nick did be sayin', more's the shame to yer," he reproached.

Mooney selected a large red apple. The elephant's trunk curved forward, seizing the extended fruit.

"'Tis a long time we've been friends," the keeper remarked, having seated himself on a wheelbarrow to watch his pet eat.

Phineas always nodded his head with such deliberation that Mooney had long ago convinced himself that the phlegmatic animal understood all he said. He was

now moving his head up and down sagev.

"Well, 'tis enough of yer nonsense that Nick has had."

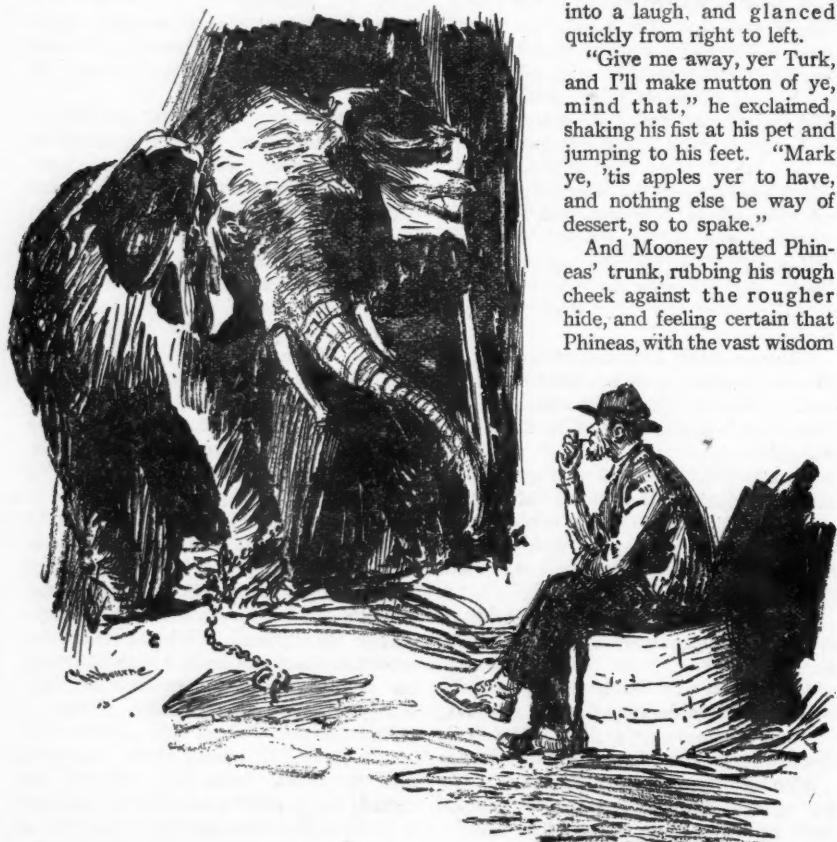
The elephant soon discovered a new object of interest—the package of poison in Mooney's lap. Belching impatiently he fished for it with his trunk.

"Out of that!" cried Mooney, giving the trunk a smart slap when it came too near the dangerous package. "Half of this dose and ye'll be Phinny no longer, but only a dusty skeleton for the bald-headed professors to be lecturin' about to the rah-rah boys."

It was very quiet in the half-dark barn. The keeper sat for some time, turning over his problem. Suddenly he lifted his head sharply. Then he broke into a laugh, and glanced quickly from right to left.

"Give me away, yer Turk, and I'll make mutton of ye, mind that," he exclaimed, shaking his fist at his pet and jumping to his feet. "Mark ye, 'tis apples yer to have, and nothing else be way of dessert, so to spake."

And Mooney patted Phineas' trunk, rubbing his rough cheek against the rougher hide, and feeling certain that Phineas, with the vast wisdom



It was very quiet in the half-dark barn. The keeper sat for some time, turning over his problem

of several centuries of experience, understood perfectly. Then he brought over six apples from the bag. As he gave the last one to his pet the door at the other end of the barn was rolled open and Haley entered.

"Giving him the dope already?" called the veterinary.

Mooney was humming excitedly:

"*They are hangin' men and women for the wearin' of the green.'*"

"Those apples'll fix the old brute," said Haley, joining the keeper.

"Are yer quite sure of that?" grunted Mooney.

III

For more than a week Jerry Mooney succeeded in making Durkee and Haley believe that he was actually giving Phineas poison.

"Sure, 'tis the queer beast that old Phinny is!" was his comment when Durkee questioned him. "The apples don't so much as stir the tail of him."

But a day came when Mooney could deceive no longer. Old Phineas' consumption of arsenic was too wonderful for belief. One afternoon Durkee talked very bluntly to the veterinary.

"Either that bull is built of cast-iron with a zinc stomach, or you don't know your business, Doc," he snarled.

"Or Jerry Mooney is a sly old fox," suggested Haley.

Durkee sprang to his feet.

"What! Do you insinuate Jerry isn't giving the poison to the bull?"

"Well, there's an air about him that's blamed suspicious."

"We'll soon find out. I'll drive to winter quarters tonight."

That evening Mooney was sitting by the stove in his room dozing over his paper. He and several foremen at the stables occupied a cottage near the animal buildings. Mooney's room-mates had gone to town so he had taken off his shoes and made himself comfortable. It was very cold outside, but there was a blazing fire in his chunk-stove.

"Hello, Nick!" he exclaimed as Durkee, wind-blown and puffing, stamped into the room. "What brings yer here at this time of the night, eh?"

The manager flung his fur coat and cap into a rocker and seated himself on a

couch. Then he stared truculently into Mooney's blue eyes.

"How much longer must we wait for you to follow orders?" he finally demanded.

"What are ye drivin' at—anyhow?" gasped Mooney, affecting an innocent air.

"Aw, stop it, Jerry," sneered Durkee.

"Do you intend to poison Phineas, eh?" "Who has been tellin' ye I haven't given the arsenic to Phinny?" asked the keeper in a tone that exasperated Durkee.

"Do you take me for a blockhead?" retorted the manager; then forcing Mooney inexorably to the point: "Are you going to give Phineas the arsenic?"

Mooney jumped up, his fists clinched, his eyes blazing defiance. In a second he had cast subterfuge to the winds.

"Never!" he shouted. "I'll not murder Phinny!"

"Then you're discharged!" scowled Durkee. "Understand, you are discharged!"

Jerry Mooney's face blanched, the wrinkles about his eyes deepening. For a moment he stood, stunned by this blow which cut short a score of years service, which severed his ties with his entire herd, and then a stream of words surged to his trembling lips. But in the midst of his bitter denunciation of Durkee there came a sudden pounding upon the door.

"Fire, Jerry, fire!" yelled someone outside.

Instantly Durkee was on his feet.

"Saints of Heaven!" shouted Mooney, rushing wildly for the door.

"Fire! Fire!" came the frantic cry again.

As Mooney pulled open the door an icy wind blew into the room and almost put out the lamp. On the door-step stood a panting man.

"The elephant barn's on fire," he announced hoarsely.

A cry of horror broke in unison from Durkee and Mooney as they looked out. It was a moonless night, but bright red flames, sputtering a shower of sparks, were pouring through the roof of the elephant barn, and lighted the heavens all about it. Dense clouds of smoke rolled about the twisting flames. Over by the horse barns there was much excited shouting, and men were running hither and thither swinging lanterns.

"Quick, Pete!" commanded Mooney,

after his first glance at the blaze. "Wake every mother's son. Where's Mike, and Hans, and Jack?"

"They're to town," replied the man.

Mooney, being made suddenly aware that he had no shoes on, stepped back into his room.

"Off to town are they—the dirty beer-swillers!" he exclaimed. "Be cripes, and who told them they might be hikin' to town, eh? And what the devil were yer doin' away from the barn, Pete, when yer knew me orders never to leave; no, not even if the Old Boy himself were after ye with his hoofs and horns? Like enough it were yer own cigaroot-smokin' started it all."

Durkee, who had followed Mooney into the house, was pacing the floor, wailing over the financial loss which must result.

"Shut yer gab, Nick, and be a man!" exploded the keeper, hustling into his shoes.

The manager whirled on his heel to crush what he considered the other's insolence. Something in Mooney's eyes made him pause.

"Maybe yer don't want me help, annyhow, seein' as I'm discharged?"

"Forget it, and come on," growled Durkee sullenly.

When they reached the burning building a score of stable hands had formed a bucket line and were passing water up to several men on ladders. As yet no one had apparently attempted to open the barn and release the animals whose frantic roars were dreadful to hear. Mooney groped his way forward through the smoke to where he could get a look at the situation. Very quickly he decided what must be done.

"Leave off that water-heavin'!" he shouted loudly. "Ye can't squelch this blaze wid such toothfulls of water. Come to me, I say."

Mooney's words only caused greater excitement among the men. Those nearest him dropped their buckets. As he ran to the barn with a gang of men at his heels, Durkee rushed angrily at him.

"Stop pulling these men off the bucket line," he ordered breathlessly. "Do you want the barn to burn down?"

"Out of me way, Nick!" yelled Mooney. "It isn't the barn we're after savin'—tis

the hundred and fifty thousand dollars of animals in it!"

The wind caught the keeper's hat as he ran for the sliding door. Through the smoke Durkee caught glimpses of Mooney, who, while working at the lock, was shouting sharp orders to the men about him. When the door was rolled open Mooney was instantly swallowed up in the thick smoke that burst out, but instead of retreating he plunged alone into the burning building.

Once inside the barn, the keeper knew his bearings with his eyes shut. In a glance he saw that the fire was greatest over in the corner where the hay and straw were stored, and that from this point the flames had scaled the rear wall to the roof. Stooping, Mooney fought his way to the elephants' stalls. The smoke stung his nostrils and made his head pound, but as he reached the stall nearest the door the keeper dropped on his hands and knees, sucking in the purer air near the ground. Then he crawled into the stall and began to unloosen the chains which were hitched in an iron ring in the concrete floor and held fast a terrified elephant.

"Steady, Jasper," he shouted as the beast shifted. "Bolt for the door when yer free!"

From one stall to another Mooney crawled, loosening the chains, and trusting to the elephants' own instinct for self-preservation to leave the barn.

He had untied nearly all his herd when a cooler air fanned his scorched face. The opening of the door had provided a vent through which the wind, rushing in from the roof, was driving the smoke with fearful force. Presently Mooney heard a wild trumpeting, and in a flash realized that his released elephants, instead of leaving the barn through the door, were running madly amuck inside.

The next moment Mooney was crawling frantically toward Phineas' stall. This was nearest the blaze, and the glare showed Phineas laboring heroically to yank the iron ring out of its bed of cement.

"Phinny! Phinny!" moaned the keeper, dragging himself into the stall. "It is up to yer now to finish the job."

Old Phineas let forth a roar that shook the building. Mooney wriggled under the

nervous animal and soon had the chains loosened. Pausing to fill his lungs with air, Mooney braced himself against the side of the stall, his swollen eyes cast up at the flames drawing nearer and nearer.

To Durkee and the others outside it seemed an age that Mooney was gone. But all at once an elephant came running out of the barn, standing stockstill at its first whiff of fresh air.

"My God! Jerry has got the elephants loose!" cried Durkee.

Then the whole herd, squealing with terror, and pressing one against another in a panic of fear of something behind them, came jamming through the door. The men outside then had plenty to do, for shortly after the camels came stampeding out.

"Jerry! Jerry!" yelled Durkee, rushing to the door of the barn. "Come out, Jerry!"

But Mooney did not come out. Snatching up his lantern, Durkee ran into the building. He had not gone far when he stumbled on something—something that moved and that reached out and clutched him by the leg.

"Is that you, Jerry?" asked Durkee breathlessly.

Before there came any answer, however, Durkee had flashed his light on the prostrate figure at his feet. He had difficulty in recognizing the black, twitching face, with its whiskers singed to an ashy stubble, and glassy eyes that bulged, red and bloodshot, from their sockets. Durkee picked up Mooney and started to carry him out.

"Leave off your hands!" sobbed the keeper, trying to tear himself free. "I can get Phinny out yet!"

When they were outside the manager tried to brace Mooney on his feet, but the keeper would have dropped to the ground if Durkee had not caught him. The manager called several men and ordered them to carry Mooney to his room.

"Let me go! Phinny mustn't die!" protested the keeper deliriously, as they

carried him away while Durkee ran to telephone for a doctor.

IV

Nick Durkee did not return to town that night. By valiant effort the fire was kept from spreading to the other buildings, although the elephant barn was burned to the ground.

The following morning after the doctor had called on Mooney Durkee went over to the keeper's cottage. He found Mooney in bed, with his head swathed in bandages, but cheerful because the doctor had assured him that he would soon be about again.



"How much longer must we wait for you to follow orders?" he finally demanded

"Well, Jerry," smiled Durkee, "you saved them all—all except Phineas. What I can't understand is how you was able to rescue the herd in that hell of fire and smoke. Tell me about it."

"Sure, 'tis divil a word ye'll get from me, Nick," replied Mooney.

"Why not?"

"Because it wan't *me* that saved them ellyphants," said the keeper. "It was the beast ye've been plottin' to kill these manny weeks, poor old Phinny, that saved the herd for yer."

"But how do you figure that out?"

"Them ellyphants would never have left the building, mind ye, if it hadn't been

for Phinny. After I untied them they just run around and around, like animals will in a fire. Then I thought of Phinny. I knew every beast in the herd was scared of the old boy's tusks and his heavy feet. I unloosened him, and give him the word, and, be garry, he understood, and yer should have seen him chase them ellyphants! And then to think old Phinny had to die after all that!"

"But it saved us the job of poisoning him," observed Durkee.

"Yes, and 'tis thankin' the saints ye should be, Nick, that he wasn't pyzuned, or ye might have been widout ellyphants and camels for next season."

"I—I guess that's right, Jerry," agreed the manager. "It's too bad that Phineas was such a wicked brute at times."

"Well, he's settled all his bill wid ye," declared Mooney, his eyes moistening. "Poor Phinny, 'tis lonely it will be next season on the road widout ye—"

The keeper paused, abruptly wiping his eyes.

"Sure, I'm fergittin'," he went on. "I am discharged."

"Forget that, Jerry," begged Durkee, "and name your own salary for next season. That money we'll get from the college for Phineas' bones, I want you to take that, too."

"No, sir!" spoke up Mooney, his eyes gleaming as of old. "Send that money to the Old Man. As the friend of Phineas, I want his account to show up strong. Poor old Phinny's record were a trifle bad in spots—that I will admit."

A JULY DAY ON THE PRAIRIE

By EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

BORN of the sun and the dawn,
Fevered with palpitant heat,
Lapping the dew from the grass,
Burning the dust of the street.

Quivering over the waste,
Till the green is a tawny brown,
Flashing like Phaeton's car
Its darts through the drowsy town.

Lapsing away in the west,
With the glare of a trail of fire,
Till the summer's heart is seared
By the passion of its desire.

For a love may wither and blight,
A love may scorch and decay,
And the earth shrinks into the night,
From its burning touches away.

Then the south wind freighted with balm.
Kisses the drooping flowers,
And pale stars swing their censers out,
In the calm of odorous hours.

The Flight of Aunt Belinda

by Willis Boyd Allen

MISS BELINDA SHERWIN inherited from her forbears, early New England settlers of sound stock and pronounced convictions, a stolidity of mien and firmness of character which fifty years residence on a Vermont farm, with much drudgery, hardship and repression of gentler feminine impulses, had tended to harden and confirm. When her brother, Ezekiel Sherwin, came into a moderate fortune, and invited her to make her home with him and his family in a large city several hundred miles away, she carried with her the sternness and uncompromising energy which had become part of her nature. She loved her brother and had longed to see him oftener, after he left home to seek his fortune; and the hard lines in her thin face softened when she received his letter.

"I'll come, and gladly, Zeke," she wrote him, "if you won't mind my crotchety ways, and will leave me to do as I like about going in and out, just as I've done on the farm. Goodness knows I've done my share of work, and I may need to rest a little. But if I want to keep right on working, you must let me, and not say a word. I'm glad Thirza wants me, for I took a fancy to the child, you know, the first time she came here and tore round among the clover-tops like a crazy kitten. That was mo'nt sixteen years ago, but I guess long g'ns and parties have made her forge her old Aunt Belinda, it will be a pleasure to see her again, an perhaps I can h'p her a little about he mending and one thing or another."

So Aunt Belinda came and settled, not without some bumps and jars, into Ezekiel's household. Thirza, his daughter, had given her a big hug when she met her at the station, and they were the firmest of friends. Thenceforth Miss Sherwin watched over her niece with the untiring assiduity of long-repressed affection, combined with the most inflexible New England

conscience, and at times the girl hardly knew whether to laugh or cry under the tenderly rigid censorship of her self-constituted chaperone. Ezekiel was a partner in a large and successful brokerage firm which kept him too busy to look after his only child, whom he indulged in every whim, while her mother, a gentle, diminutive woman of invalid habit, was greatly relieved to have the care of this merry, blue-eyed daughter taken from her irresolute hands. Three years passed, and then came a young man, with whose momentous advent, properly speaking, this story begins.

Philip Walton was a graduate of the Institute of Technology, by profession an electrical engineer. His means were slender, his ambition great, his health superb. Nearly six feet tall, with deep-set eyes and a determined mouth, he impressed you first with his earnestness, and then, if you won his attention and goodwill, with the charm and gentleness of his smile.

"Miss Sherwin, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Walton."

Thus, without melodrama or slow music (other than the tuning up of the orchestra) the romance began at a dance to which Philip had been dragged by a former classmate.

Who can explain the mutual attraction of two human beings, suddenly magnetized into the bewildering condition called "Love"? No consideration of apparent fitness, inbred affinity, age, disposition or previous and long-entertained ideals are of the slightest consequence. Thirza Sherwin, daughter of the wealthy banker, and Philip Walton, impecunious but energetic and forceful, looked into each other's eyes for four seconds; and the thing was settled.

"I don't know why, Auntie," said Thirza dreamily, as they sat before the fire in their own home after the dance;

"it's a queer feeling—I never had it before about anybody else—I never felt so about any other man—"

Aunt Belinda, recognizing symptoms, sniffed.

"Don't you go to having queer feelin's about him," she said shortly. "From all I've heard—an' Miss Sturtevant, settin' next me in one o' them wall chairs where I got cramps waitin' for you to get through dancin', knew his father in Billerica twenty years ago, an' told me all about



*Aunt Belinda, recognizing symptoms, sniffed.
"Don't you go to having queer feelin's about
him," she said shortly*

the family—that young Walton comes of a shif'less lot, and hasn't enough money to build a hen-coop. Always fussin' over some new-fangled machine or patent or somethin'—at least, his father was, before him—an' never amountin' to anything."

Thirza's eyes were fixed on the glowing coals in the grate.

"I know I shall meet him again soon," she said, in a far-off way, as if her aunt had not spoken. "Hasn't he wonderful eyes?"

"Time to go to bed," said Miss Belinda, rising stiffly but briskly. She always got up by jerks, like a step-ladder.

Philip also, in his small lodgings, was feeling "queer." Hitherto he had mocked at his comrades who successively fell under the spell of the tender passion, and had taken little interest in their sisters and "lady friends." And here he was, at two A. M., biting the stem of his pipe, and rehearsing over and over every word of that blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl as if they were oracles—or tabulations in his "Electrician's Manual."

It required no profound gift of prophecy for Thirza to foresee that they would soon "meet again." In the course of the evening he had ingenuously referred to an article of his own upon Aerostatics, in the *Scientific American*, and she had obtained his promise to let her see it: He had decided that it would be but common courtesy to deliver the paper in person, rather than to mail it. This call led to others, and Philip got into the way of talking over his plans and prospects with her. Thirza developed a quite remarkable interest in electromagnetism, aerodynamics, and storage batteries. She familiarized herself with Edison's life and accomplishments, and probably would have dreamed of electrolysis had she known how to pronounce it.

Unfortunately Miss Belinda was intensely conservative in her views of modern inventions and so-called "conveniences."

"Conveniences, indeed!" she would exclaim, knitting rapidly. "If it's a convenience to be steam-heated till you smother, and flash-lighted till you're blind, and h'isted a dozen flights till your heart's in your boots an' then dropped till it's in the top of your head; and to be run away with and turned-turtle instead of jogging behind a good, honest horse on four legs that won't skid every time you go round a corner—then give me the old times, with *inconvenience*, and some sort o' comfort!"

So Thirza dared say nothing to her kindly but prejudiced guardian concerning the details of her lover's profession; least of all, in relation to his recent experiments in aeronautics. For Philip was an enthusiastic believer in the navigation of the air, and at this very time was spending every spare moment—mostly after dark—in the construction of an aeroplane which

he believed would revolutionize the science of aerial flight.

Having but little capital of his own, Walton could have made but small headway in his experiments, beyond the construction of a miniature model that worked beautifully, had he not succeeded in inspiring with his own ardent faith a wealthy Technology man—the very one who had introduced him to Thirza—so that ample funds were forthcoming for perfecting the machine. Philip and Jack Zahner (he was of German extraction) hired a piece of level land surrounded by scrubby woods, a few miles out of the city. Upon this they built a shed, or "hangar," and erected a lofty pole, with complicated guys and other rigging, giving out that they had established an experimental wireless station; which was the truth, if not the whole truth. In the shed, with one taciturn assistant, sworn to secrecy, the two labored, evenings, on the construction of the "Dragon Fly," which they fondly believed was to bring fortune to one, and fame to both of its designers.

It was not in the natural order of events that Walton should keep the secret from the girl he loved. They had already come to a sort of "understanding," though not a formal engagement, when Philip, having obtained reluctant permission from his partner, took Thirza to the house in the wood and proudly exhibited to her the beautiful creature, then nearing completion.

"You see, dear," he said, holding his electric hand lamp to illuminate the different parts of the machine, "it is a monoplane, based upon the Bleriot and Antoinette types, but with their faults eliminated."

Thirza pursed up her pretty lips (in a way that made Philip hesitate and falter in his description) and puckered her forehead as she listened.

"In the first place," resumed the young inventor (having yielded to temptation and suspended his lecture for a moment), "you see we have done away with the wood-canvas and wire construction, which has been only a crude makeshift at best, and have our two large planes, or wings, of steel, alloyed with nickel. There are two or three other alloys, but we decided

upon nickel as giving the most elasticity consistent with strength and lightness, at present. A metal called vanadium would be better, perhaps, but it can't be produced, by known processes, in sufficient quantities to make it available."

Thirza nodded sagely. "I prefer nickel," she said with the offhand air of the expert. "Now, how—how do you make the wings flop?"

"They—they won't exactly flop, dear," said her lover with an indulgent smile. "They will be curved and concave, instead of flat, and the equilibrium will be maintained by these small ailerons, worked by the operator. The large wings will be prevented from buckling by the corrugations, which run at right angles to the line of resistance. See?"

"I—I guess so," stammered Thirza, with a desperate effort to harmonize truth with apparent profundity. "Now tell me how you steer," she added hastily. "Is the rudder in the tail?"

"Yes, here it is," leading the way to the farther end of the garage. "And the propellor is in front. You see there are no outside wires or trusses of any kind, but they are all inside the long, hollow body, which offers precious little resistance to the wind. An outside wire, it must be borne in mind, resists not only with its own width, but that which corresponds to the projection of its vibrations."

This was hopelessly over the head of his audience. Thirza sighed and asked about the motor.

"It's a hundred-power Gnome," replied Philip. "There's nothing better invented thus far."

After a little further inspection they sat down side by side on a bench, and he unfolded his plans for an experimental flight.

"O Phil," she exclaimed, "don't ever let me know when you're going! I shall be frightened to death every moment I think of you, away up in the air—and at night, too!" For he explained that he and Jack wished to keep their invention from the knowledge of the world in general, and city reporters in particular, and to that end would experiment under cover of darkness. In the daytime the new aeroplane, shaped almost exactly like a

huge dragon-fly, except that the wings were concave, would be sure to attract attention and comment.

Philip poohed at her fears, told her the car was as safe as an automobile, and added, moreover, that, there being accommodations for one passenger, he intended to take her along as his companion, on at least one trip. "That is," he added reflectively, "after Jack and I have given the old girl a thorough trying-out."

Thirza shuddered at the thought of trusting herself to the mercies of the winds and the "old girl," but though she quaked, she kept up a brave front. "After all," she reflected, "if anything should happen to Phil, I'd rather be with him!"

During the weeks that followed, much excitement was caused among the good people of that state by reports of a strange flying-machine, darting to and fro above them at night. They could hear the regular throb of the motor, and occasionally, it was said, a brilliant light streamed from the uncanny craft. All sorts of stories as to its shape got abroad. Some said it was like a serpent, others distinguished a crablike appearance, with many legs; still others averred that it was an incandescent globe crossing the heavens like a huge cannon ball. Reporters and detectives tried in vain to locate its hiding-place by day, or to identify its maker and owner. Only Philip Walton, Jack Zahner, the surly assistant and Thirza held the clue to the secret. As for Miss Belinda Sherwin, she never read accounts of aviation meets or aeroplane flights.

"Next thing they'll be callin' them flying machines 'conveniences,'" she said. "For my part I'm content to stick to the earth where the Lord put me, and it's all foolishness for grown-up men to try to scoot about overhead like swallows."

She never for a moment associated the thought of Philip Walton with that of these reckless airmen. To her he was simply a working electrician of humble means, the unpromising son of a visionary inventor. She could not help liking him, or yielding to the charm of his gentle and deferential manner with all women; but for the sake of her niece's true happiness she steeled her heart against the kindly

young fellow, and dropped stitches, from apprehensiveness, whenever he prolonged a call beyond formal limits. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sherwin believed the matter serious, or paid much attention to it.

It was evident that the existence, character and ownership of the "Dragon Fly" could not much longer be concealed. Walton and Zahner were already negotiating for its sale (patent applied for), and the formation of a company to undertake the manufacture of its type of aeroplane. Walton, having tested the machine in all weathers, told Thirza that she should soon be ready to take her up for a short flight; and she was willing, if not exactly eager, to go. He would notify her, he said, when the right time came, and she must manage to slip out of the house. He or Jack would meet her and take her to the hangar, in the automobile. They agreed that nothing should be said at home concerning the enterprise, lest embarrassing opposition should develop. Miss Belinda, in particular, they felt could be depended upon to stop short of nothing to prevent the trip.

It was a bright afternoon, late in May. The trees along the sidewalks in the city streets were doing their best, cramped and shaded though they were, to add their fresh green foliage to the world's glad welcome to spring; and in their branches, as well as along the curbing and on windowsill and roof, the dingy city sparrows chirped and twittered, in feeble and hoarse imitation of their winged brotherhood of the forest.

The chimes in a neighboring church tower struck five. Miss Belinda was seated at her favorite window knitting as usual, with occasional glances at the passing, which never failed to interest her. Thirza had run down town for a bit of shopping, and was to dine out with a friend that evening.

The door-bell buzzed sharply and presently the new maid, engaged a few days before, handed Aunt Belinda a note. It was addressed in a firm, masculine hand, to "Miss Sherwin. *Important.*"

Wondering who her correspondent might be, Miss Belinda dropped her knitting-work into her capacious apron-pocket and, adjusting her spectacles, opened the

letter. The first word made her gasp, and at the same time admonished her that it was intended for Miss Thirza Sherwin, not herself; yet she read on, and as she read a flush of anger crept into her thin cheeks, her eyes flashed behind her glasses, and her lips set grimly:

Dearest:—The time has come. I can wait no longer—you must fly with me this very night. Great news! I believe my fortune is made. Jack or I will be at the corner for you at eight o'clock precisely. Am sorry to give you so little notice, but you will understand later why it is so sudden. I am sure you can slip out unobserved, and it is the last time you will ever have to do so.

Yours devotedly,
PHILIP.

Miss Belinda crumpled the letter fiercely in her hand, and sat rigidly upright in her chair, trying to realize the depths of the young man's depravity, and the duplicity of her innocent-seeming niece.

"And she is innocent still," muttered the old aunt, feeling ten years older in those few moments. "Poor child, she has been deluded by, that—that scoundrel into an elopement—deluded an' deceived!"

What should she do? Betray the girl whom she loved as her own child, to her father and mother? Perhaps she ought—that was the easiest way out of it. Yet she shrank from inflicting the blow. For ten minutes she sat like a statue in her window chair. A fire engine clattered and tooted past, but she did not see it. Gradually a resolve took shape in her mind. She read the note again, word by word. Her mind was made up.

"Fly with me!" They've been reading novels, the silly children. No, Mr. Philip Walton, your 'dearest' won't 'slip out unobserved,' this 'last time.' She shall be saved from doin' somethin' she'd be sorry for all her life, an' there won't be any fuss an' scandal about it, either. I'll manage so's to keep her secret for her, an' the time'll come when she'll thank me, an' perhaps he will too, though I doubt it!" she added to herself through set teeth.

Thirza came home from her shopping expedition, donned an evening gown and, having unsuspiciously kissed her aunt, hurried off in the coupe to keep her dinner engagement. The elder Sherwins had arranged for an early tea, after which Mr.

Sherwin went out to his club, and his wife, having one of her not infrequent headaches, said good-night to her sister-in-law and retired to her room.

During the succeeding half-hour Aunt Belinda, with a strange sensation of mingled heroism, guilt and apprehension, busied herself in her own apartment, after two or three trips to that of her niece. At precisely five minutes before eight a figure with face closely veiled, clothed in one of Thirza's gowns, crept down stairs and softly letting herself out through the



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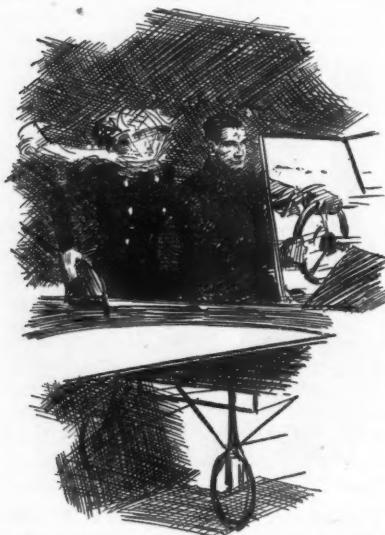
front door, hurried to the nearest street corner, where a big touring car was waiting by the curbstone.

The chauffeur, in goggles and a fur coat—for the nights were still chilly—opened the door of the car, lifting his cap courteously as he did so.

"Glad to see you, Miss Sherwin," he said with a gay laugh. "Phil is pottering over the Gnome, and is on thorns lest you should have some other engagement, and couldn't come. If you'll jump right in and make yourself comfortable, I'll have you over to the hangar in a jiffy. It's a great night for your trip—not a breath of wind. But you'll be glad of that veil after you're once off!"

Glad of the veil! She was, indeed. Her trials had begun at the very outset of this wild adventure. Poor Aunt Belinda had never set foot in an automobile. She abhorred and feared them inexpressibly. But love mastered fear, and she entered the car, as she would have closed with a dragon in her path; little dreaming of the terrors of the "Dragon Fly" awaiting her.

Jack Zahner, having replaced his cap wrong-end foremost, and adjusted his goggles, repaired to the front of the car



"Young man, where are we going?" she demanded as sternly as she could through a double veil and a cross-current of air

and pulled something violently. No result but a muttered word from Jack which it was well the passenger did not hear. Another pull at the crank, and Aunt Belinda felt a sudden throbbing throughout the machine, as if it had come to life. She cowered upon the cushioned seat while the amateur chauffeur climbed to his place, and presently, with a shrill toot from the horn, the automobile was bounding over the smooth pavements. At first Miss Belinda was paralyzed with fright, but soon she became accustomed to the swift motion, and in five minutes was actually enjoying it.

But now they had left the denser por-

tion of the city and were passing through the suburbs; now they emerged into the open country, and their speed increased. More than once Miss Belinda opened her mouth to beg her unknown charioteer to slow up; but she stifled her cries within her veil and bit her trembling lip in silence, even when at length they turned out of the main road into a by-path where they jolted and tipped along, toward a dense pine forest.

Thoughts of kidnapping and the Black Hand came into her mind. She had supposed, in the bewilderment of the first meeting with Zahner, that the "hangar" must be the name of some hotel. Now it sounded, in retrospect, like a place of execution.

Deeper and deeper into the forest. Suddenly the car emerged upon an open tract of land and, while Miss Belinda was making up her mind to shriek for help, came to a standstill beside a building of rough boards. Another moment and Walton was helping her out, and had folded her in his arms.

"My darling!" he whispered through the veil, "it's brave, it's noble of you to come, and go through this for my sake! But have no fear! I would not dream of taking you if I did not know it was perfectly safe. How you tremble, dear! Are you so frightened?"

The veiled figure nodded violently, but said nothing.

Philip laughed. "Come right along. The old 'Dragon Fly' is waiting," he said gaily. "This way, darling—look out for the stumps and things!"

Drawing her arm through his he led his charge out to the other side of the building, where a strange object was extended over the ground. Aunt Belinda could see but indistinctly in the dim light, through the double thickness of the veil, and supposed it was some sort of awning, beneath which another automobile was waiting; or, mercifully, a horse and carriage. She was half-inclined to declare herself then and there, but discretion and, it must be admitted, something of the spirit of curiosity and adventure, induced her to await one more stage of the journey before revealing her identity and crushing the destroyer of domestic happiness.

ness. Besides, he might rush off in a dudgeon and leave her alone in the woods—a pretty predicament for an austere maiden lady, miles from civilization and home! She permitted herself meekly to be conducted across the field.

Half lifted, half climbing, she took the seat Philip indicated. Jack had joined them with a lantern, which showed her merely a queer medley of wheels, trusses and burnished steel surface, behind a glass front. Her heart misgave her; but Philip had already tucked a robe closely about her and mounted to his own seat directly in front.

"All ready!" he called out cheerily.
"Let her go, Michael!"

A third man, who had started up out of the shadows, seized a great steel propellor-blade ahead of them, swung it downward with all his might, and dodged, just in time to avoid the onward leap of the huge aeroplane. At the same time Philip grasped a lever and drew it toward him. An awful roar filled the air.

For five seconds the "Dragon Fly" sped forward on invisible wheels, pitching and tossing like a ship at sea. Then the violent motion suddenly ceased, and to her unspeakable horror Aunt Belinda saw the solid earth itself dropping away beneath them. Another instant and they were above the tree-tops, speeding upward toward the starlit sky.

For one breathless instant Aunt Belinda was silent, rigid with terror. Then she shrieked wildly, "Stop! Stop! Where are you taking me? Let me get off! Mr. Walton! Philip! Stop! Help! Help!"

The tremendous pulsing roar of the gnome, the dizzying whir of the great propellor, and the whistle of the wind as they shot through the spaces of night almost drowned the sound of her own voice.

"Oh!" she moaned, "it's a dream, a dreadful, dreadful nightmare! Philip!" her voice rising to a scream again, "what are we doing? Are we in a balloon? We shall be killed!"

It was a wonder that Walton did not release the helm or drop bodily to earth, when he heard these frantic cries, a few inches behind his ear. At the first word he knew his passenger was not Thirza; at the second he recognized the voice of

Miss Belinda Sherwin. He thought the substitution must have been a joke—a very ill-judged and ill-timed one—on Thirza's part. Never having thought of an elopement, he did not for a moment fathom the real motive of the aunt's supreme sacrifice.

Turning his head a little, but alert to every wave and current of the atmosphere as he manipulated with foot and hand the ailerons and rudder of his wonderful craft, he shouted: "Don't be afraid, Miss Sherwin! It's only my new aeroplane—flying-machine. Perfectly safe—have you back soon—hold on tight—no danger!"

Five minutes passed. Terror-stricken, quietly sobbing and catching her breath behind her veil, Belinda clung to the steel trusses beside her airy perch. Faster and faster the "Dragon Fly" tore its way aloft through the darkness. At length, finding herself still alive, the trembling passenger ventured to take her eyes from Walton's coat collar, and peer timidly down through an opening in the vast mechanism. She descried a luminous patch far, far below.

"Springfield!" called out the air-man, over his shoulder. "Making good time—about fifty miles an hour now. Feeling better, ma'am?"

She was feeling better, but she would not admit it. She had a strange sense of exhilaration, borne aloft on the wings of the wind. It was like intoxication. Aunt Belinda felt wicked.

"Young man, where are we going?" she demanded as sternly as she could through a double veil and a cross-current of air that seemed to sweep her words away as she uttered them. She remembered his base purpose, and forgot her exhilaration. Her mouth was so close to his ear that it tickled him.

"Going? Why, right back where we started from," he shouted. "Didn't suppose I was running away with you, did you, Miss Sherwin?"

"N-no, indeed!" A glimmering of the truth began to force its way into her brain. "But where—what did Thirza want—what did you mean—"

It was Philip's turn to see a new light. "By George!" he said to himself, "I believe the dear old soul thought we meant

to—to—elope!" He chuckled wildly, and let the "Dragon Fly" take a wayward swoop before he recovered the equilibrium.

"You haven't answered my question!" screamed Miss Belinda in his other ear.

"Miss Sherwin—Aunt Belinda" (daringly)—"I guess you've made a mistake. This machine is a new invention of mine, which I hope will make me a rich man. Patent granted. Machine sold for forty thousand dollars—to be delivered tomorrow—company formed to take over patent and business—big royalties—"

Thus Philip, in spasmodic shouts, with oratorical pauses devoted to guidance of his powerful steed.

There was silence for a few moments; that is, absence of the sound of the human voice. The Gnome meanwhile thundered and throbbed and roared like a horde of angry lions in a death grapple. Overhead the stars shone brightly, a soft fold of fleecy cloud drifting across the mighty spaces here and there. Beneath was an inverted and darker sky, with star-points of human life. An express train flashed its tiny way athwart their path like a glow-worm; no slightest sound of its thunderous progress reached the air-dwellers.

"Want to go back now?" cried Walton, above the din of the motor.

"Not—not quite yet," came in shrill but quavering tones from behind him.

He chuckled again, and tuned up the speed another notch. They were doing sixty-three miles an hour.

But the powers of even a hundred-power Gnome are limited. Science has yet to find some motive agent more lasting

than gasoline. Walton's supply was getting low. With a wide swoop the "Dragon Fly" wheeled toward home, and at length, gliding gracefully downward, seeking the red and white signal lanterns that marked her resting-place, she came to a stop beside the hangar, where Jack and Michael were smoking their pipes at a safe distance from the gasoline tank.

To tell how Philip rode home beside Aunt Belinda, exerting himself to the utmost to win her regard and support; how mutual explanations were given and graciously received; how Philip raved of his love for Thirza, and then, sagaciously, of his brightening prospects; how he expanded on the plan he had made to interview Mr. Sherwin the very next day and ask for Thirza's hand, man fashion, would be to exceed the limits of these pages. At half-past ten Miss Belinda was in her own room and bed-gown, an hour before her niece's return; and the evening's adventure seemed more than ever a dream.

With daylight, be it said in closing, came the realities of life, and very pleasant realities they were. The dreaded interview with Mr. Sherwin was obtained, and passed off with most gratifying results to both parties. Mrs. Sherwin's consent to the engagement easily followed, and Thirza and Philip, joining hands, danced around Aunt Belinda until she boxed their ears, and then kissed them both.

"But," she added, falling back into the vernacular of her younger days, "I'm afear'd I shall never hear the last of my elopement!"

THE UNSPOKEN

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

There is a sorrow in the world too deep for tears,
That human words can never clearly frame,
And only those who suffer through the years
Can guess the meaning of its unknown name.

Little Comedies in the Experience of a Country Lawyer

by Judge Henry A. Shute

Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Plupy," etc.

IT is an unwritten law among lawyers that members of the bar in good standing shall not advertise. We do have the right to our modest card of "Blank, Attorney and Counsellor at Law" in the business column of our local newspaper. But should a member add to this curt announcement anything more, such as, "Divorces obtained without publicity," "Domestic troubles adjusted," "Especial attention given to collections," "Probate matters and the settlement of estates," or anything in the nature of soliciting, he has put himself in an unfortunate position and is looked at askance by his professional brothers, and rightly so, for anyone belonging to any trade, profession or pursuit can do no better than to observe punctiliously all the rules, regulations and laws, written or unwritten, that go to the betterment of his occupation.

My profession is the law, and I am, as every lawyer should be, proud of my profession, just as I should be proud were I a physician, a teacher, a mechanic, a clergyman, a farmer, a musician or a member of any art or craft that had a recognized place of usefulness in our body corporate.

I love my profession: first, because I admire and revere it; second, because I believe any member of it can do a deal of good in the community in which he lives; third, because it is fairly remunerative and vastly entertaining. Indeed I do not believe that any trade or profession offers more opportunities for entertainment than does the law.

My offices are large sunny rooms overlooking a square in a country town of the better class. I should really have said our offices, for I have a partner, my son. He has been but recently admitted, and on the principle of the new broom, is doing his best to make a clean sweep of some

undesirable habits of mine. One of these is a careless habit of omitting to make charges for legitimate professional transactions; another, the frequent and almost habitual neglect to collect for charges made.

In this I am bound to say he is perfectly right, for if advice is worth asking, it is worth paying for; if services are solicited, performed and relied on, they are certainly worth something.

Another thing my partner objected to was my accumulation of papers on my desk and table. To be sure, my desk is a roll-top of the style of the early eighties, my table a leather-covered one of severely classic design, and papers accumulate naturally on such furniture. My son's furniture is new and up to date, his books new and of the color of the golden pippin (not the cigar, but the fruit), and papers do not look as well on new desks and tables as on old. Then again, with a praiseworthy desire of promoting order and method he has introduced filing cabinets, in which nothing can be found except with a search warrant or the services of a clairvoyant.

He has also made himself master of the typewriter, the machine of course I mean, not the young lady, for the last young lady who was a member of my office force married and left me just before my partner was admitted to the bar. Indeed, in the past twenty-five or thirty years so many young ladies have entered my office, remained just long enough to become so efficient as to be almost indispensable, and then suddenly married and left me, that I have thought very seriously of advertising as a matrimonial bureau. So when my son offered to become secretary, amanuensis and typewriter, as well as partner, I encouraged him strongly, and I have had a deal of amusement out

this early efforts on the machine. Indeed for the first three months one of the most frequent sounds from his room was a furious tearing up of correspondence paper or legal cap and burst of language that would curdle the blood in one's veins.

Coming back to papers, it is a great comfort to postpone things occasionally. You have been busy on a deposition, or in drawing a declaration or making a brief all day with a bare half hour for lunch and an occasional interruption that fretted you more than it ought. You finish just before supper. You are tired and hungry, and your desk is covered with papers. It would be a matter of a few minutes to properly sort, docket and file those papers. But at that particular moment it seems an appalling, a stupendous task. And what a pleasure to slam down the cover of your desk and leave them there. If they are on your table why, the paper weight, ink wells, the stamp box, the telephone receiver, the seal, a volume of the New Hampshire Reports, provided it is not the forty-sixth, for that is worth its weight in gold, will make excellent paper weights, and you are reasonably sure of finding your papers there in the morning. What a pleasure to know your papers are where you can find them. To be sure if you are in a hurry the pitchfork method is the one generally employed and the most effective.

Occasionally I clean up. About once a week. And how good it seems to see the leather of your table top and the smooth wood of your desk once again. Welcome, old friends!

I said our offices overlooked the so-called square. It is indeed a beautiful triangle. On the right the old town hall, with Justice aloft; the new court house—a monument of ugliness, belonging to no school of architecture; the ancient, beautiful old church, with its classic lines and chaste and beautiful bell tower. To the left a row of large, square, colonial mansions, the Records building in perfect harmony with these old buildings and covered with a wonderful ivy. The whole shaded with magnificent drooping elms. Under us and for a fifth of a mile each way, a line of stores, without a saloon. A clean and beautiful town.

But I have before spoken of advertising. Please do not consider this such, I have only spoken of my offices, my square and my town as the background of those comedies and tragedies that form the staple of the business of a country lawyer of which I will speak.

In a country police court many amusing and ridiculous episodes occur. A police court is by no means entirely a place of little tragedies. Quite often a comedy is played in which ridiculous blunders are made by the attorneys.

I am reminded of a very earnest and painstaking lawyer who was intensely zealous in the interest of his client. From the moment he was retained he became absolutely convinced that his client's story, however improbable it may have been, was the only fair, unprejudiced, logical and truthful explanation of the affair. And per contra he was equally convinced that any testimony to the contrary was the black and perjured testimony of a villain.

In the trial of a case his zeal led him to say and do things that in cool blood he never would have dreamed of doing. On one occasion while arguing before my court the impossibility of believing a witness whose testimony was the key of his opponent's case, he became very much in earnest and shouted, wildly swinging his arms "Why, damn it all! your honor, you cannot believe this witness, no fool would," to the great amusement of the bystanders, and I might also say, of the court.

On another occasion he was retained as counsel for a man in a neighboring town, who had, while intoxicated, entered a store and committed a simple assault upon the proprietor and had during the mixup broken a pane of glass in the showcase, and tipped over a barrel of brooms and a bushel of potatoes. The proprietor had obtained from a local Justice of the Peace three warrants returnable in my court, one for drunkenness, one for assault and battery and one for malicious mischief.

At the opening of court the prisoner and his lawyer were on hand, ready to fight to the last ditch, but wholly in the dark as to the existence of more than one complaint. When the first complaint was read he pleaded not guilty defiantly.

When the second was read, he cut his air of confidence down one-half, swallowed a lump in his throat, conferred with his attorney, and then pleaded not guilty in a chastened voice. When the third was read he had another conference with his attorney, who suggested that his client would be willing to plead guilty to the first complaint, pay a reasonable fine and

greatly impressed with the enormity of his offences, turned around blindly twice or thrice and fell in a fit.

This was too much for the excitable lawyer, who sprang to his feet in great excitement and shouted, "Make him do it, Judge, damn him! Make him do it, or I'll appeal the whole damn thing!" and rushed from the room. It is needless to



While arguing the impossibility of believing a witness whose testimony was the key of his opponent's case, he became very much in earnest and shouted, wildly swinging his arms, "Your honor, you cannot believe this witness; no fool would"

costs and make good the damage to the complainant, provided the other two complaints were withdrawn.

As this seemed a very fair and satisfactory solution of the matter I expressed my willingness to accept the plea and make the record, and while explaining it to the complainant, who was a little inclined to insist on his pound of flesh, the prisoner, who was feeling pretty seedy from the effect of his spree, and was

say that the "whole damn thing" was not appealed.

Another lawyer who was not as observant of the etiquette of the bar as he should have been, figured in a good many interesting trials in my court. He was a ready speaker and seldom at a loss for a reply. On one occasion, however, he was completely silenced by a witness. I was hearing a civil case between two Frenchmen, and the trouble arose between them

upon an alleged violation of a lease which this lawyer had drawn for him. The witness had previously come to me to draw a lease, which I had done, and then he had destroyed this lease and had this lawyer draw another. I had completely forgotten the incident and so had the lawyer.

The examination was something as follows:

Lawyer—"Well, sir, do you remember coming into my office about two years ago?"

Witness—"Two year, yas, seh. Ah'l ant forget eet, oh, oui, oui."

Lawyer—"Now, sir, I don't wish any 'wee, wee' from you, sir. I want English, sir, English."

Witness—"Pardon, m'sieu, ah'l ant spik Angleesh ver' well me."

Lawyer—"Now, sir, tell us just what was said by you and by me at that time, everything."

Witness (with great cheerfulness)—"Tres bien, m'sieu, je le dirai: bon jour, M'sieu l'Avocat, M'sieu Gaudreau she'll want for you to draw leas. You'll said, tres bien, je suis le garcon pour vous."

Lawyer—"Be careful, sir, be very careful, you know I never said anything like that."

Witness—"Excuse to me, m'sieu. Ah'l spik Angleesh, you'll said all right, Ah'l wrote she."

Lawyer—"That sounds more like it. Go on, sir, and remember you are under oath."

Witness (with dignity)—"J'ai pres le serment devant le bon Dieu."

Lawyer—"Now, sir, I warn you that we do not intend to have any profane language here, and if it is repeated, I shall ask Judge Shute to commit you for contempt. Now proceed, sir, and tell everything that was said."

Witness—"Wal, seh, Ah'l try for spik the best Ah'l could, seh. Ah'l said M'sieu Shute have write me a leas alretty main tenant. Den you'll said, hell, has he, donnez moi zat leas. Den ah'l gave you zat leas an' den you'll took eet and look eet over an' den you'll said what for hell you get zat dam fool for wrote leas, he'll ant know nodding 'bout anytings."

And amid the applause and laughter which you may be sure I did not check, the lawyer dropped the witness like a hot coal.

SAPPHO

SOUL of Sappho! if tonight,
When my boat is drifting near
Your fair island, spirit bright;
If I sing, and if you hear
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sappho, signal me.

Soul of Sappho! they have said
That your hair, tho' not of gold,
Made a halo for your head;
And your eyes, I have been told,
Were like stars. O! from the sea,
Soul of Sappho, speak to me.

Soul of Sappho, awake, awake,
Wake and tune your harp again;
While the foaming billows break
Let your song sweep o'er the main;
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sappho, sing to me.

—“Songs of Cy Warman.”

Romance's Ghost

by Allan Updegraff

Author of "The Wit of Saadah," Etc.

PROBABLY there had never been a more inviting Jurie twilight; but the "Lovers' Walk" that zigzags up to the wild little park on the top of West Rock was deserted. The University's students, whose manly feet had played the largest part in keeping the path fresh, had scattered north, south, east and west for the summer, and the places of their philandering knew them no more. June, contradicting all wisdom, brings lovers' partings in New Haven.

As the colors of twilight paled into the afterglow's mother-of-pearl and a breeze awoke among the newly-leaved branches of elm and birch trees, barberry bushes and dogwood saplings, the very air seemed vocal with ~~most~~ sighs and protestations. Along the high brow of the cliff, when increasing darkness had brought out the distant downward lights of the city, the wind arose and mourned forlornly. It carried a bitter, salty odor from the Bay, so that one had need to be close to the ground to catch the fragrance of the violets that grew in beds wherever the rocks offered shelter and a fastening place.

"Well—we must be going back, Tommy!" The voice, a woman's voice of a singular richness, came from close beside the path; but the woman was not visible from it. "It'll soon be dark."

"Don't go yet!" protested a man, rather petulantly. "We'll miss the finest part of the evening. It won't be really dark for half an hour, at least."

By leaning over the wooden railing that had been put along the cliff-side of that place, one could have touched their heads with a walking stick. They were sitting on a sheltered little ledge, flooded with pale light from the afterglow. Stunted pine trees grew in crevices around them, and brown pine needles covered the rock on which they sat.

"But mother'll be waiting supper,"

protested the girl, half inclined to yield. "We really ought to have started before this."

"But it's my last evening; and I stayed over especially to spend it with you!" The man was a very young man, and his smooth face expressed boyish impatience of everybody's convenience but his own. "How can you talk of going when everything is so—so achingly beautiful? The very doors of heaven swing outward on nights like this! Hark! There's a seraph singing!"

"That robin began very pat," said the woman, leaning back against a boulder and staring out over the tree-tops. Her face, shaded by a wide-brimmed straw hat, was older than the man's; older less in any loss of physical freshness than in experience and in that subtle background set up by character. "But go on, Tommy; I feel just sentimental enough to appreciate you! It makes me forget that I'm a middle-aged music teacher—without any pupils—to hear you talk like that! Proceed—poetize!"

"You're not middle-aged, and you've got plenty of pupils," grumbled the youth. He looked at her with eyes that darkened covetously. "You're young; and you've got a profile that your namesake, Helen of Troy, might envy you!"

"I confess I like that even better than the remarks about heaven," laughed the woman. "But perhaps we'd better stick to the beauties of nature."

"Yes—yes, I suppose so." The boy drew a sigh, deep and tremulous with renunciation. "O Helen!" he burst out. "If only I had money—the filthy lucre! Or if I could only give up everything—all that I hope to be—and go after the dirty dollars that would make it possible!"

"Tommy, Tommy!" interrupted the woman. "I thought we had agreed to consider that a closed subject?"

"It will never be closed while I live!" flashed back the boy. "What does it matter that you're a year or so older than I? What does anything matter except—"

"But we must consider your future," murmured the girl. There was more than a touch of sarcasm in the words. The youth was too much taken up with his trouble to notice it.

"Now you shame me," he cried, catching up one of her hands, "by always thinking of me, even when—"



He flung out his arms in a melodramatic appeal to the gathering darkness. "No man can hide himself from fate!" He declaimed

"Tommy, you mustn't do that! Please don't!" She drew her hand back and looked away from him. "That subject is closed, you know, whatever you say. Let's consider the stars."

He flung out his arms in a melodramatic appeal to the gathering darkness. "No man can hide himself from Fate!" he declaimed. "Oh, what playthings of Chance we are, even the best and strongest of us. Life comes to us with her sealed caskets. 'Choose!' she commands. 'One you may take, but no more!' And we poor mortals blindly choose that which seems best to

us, often to find, when it is too late to change, that we have chosen the worst! If but the tri-form fates were not so inhuman, they would give us a clue!"

He drooped before her, bowed beneath the weight of his mighty sorrows. There was a vague hint of amusement in her eyes as she watched him.

"It's particularly ironic," he resumed presently, "for me to be saying all this here on this old Odin's seat. How many other simple studs have chosen between love and duty on this same old rock! What did it matter, after all? Where are they now?"

"Yes, and where," put in the girl somewhat tartly, "are the girls they didn't choose?"

"You ought to know! I'll venture I'm not the first man that's made love to you—on this very stone. And I'll probably not be the last, either!"

"You're unusually frank this evening, Tommy," said the girl. "What would you have me do? Turn nun?"

He made no reply.

"Besides," she resumed, "you take my affection rather too much for granted. You give me up without taking the trouble to find whether you've got me. In fact, as I've frequently told you, your youthful egotism—"

"If I could keep you," he interrupted, hotly, confidently, "nothing could keep me from winning you! I love you too much not to be able to win you! Oh, it's frightful! No woman can understand what a man suffers when he's situated as I am. Something inside of me seems—bleeding!"

He tossed his hat to the stone beside him, and ran his fingers through his long hair. With a curious mingling of admiration, amusement, and a little disgust on her face, the girl watched him. She seemed to feel a bit sorry for him, too; and when she spoke her voice was almost affectionate.

"Tommy," she said, "I've known you for the whole four years of your college course, and we've been pretty good friends. So I hope you'll forgive me if I say I think you're deceiving yourself. You imagine you're violently in love with me—please don't interrupt—and you poetize about me, and work yourself up into a state of melancholy frenzy; and that pleases you immensely. You delight in considering yourself forlorn and miserable; and you use me as your inspiration. There—I tell you that for your own peace of mind—and mine!"

"Perhaps there is truth in what you say." The boy's voice had taken on a sepulchral tone; he bent forward and clasped his hands between his knees. "You do inspire me, you do arouse in me all that is romantic and poetic; but I love you! I call the stars to witness that I love you! I know that I love you—"

"Tommy!" interrupted the girl, plainly distressed.

"Let me speak; I let you! I wish you to know, on this last evening that we shall ever spend together, that, were it not for the bitter circumstances that seem determined to part us, nothing else, in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth—"

"Meaning the fact that I am merely an uneducated music teacher, I suppose?" put in the girl, with her first show of bitterness. "You seem to forget that all this isn't highly complimentary to me, Tommy."

"I forget everything except that I love you and must lose you. O sweetheart—"

"I'm going home now!"

With decision that had suddenly become contemptuous the girl arose and shook the pine needles from her skirt. She turned toward the flight of natural steps that led up to the level of the pathway, glanced up toward the wooden railing, and stopped, with one foot on the lowest step, tense and staring.

"Please don't go yet," pleaded the boy, mistaking the cause of her hesitation. "I must tell you—"

"It seems," she interrupted evenly, "that we've been entertaining an eavesdropper."

The boy followed the direction of her eyes with his own and sprang to his feet. Together they stared upward.

The light had failed until the figure of the eavesdropper was visible only as a gray shadow against the dark mass of banked foliage behind him. He was leaning over the railing, and his face, made even more shadowy by the brim of a soft felt hat, was inclined toward them.

"I beg both your pardons!" he said. "I was passing, and I couldn't help hearing. Nor could I seem to help staying to hear more."

The young man, with evident relief, deposited his hands in the side pockets of his coat and assumed an attitude of nonchalance. "Well, I must say," he remarked, "I think you had your nerve with you. But it's a relief to find you're not a ghost, anyway."

"Perhaps you're mistaken," returned the intruder, folding his arms along the top of the railing. "Perhaps I may apologize for eavesdropping on the ground that I *am* a ghost. I felt like one as I stood here, listening to you two. Besides, it occurred to me that I had something I must say to you; and that's characteristic of many authentic ghosts, isn't it? They can't rest easy in their graves till they return to the scenes of their crimes and reveal their secrets to some unfortunate mortal—or mortals. At times, I understand, the mortals are thereby made sadder and wiser mortals. As a special favor, will you listen to a brief sketch of my crimes?"

"Well, ghost," said the boy, "personally, I don't mind being your Hamlet, and your insinuations are interesting. Say on!"

"I shall be most brief," murmured the ghost, addressing the girl. "Will you please sit down and listen?"

She sat down beside the stone steps, without replying, and leaned sidewise on her arm so that she could look up into the ghost's face. The boy sat down on the end of the ledge called Odin's Seat.

"Say on, noble ghost!" he cried. "Now that I can see you better, I observe you're as thin as a rail; a most proper ghost! And I admire your voice and diction also. Say on!"

"Thank you," said the ghost, somewhat drily. "I shall try to deserve your praise. It is to you especially I wish to address myself, for nine years ago this present

June I was in much the unfortunate state of mind displayed by you this evening. I spoke to a young lady much as you have spoken to this young lady. Indeed, I sat with my young lady on this same Odin's Seat, and I believe I may flatter myself that I railed quite as poetically at Fate, and Life, and the hard hand of Circumstance—"

"Oh, I say, ghost!" protested the boy. "No sarcasm, ghost!"

"And all the while I dimly realized that I was acting. For I was blown up with

I know only such circumstances of the situation between you as I managed to pick up from a rather one-sided conversation."

"O ghost!" put in the boy. "I love your sarcasm, ghost."

"Good, you are its inspiration. However, to keep to my muttons, the girl, my girl, was in every necessary way my equal; but I always rather looked down on her because she had had only a high school education, because she sang in a church choir for money, and because she

did not come from a fine old dessicating family—such as I was damned with. Unfortunately for us both, she was too tender-hearted to tell me what a prig I was; she, rather, by her admiration and devotion—I think I may say devotion—made me a worse fool and swell-head than I would have been otherwise.

"Accordingly I bade her a dramatic farewell and went away to dazzle the world. In the course of a few years I married the daughter of a friend of my family. He was a newly-prosperous life insurance official and heartily seconded the efforts of my family to get blue blood and dollars united. I was too weak, and too much disappointed by the bad taste of the universe—for it had refused to be dazzled by me—to give much thought to the matter. So I was married and joined father-in-law in playing Chase the Dollar.

"I was successful. I became known as a rich man; the husband of one of the most dashing of young society matrons; a wage-slave of the sort who slaves because his wife demands a great

deal of money; a childless, homeless frequenter of clubs; and a soured, disagreeable dyspeptic. I had to take ingenious medical treatment, and to avoid my home in order to keep peace with my wife. In the leisure enforced by bad health, I fell back into my old love for books, and for the girl who used to sing in a New Haven church choir. At times, doubtless owing to my nervous condition, I fancied I could hear her voice. She had a voice of a singular richness and she had loved me. I grew to be fairly ha—d



"Perhaps you're mistaken," returned the intruder, folding his arms along the top of the railing. "Perhaps I may apologize for eavesdropping on the ground that I am a ghost."

fresh conceit and undigested knowledge. I wanted to tie the world to my chariot-tail; and I wanted no embarrassing entanglements with anybody. Even when I swore my love in the finest set phrases, I thought more of the phrases than of the girl. As a matter of fact, I really loved her; but I didn't find that out until those later years when a man gets acquainted with his soul.

"As I relate my story, you must bear in mind that, in spite of resemblances, it may have nothing to do with you two;

by her voice. Imagine a ghost haunted by a ghostly voice! That is a most uncomfortable situation, I assure you!

"All this didn't improve my health nor the comforts of my home. From gently despising each other, my wife and I soon became divorceably incompatible; and I shall always hold myself somewhat to blame for the unfortunate automobile accident in which she was concerned while on her way to Nevada. Perhaps, had I refused to be incompatible with her, she would not have thought it necessary to motor to Nevada. Along with the inequitable divorce laws of the United States, I must hold myself partly responsible for a murder.

"Altogether you will perceive that I have managed to make an unusually thorough mess of my life. The moral, if there is one, I leave to you, dear audience; and especially to you, dear young man, for you resemble my lost youth.

"Thanking you for your kind attention—exit the ghost!"

He removed his hat, made them a sweeping bow and stepped back into the path.

"Wait a minute, cute ghost!" cried the boy. He drew himself up to the railing by tugging at the branches of an evergreen, and walked up to the ghost.

"I couldn't bear to let you go without having a closer look at you, noble ghost," he began in mock heroics, and held out his hand. The ghost accepted it. The boy withdrew his hand on the instant, as if he had been stung.

"Why—What—" he stammered.

"Pretty bony and clammy, eh?" remarked the ghost. He extended the rejected member in the pale light. "But see; it's not all bones. And, anyway, what would you have of a ghost?"

"My mistake," said the boy, but he did not offer his hand again. "I was merely going to thank you," he added, with the suggestion of a sneer, "for your attempt to 'interpret between my love and me.' We've enjoyed it greatly."

The girl had come forward to his side, and was furtively endeavoring to peer into the ghost's face. The boy tried to take her arm, but she moved away from him. The ghost watched them narrowly.

"Perhaps," he remarked, "my interference was a bit beside the mark."

"Since you admit so much," retorted the boy, "may be you'll soon see that your continued presence is beside the mark, too."

Neither girl nor ghost took notice of the insult.

"But why," she demanded, in a voice harsh with emotion, "if, as you say, you afterwards found you really cared for the girl, have you never tried to find her?"

The ghost shrugged his shoulders.

"I intended to," he said, "as soon as I'd decided between being a man or a ghost. Then came the invitation to the reunion of my class, and it was June; and, ghost that I still am, I couldn't resist the temptation to try right away. I was at her house this afternoon, but I was told that she had gone out walking—to West Rock. So I've spent the afternoon in parading over West Rock."

He hesitated a moment. The boy looked amazed, indignant inquiry from one to the other.

"I wasn't told," resumed the ghost, "that she had gone out—with someone else."

For several long seconds none of the three moved or said a word. The wind complained along the brow of the cliff, mingling a bitter, salty odor with the fragrance of new leaves and violets.

"If it's really you, Helen," said the ghost quietly, "I hope you'll believe that I couldn't persuade myself of it, in spite of your voice, until less than a minute ago. Otherwise, of course, I shouldn't have—"

She went over to him, put one of her arms on his shoulder, and touched his face wonderingly with her free hand.

"You poor, poor ghost," she mourned. "What have they done to you—you poor ghost!"

"Helen!" murmured the ghost. "Helen! Helen!"

The boy dazedly clambered down to Odin's Seat and got his hat. He was too much shocked even to be disappointed.

While he was gone the girl kissed the ghost and warmed his hands on her heart. "My ghost!" she whispered in a voice like the whispering of the leaves.

Reminiscences of **GETTYSBURG:** *by* **GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY**

A Commander at Gettysburg

HAVING ascertained, after I left General Ewell on the night of the 30th, that the road from my camp to Hunterstown was a very circuitous and rough one, on the morning of the first of July I moved to Heidlersburg, for the purpose of following the road from that point to Gettysburg until I reached the Mummasburg road. After moving a short distance for Heidlersburg on the Gettysburg road, I received a dispatch from General Ewell, informing me that Hill, who had crossed the mountain, was moving towards Gettysburg against a force of the enemy, which had arrived at that place and pushed out on the Cashtown road, and that Rodes' division had turned off from Middletown toward Gettysburg by the way of Mummasburg, and ordering me to move on the direct road from Heidlersburg to the same place. I therefore moved on until I came in sight of Gettysburg.

Hooker had been supplanted in the command of the Federal Army by Major General Meade, and the advance of that army, consisting of the 1st corps under Reynolds, the 11th corps under Howard, and Buford's division of cavalry, had

reached Gettysburg; the cavalry on the thirtieth of June, and the infantry early on the morning of the first of July. The cavalry had moved, on the morning of the first, out on the Cashtown road and was there encountered by Hill's troops, two of his divisions only having as yet crossed the mountain. The enemy's infantry then moved out to support his cavalry, and a heavy engagement ensued between it and Hill's two divisions. While this was progressing Rodes' division came up on the left of the Hill, on the Mummasburg road, and immediately engaged the enemy.

When I arrived in sight of Gettysburg I found the engagement in progress on the Cashtown and Mummasburg roads, the enemy's troops being advanced out from that town on both roads for about a mile. Rodes had opposed to him a very large force which overlapped his left, and seemed to be pressing back that flank. On the hill in rear of Gettysburg, known as Cemetery Hill, was posted some artillery so as to sweep all the ground on the enemy's right flank, including the Heidlersburg or Harrisburg road, and the York pike. I could not discover whether there was any infantry supporting this artillery,

* From General Early's "Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States," published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

as the hill was much higher than the ground on which I then was.

Moving on the Heidlersburg road and on Rodes' left, I came up on the enemy's right flank. I immediately ordered the artillery forward and the brigades into line. Gordon's brigade being in front formed first in line on the right of the road, then Hays', with Smith's in rear of Hoke's, and thrown back so as to present a line toward the York pike. Jones' battalion was posted in a field immediately in front of Hoke's brigade, so as to open on the enemy's flank, which it did at once with effect, attracting the fire of the enemy's artillery on Cemetery Hill and that in front of the town on the enemy's right flank. Between us and the enemy on the northeast of the town ran a small stream, called Rock Creek, with abrupt and rugged banks.

* * *

On the opposite bank of this creek in front of Gordon was a heavy force of the enemy, on a low ridge partially wooded, with a part of it in line moving against the left of Rodes' division held by Doles' brigade, so as to compel it to fall back, while the right flank of this advancing line was protected and supported by another in position along the crest of the ridge. While the brigades of Hays and Hoke were being formed, as Doles' brigade was getting in a critical condition, Gordon charged rapidly to the front, passing over the fences and Rock Creek and up the side of the hill, and engaged the enemy's line on the crest, which, after a short but obstinate and bloody conflict, was broken and routed. The right flank of the force advancing against Doles became thus exposed to Gordon's fire, and that force endeavored to change front, but Gordon immediately attacked it and drove it from the field with heavy slaughter, pursuing toward the town and capturing a number of prisoners, among them being General Barlow, commanding a division of the 11th corps, severely wounded.

While Gordon was engaged, Hays and Hoke's brigades were advanced in line to Rock Creek, Smith's brigade being ordered to follow, supporting the artillery as it advanced in rear of the other brigades. By the time Hays and Avery had reached

Rock Creek, Gordon had encountered a second line just outside of the town in a strong position behind some houses, and halted his brigade behind the crest of a low ridge in the open field. I then rode to Gordon's position, and, finding that the line confronting him extended beyond his left across the Heidlersburg road, I ordered him to remain stationary while Hays and Avery advanced on his left. The latter were then ordered forward, and advancing while exposed to a heavy artillery fire of shell and canister, encountered the second line and drove it back in great confusion into the town, capturing two pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners.

Hays encountered a portion of the force falling back on his right, on which he turned some of his regiments and entered the town, fighting his way along the left end of a street running through the middle of the town. Avery, after reaching the outskirts of the town, moved to the left, and crossed the railroad into the open fields, on the left of the town, while exposed to a heavy fire from the batteries on Cemetery Hill, and took a position confronting the rugged ascent to the hill, his men being placed in a depression under cover of a low ridge, so as to protect them from the fire of the enemy's artillery. A very large number of prisoners were taken in the town, where they were crowded in confusion, the number being so great as really to embarrass us and stop all further movement for the present.

While Hays and Avery were driving the enemy so handsomely, I saw a large force to the right of Gordon falling back in comparatively good order, before Rodes' advancing brigades, around the right of the town, toward the hills in the rear, and I sent for a battery of artillery to be brought up so as to open on this force, and on the town, from which a fire was being poured on Hays' and Avery's then advancing brigades, but before the battery reached me, Hays had entered the town and the enemy's retreating columns had got out of reach, their speed being very much accelerated and their order considerably disturbed by Rodes' rapid advance. At the same time I had sent for the battery, an order had been sent for the advance of Smith's brigade to the

support of Hays and Avery, but, a report having been brought to General Smith that a large force of the enemy was advancing on the York road on our then rear, he thought proper to detain his brigade to watch that road.

As soon as I saw my men entering the town, I rode forward into it myself, having sent to repeat the order to Smith to advance, and when I had ascertained the condition of things, I rode to the right of it to find either General Ewell, General Rodes, or General Hill, for the purpose of urging an immediate advance upon the enemy, before he could recover from his evident dismay and confusion. Rodes' troops were then entering the town on the right and all plains on that flank had been cleared of the enemy. The enemy, however, held the houses in the edge of the town on the slope of Cemetery Hill with sharpshooters, from which they were pointing an annoying fire into Hays' left, and along the streets running toward the hill.

* * *

The ascent to the hill in front of Avery was very rugged, and was much obstructed by plank and stone fences on the side of it, while an advance through the town would have had to be made along the streets by flank or in columns so narrow as to have been subjected to a destructive fire from the batteries on the crest of the hill, which enfiladed the streets. I, therefore, could not make an advance from my front with advantage, and thought it ought to be made on the right.

General Hill's troops had not advanced to the town, but remained on or beyond Seminary ridge, more than a mile distant, and before I could find either General Ewell or General Rodes, General Smith's aide came to me with a message from the General that the enemy was advancing a large force of infantry, artillery, and cavalry on the York road, menacing our left flank and rear. Though I believed this an unfounded report, as it proved to be, yet I thought it best to send General Gordon with his brigade out on that road, to take command of both brigades, and to stop all further alarms from that direction.

Meeting with a staff officer of General Pender's I requested him to go and inform

General Hill that if he would send a division forward we could take the hill to which the enemy had retreated. Finding General Ewell shortly afterward in the town, I communicated to him my views, and he informed me that Johnson's division, which had moved from Shippensburg, by the way of Greenwood Gap, was coming up, and he determined to move it to a wooded hill on the left of Cemetery Hill, which seemed to command the latter hill and to be the key to the position on that flank. This hill was on the right or southwestern side of Rock Creek, and seemed to be occupied by the enemy.

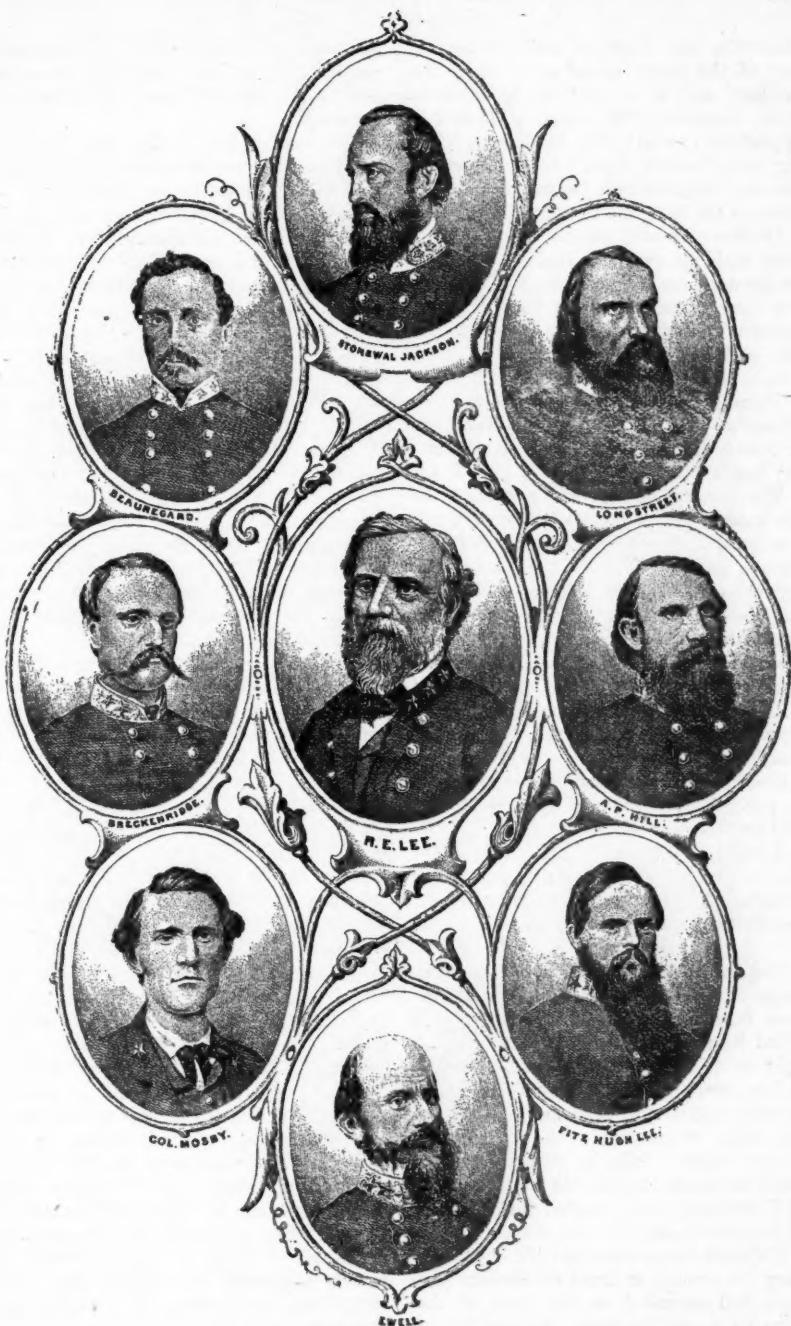
Johnson's division was late in arriving and when it came, it was further delayed by a false report that the enemy was advancing on the York road, so that it became dark in the meantime, and the effort to get possession of the wooded hill was postponed until morning, by which time it had been occupied and fortified by the enemy. My division went into this action about three o'clock P. M. and at the close of the day a brilliant victory had been achieved, between six and seven thousand prisoners and two pieces of artillery falling into our hands, a considerable portion of which had been captured by Rodes' division.

Perhaps that victory might have been made decisive, so far as Gettysburg was concerned, by a prompt advance of all the troops that had been engaged on our side against the hill upon and behind which the enemy had taken refuge, but a common superior did not happen to be present, and the opportunity was lost. The only troops engaged on our side were Hill's two divisions and Ewell's two divisions, the rest of the army not being up.

* * *

Late in the evening, when it had become too dark to do anything further, General Lee came to General Ewell's headquarters, and after conferring with General Ewell, General Rodes and myself, we were given to understand that, if the rest of the troops could be got up, there would be an attack very early in the morning on the enemy's left flank, and also on the right, at the wooded hill before named.

During the night, Hays' brigade was moved to the left into the open ground on



A GROUP OF SOUTHERN GENERALS

that side, and placed in front of the left end of the town, under cover from the artillery and in a position to advance upon Cemetery Hill when a favorable opportunity should offer, his line connecting with Avery's right. In this position the two brigades were behind a low ridge close to the base of Cemetery Hill.

Gordon was still retained on the York road with his own and Smith's brigades, as constant rumors were reaching us that the enemy was advancing on that road. Johnson's division had been moved to the left and posted in the valley of Rock Creek, confronting the wooded hill.

During the night a large portion of Meade's army came up and the rest arrived in the course of the next day before the battle opened.

The general attack was not made in the morning of the second because there was great delay in the arrival of Longstreet's corps, and on the left Rodes' and my divisions remained in position until late in the afternoon, waiting for the preparations on the right. Johnson, however, had some heavy skirmishing during the day.

During the morning General Ewell and myself rode to a ridge in rear of Johnson's position for the purpose of posting some artillery, and several batteries were placed in position there to fire upon Cemetery Hill and the wooded hill.

I made an attempt to get possession of the wooded hill in the morning, but found it occupied by the enemy in force behind breastworks of felled trees.

* * *

The enemy's position consisted of a low range of hills extending off to the southwest from Cemetery Hill to what was called Round Top Mountain, and on the right of it, confronting Johnson's division and my two brigades, was an elbow almost at right angles with the other part of the line, and terminating with the wooded hill or range of hills in Johnson's front, which extended beyond his left, the town of Gettysburg being located just in front of the salient angle at the elbow.

For some distance on the right of Gettysburg the ground in front of the line was open and ascended to the crest of the ridge by a gradual slope. On the left of

the town, the ascent was very steep and rough, and this was much the strongest part of the line and the most difficult to approach.

The enemy had during the previous night and the fore part of this day strengthened their position by entrenchments.

Having been informed that the attack would begin on the enemy's left at four o'clock P. M., I directed General Gordon to move his brigade to the railroad on the left of the town, and take position on it in rear of Hays and Avery, Smith's brigade being left with General Stuart's cavalry to guard the York road. At or a little after four o'clock P. M., our guns on the right opened on the enemy's left, and those on the ridge in rear of Johnson's division opened on that part of the line confronting them, and a very heavy cannonading ensued. After this cannonading had continued for some time, the attack was begun by Longstreet on the right, two of whose divisions had only arrived, and during its progress I was ordered by General Ewell, a little before sunset, to advance to the assault of the hills in front of me as soon as Johnson should become engaged on my left, being informed at the same time that the attack would be general, Rodes advancing on my right and Hill's division on his right.

I ordered Hays and Avery to advance, as soon as Johnson was heard engaged, immediately up the hill in their front, and Gordon to advance to the position then occupied by them in order to support them. Before Johnson was heard fairly engaged it was after sunset, and Hays and Avery then moved forward on the low ridge in their front and across a hollow beyond to the base of the hill, while exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's batteries. They then commenced ascending the steep side of the hill in gallant style, going over fences and encountering bodies of infantry posted in front of the main line of the slope of the hill behind stone fences which they dislodged, and continuing their advance to the crest of the hill, when by a dash upon the enemy's works Hays' brigade and a portion of Hoke's succeeded in entering them and compelling the enemy to abandon his batteries.



A GROUP OF NORTHERN GENERALS

In the meantime Johnson was heavily engaged on the left, but no fire was heard on the right, Rodes' division had not advanced nor had the left division of Hill. Colonel Avery, commanding Hoke's brigade, had fallen mortally wounded near the crest of the hill, and the portion of the force that had engaged the enemy's works found itself unsupported, and paused for a moment, it being now nearly dark.

During the attack on the left of the enemy's line, a portion of his troops had been withdrawn from this part of the line, but that attack had now ceased and in a few minutes a heavy force in several lines was concentrated on Hays' brigade, and that part of Hoke's which had entered the enemy's works, and finding themselves unsupported and about to be overwhelmed by numbers, they were compelled to retire, which they did with comparatively slight loss, considered the nature of the ground, and the difficulties by which they were surrounded. Hoke's brigade fell back to the position from which it had advanced to bring off its wounded commander, and was then re-formed by Colonel Godwin of the Fifty-seventh North Carolina. Hays' brigade fell back to a position on the slope of the hill, where it remained for some time awaiting a further advance, and was then drawn back, bringing off four battle flags captured on Cemetery Hill. Gordon's brigade had advanced to the position from which the two brigades had moved, for the purpose of following up their attack when the divisions on the right moved, but finding that they did not advance, it was not ordered forward, as it would have been a useless sacrifice, but was retained as a support for the other brigades to fall back upon.

During the advance of my two brigades I had ascertained that Rodes was not advancing, and I rode to urge him forward. I found him getting his brigades into position so as to be ready to advance, but he informed me that there was no preparation to move on his right, and that General Lane, in command of Pender's division, on his immediate right, had sent him word that he had no orders to advance, which had delayed his own movement. He, however, expressed a readiness to go forward if I thought it proper, but by this

time I had been informed that my two brigades were retiring, and I told him it was then too late. He did not advance, and the fighting for the day closed—Johnson's attack on the left having been ended by the darkness, leaving him in possession of part of the enemy's works in the woods.

Before light next morning Hays and Godwin, who had taken position on Gordon's left and right, respectively, were withdrawn to the rear and subsequently formed in line on the street first occupied by Hays, Gordon being left to hold the position in front. During the night, by directions of General Ewell, Smith was ordered to report by daylight next day to General Johnson on the left and did so. Longstreet, supported by a part of the right of Hill's corps, had been very heavily engaged with the enemy's left, in the afternoon of the second, gaining some advantages, and driving a part of the enemy's force from an advanced line, but at the close of the fight the enemy retained his main positions.

* * *

On the morning of the third, the enemy made an attack on Johnson to dislodge him from that part of the works which he had gained the morning before, and very heavy fighting ensued, continuing at intervals throughout the day, in which Smith's three regiments were engaged under General Johnson's orders, the enemy finally regaining his works. The rest of my command did not become at all engaged on this day.

On the right, Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps having arrived, the attack on the enemy was renewed in the afternoon after a very heavy cannonading of all parts of his line, and a very sanguinary fight ensued during which the enemy's line was penetrated by Pickett's division, but it was finally repulsed, as were the supporting forces, with very heavy loss on both sides.

This closed the fighting at the battle of Gettysburg. Meade retained his position on the heights, and our army held the position it had assumed for the attack, while both armies had sustained very heavy losses in killed and wounded, as well as prisoners.



LLANPAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLOGERYDROBWYLLYNANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH
A small village near the Menai Straits, once a stronghold of the Druids

The Welsh in Two Worlds

by T. Owen Charles

THE remarkable career of David Lloyd-George in the affairs of Great Britain has revived a world-wide interest in the history of the Welsh people. Among America's adopted citizens no class has contributed more to the substantial development of the country than the sturdy men of Wales. The passing centuries have not changed the characteristics of the gallant race which was never conquered by any military power save the immortal Caesar, or by any religious power save the influence of St. Paul himself. The Eisteddfod to be held in the United States, when a hundred thousand Welsh people will gather together, is the continuance of a similar gathering held in Britain by the Welsh people one thousand years before the birth of Christ, under the auspices of King of Briton Prydain Ab Aedd Mawr, and the same language will be spoken at the great musical festival at Pittsburgh as that of the ancient Druids. The traditions and language of the wilds of Briton ten centuries before the Christian era, preserved in modern America in the twentieth century, is an event that makes one feel additional reverence for the Welsh people and provides an event of modern times,

through direct racial ascent which is not afforded by any other people of the earth.

Centuries ago it was predicted that Welsh would soon be a dead language, but today it is spoken by more people than at any time in its history, and during the past thirty years more Welsh literature has been published than in all the previous centuries. Holding tenaciously to their language and customs, this remarkable people previous to the time of Caesar held sway over all the British Isles. Their religion was Druidism, and they deified the sun, moon, stars, rivers and streams.

In the year 50 A.D. the Romans subdued the Welsh, and their king, Caradoc, was taken captive to Rome. Among those also taken before the Roman Emperor was a Welsh girl named Gwladys Gruffydd, who is referred to by Saint Paul in his first epistle to Timothy, 4 Chapter, 21 verse . . . as Claudia, the Latin for Gwladys, and who was the mother of Linus, the successor of Saint Peter as first Pope of Rome. At this time Saint Paul met and converted these Welsh captives and accompanied them to the British Isles, where he planted the early seed of Christianity.

Little Wales has proved the most warlike country of her size in the history of the world. Even the Romans were compelled to build walled towns and cities to

In 779 the Saxons drove the Welsh into the mountainous regions of Wales, and a large dyke was built as the boundary of Wales, over which no Welshman was to pass under penalty of death, but the little country was constantly at war, either among its own tribes or arrayed together against a common enemy.

The Welsh were foremost in securing the Magna Charta, and Clause 56 reads as follows:

1. All Welshmen who have been dispossessed of their lands or liberties illegally are to be immediately reinstated. If any disputes arise regarding estates they shall be decided by march law in the marches, by English law in the English territory, and by Welsh law on Welsh soil.

2. Those who were dispossessed by the former Kings Henry II and Richard are to receive justice.

3. Llywelyn's son and all hostages from Wales are to be restored immediately and all charters are to be made secure.

After a lifelong struggle with the Welsh, Edward I of England sought to ascertain the cause of their constant rebellion and was informed that they would never be content until they had a prince of their

protect their colonies from the onslaught of the unarmored Welsh, whose spearmen and archers flung themselves like lions on the legions of Rome and later on the steel-clad Norman cavalry. Many of these walled cities stand today just as completed by the Romans two thousand years ago, the most perfect being the ancient city of Chester, where hundreds walk daily around the entire city on the Roman walls, with the turrets and towers as they existed in the days of Julius Caesar.

The Romans withdrew A.D. 409, and from this time Britain was constantly at war with the Picts, Saxons, Danes and other invaders. Cunedda, their first king, after the withdrawal of the Romans, was harassed by internecine strife among the petty princes, which weakened the nation. In 601 the Welsh people revolted from the Church of Rome. The struggle continued until the reign of Henry VIII, when the Protestant religion was adopted. Later Wales forsook the established Church of England and became the bulwark of the Non-conformist sects.



CARNARVON CASTLE
Where the first Prince of Wales was born



PASS OF LLANBERIS
Where Owen Glendower routed the Saxon forces

own. The wily old monarch asked them if a prince born in Wales who could not speak a word of English would be satisfactory, and they received the offer with great enthusiasm, presuming that the

king meant one of their own flesh and blood. His queen, about to give birth to a child, was hurried to the famous Caernarvon Castle, where six hundred years ago Edward II, the first Prince of Wales, was born. Thereupon King Edward, carrying the newly-born babe on the ramparts of the castle, announced to the multitude, "Here is your Prince, born in your own country, who knows no word of English, and who, I promise you, shall be reared by a Welsh foster-mother and shall learn your language. Accept you him as your Prince?"

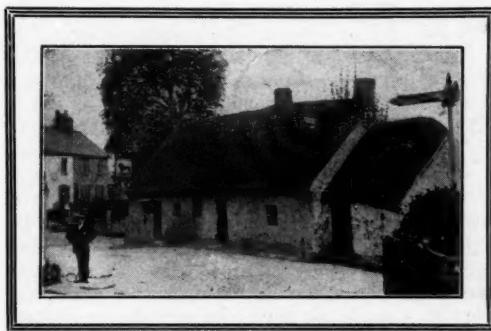
In all the six centuries intervening the eldest son of the King of England has been invested and known as the Prince of Wales. Two years ago the present Prince of Wales and the future King of England was invested on the same spot as his predecessor six hundred years ago.

Thus England gained dominion over the Welsh warriors, not on the battlefield, but by policy and tact. The pacification, however, was not permanent, as



A WELSH BEAUTY
Showing the type of costume worn on Sundays

the greatest warrior and probably the greatest statesman in the history of the race, Owen Glendower, in 1400, began the most formidable rebellion which Britain ever witnessed. Glendower and his fierce hosts ravaged and plundered the English borders, inflicting severe losses on the King's forces, terrorizing the entire country and paralyzing the monarchy. As a result, all Welshmen were banished from English soil and all trade between England and Wales was stopped by royal edict, the intention being to starve the Welsh into submission, since they could not be



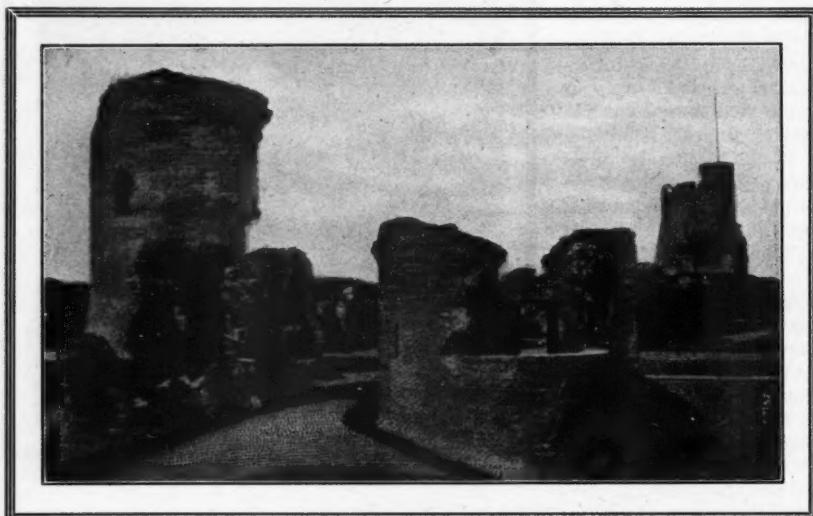
A WELSH COTTAGE
For many centuries a slate roof was unknown in Wales

defeated on the battlefield. Glendower ruled the country, and Welsh customs and laws held sway. He was proclaimed as the Prince of Wales at a national assembly of the people, but his death ended the last rebellion of the Welsh, and the King caused the following laws to be published among the Welsh people in 1416:

1. They were forbidden to buy land near any town on the borders and could not be Burgesses. Towns therefore remain English. Further legislation prevented Welshmen from holding fairs or markets.
2. No Welshman could hold any office nor carry arms.

was no pardon, he bravely bared his head for the executioner. His head was struck off and afterwards placed on the market cross. A mad woman combed his hair and washed away the blood from his face; then she brought one hundred lighted candles and set them above him in mockery.

Owen Tudor belonged to a noble family of North Wales and had sought his fortune on the battlefields of France. His grace and charm at court as well as valiant prowess in war had won him the love of Queen Catharine, the widow of King Henry IV. Owen and Catharine had a



ABERYSTWYTH CASTLE
One of the Welsh fortresses rapidly falling into decay

3. In suits between English and Welsh, the judge and jury were to be English.

A prophecy was made years ago that the crown of Great Britain would again revert to Wales, and this was fulfilled in a remarkable manner.

The Tudor dynasty began with Owen Tudor, Prince of North Wales. During the cruel and bitter War of the Roses he was the first to lay down his life for the Lancastrians. After being taken prisoner by the Yorkists, he was taken to Hereford to be executed. He could not believe that he would be put to death until he saw the axe and block, but when he found there

son, Edmond Tudor, who married the heiress of the Lancastrian kings. Henry Tudor, afterwards Henry IV, the first of the Tudor monarchs, was the son of this Edmond and was born in Pembroke, Wales. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the ancient bards that a Welsh Prince would, some day, sit on the throne of England. During his reign many of the old laws so unjust to Wales were abolished, among them the law that no Welshman was to speak in his own native language nor could hold any office in England or Wales unless he gave up his language and spoke the English tongue.

Queen Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, repealed the last of these unjust laws, and ordered the Bible to be translated into Welsh so that the people might be able to worship in their own tongue.

Wales has furnished her religious martyrs. John Penry was arrested for preaching in Welsh and summoned to appear before Archbishop Whitgift and the Court of High Commission, when he refused to discontinue preaching in Welsh. He was beheaded in 1593, although only thirty-four years of age; his dying plea being that the gospel might be preached to his countrymen in their native tongue.

Until the last few decades Saxon tyranny was still felt in Wales. English judges, English parsons, English excise officers, English superintendents and English bosses filled every position of authority, and a Welshman was regarded as an inferior being. The Nationalist movement, however, resulted in a change at once revolutionary and startling. Where, forty years ago, no educational facilities were granted, there is now the best system of elementary education in the world; intermediate schools which cannot be surpassed, and three university colleges which are among the most renowned and most perfectly equipped in the educational world. This national movement is the result of the uprising of the people, and one of the results of this "New Wales" movement is the host of patriots of whom the Right Honorable David Lloyd George is the apostle.

Where Welshmen were rarely found in any position of honor or responsibility forty years ago, they now adorn the pulpit, the bar, the bench, the professions and are found among the captains of industry not only in Great Britain but in each of the five continents of the world. The

soul of the "New Wales" movement is "Education," and it is splendidly exemplified in the following excerpt from an address on Welsh education by Mr. Lloyd George:

"Every child will be taught at the outset of its career; it will have it engraved upon its young heart so deeply that the impression will not be worn away until it crumbles in the dust, this great lesson of the Master, that man shall not live by bread alone. We shall teach the children that there are principles eternal, outside, beyond, above the limited atmosphere of their daily lives, like a firmament to which they must lift their eyes if they would not be as the beasts in the field."

When the contest is over, Wales will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that she has been in the forefront of the peoples that have established forever in the British Constitution the principle that no man on British soil shall suffer any proscription at the hands of the State for any belief he honestly holds as to matters that pertain to his own conscience and salvation.

Thirty centuries and a great ocean intervene between the first great song-fest of the Welsh people of which we have record, and the great Eisteddfod at Pittsburgh, a tie that also binds two worlds in tuneful sympathy. But Welsh patriotism has not failed to look beyond the grave, for when an English king was laying Wales waste with fire and sword he was one day talking with an ancient Welshman, who in calm and courteous tones said in effect: "Sire, the Welsh have been overcome by numbers many times . . . but I believe that at the last great day, when the quick and the dead are summoned before the judgment seat, that those then living in this land will answer to their names in the Welsh tongue"; and so it seems likely to be.





MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD

The winsome little Star who toured the country for three seasons as "The Spring Maid," and is now making a success of her new play "Sweethearts"

An Intermission with Christie MacDonald

Behind the Scenes with "Sweethearts"

by Ann Randolph

IT is now several seasons since your town began to welcome Miss Christie MacDonald with the coming of spring. And why should they not, since she is the original "Spring Maid" herself? This year spring was merging into summer when the winsome little prima donna came for her annual visit, and "The Spring Maid" had been succeeded by her new play "Sweethearts"—a title appropriate for balmy June. The music for "Sweethearts" was written by Mr. Victor Herbert, and as someone has said, there is only one thing better than Victor Herbert's music—and that is the same when rendered by Christie MacDonald. Besides its musical beauty, "Sweethearts" has a prettily turned plot, presenting many interesting developments before the denouement. It is all about "Mother Goose" and her family of seven goslings, who answer to the rhythmic names of Lizette, Clairette, Babette, Jeanette, Toinette, Nanette—and Sylvia. Sylvia, be it known, is an adopted daughter—is in fact a real Princess in disguise—though she knows nothing of this, and works amiably enough every day beside her supposed sisters in Mother Goose's "Laundry of the White Geese."

During the first act Miss MacDonald, as Sylvia, is so busy on the stage that visitors hoping to have a word with her in the wings or anywhere in the back-stage are rewarded with only an occasional glimpse of her petticoat ruffles as she whisks back and forth between her songs and the conduct of her laundry duties. When the intermission comes, however, all roads lead to the star's dressing room, and even an interviewer cannot dull the spirit of good cheer, or scare away the army of friends and relatives (relatives is used advisedly, as will be divulged later) who follow in the train of Miss MacDonald. One is no sooner seated on the chintz-covered divan and basking in the sun of

the charming lady's infectious smile, than insistent rappings begin to disturb the peace. The visitor proves to be a very delightful woman friend of Miss MacDonald's, who is cordially invited to come in. Miss MacDonald from her seat at the dressing-table proceeds to change her gown, arrange her hair, direct her maid and manage to be a polite hostess all at the same time. Then there is a broken ankle that has to be rested. Of course it seems impossible, but Miss MacDonald is really playing her part, with an ankle that is really broken. There is no doubt of the latter fact, though the owner of the ankle refused to believe it until after an X-ray examination. "I thought it was only a sprain," she laughed. "I don't suppose I ever should have walked on it had I realized it was *broken*. Doesn't that show what we can do when we don't know things?"

"Of course," she added, "it's been awfully hard to have to play with all my dances taken out, because they added so much to the part." And not a word about the pain of the broken ankle!

The subject of ankles naturally drifted into a discussion of feet and then of shoes, when the sound of footsteps in the corridor and a man-size knock announced another intruder—two, in fact. Perhaps it is hardly fair to suggest intrusion when referring to one whose photograph on the dressing-table gave him a sort of pre-eminence in the room. His identity was guessed before Miss MacDonald modestly introduced the fair-haired, blue-eyed young man as her husband. (Now in truth can the title "Behind the Scenes with Sweethearts" be defended!) With a friend, he had been watching the performance from the front of the house, and in the intermission came back to explain to his wife an undiscovered phase of their new automobile; to inquire how the troublesome

ankle had stood the first act, which he heartily declared "never went better!" and presumably to have a few minutes' uninterrupted chat. However, both he and Miss MacDonald accepted conditions nobly, and the lead on shoes was merrily taken up by the gentlemen. They advanced several original and illuminating ideas on the subject, and everyone laughed so much that Miss MacDonald's trained ear was the only one to catch the signal—the second act was on!

Insisting that no one should lose the "men's chorus" which opens the scene and is her special delight, Miss MacDonald ushered the party out to the wings. The interviewer was the only favored one who remained in whispered conversation while she waited for her cue. What were the whisperings? "Do you believe in woman's suffrage?"—"Can actresses be happy though married?"—"Do you prefer English

or American audiences?"—"How did you happen to go on the stage?" Oh, no, no, no, no! Who could have the heart to force a cross-question interview upon this captivating young person? Anyway, the subjects touched upon were far more momentous and varied in scope. Magazines, automobiles, babies, Europe, a common friend, a new play, luck—yes, it was luck that came up for a good word when ill-luck swooped down and bore away the smiling little lady in blue.

While the interviewer was carefully dodging around the scenery on the way out, the voice of Sylvia could be heard warbling the strains of "In the Convent They Never Taught Me That." Christie MacDonald's intermission was over.

A blessing on her and her winsome smile! And oh, that some of our cynics and pessimists might have a glimpse "behind the scenes with 'Sweethearts.' "

IN LOVERS LANE

By A. W. PEACH

THE crimson glow of eve drifts through the trees
And low winds stir from sleep the dreaming pines
A fairy way the valley brooklet seems,
And sunset splendor dims where day declines.

Here is a seat beneath the favored tree
Where through the long years loving hearts have spun
Out of the golden thread of dreams the days
That were to be ere life and love were done.

What tales the old gray seat could tell of love,
Of shy swift words, of meeting lips, of tears,
Of all the dreams and hopes of dauntless youth,
Its brave defiance of the ruthless years.

But where are they who loved this twilight place—
Their feet press not the winding grass-grown way,
Nor voices low tell o'er the story old,
For lover's lane ends in life's common day.

Still winds move softly as in days gone by,
And gray-shooned shadows gently group around;
The stars, the angels' ships, stream down the skies
Upon their ancient, goalless journey bound.

Here someone may return in after years
And dreaming think again he hears Her call,
And then remembering the change, reflect
How soon on life the evening shadows fall.

The Life Memorial of J. Pierpont Morgan

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE most impressive monument to the memory of the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the world's master of finance, is engrossed in his testimony at the Pujo hearing. His last words to the public, given at this hearing, will immortalize him in the realm of business even as the Gettysburg address immortalized Lincoln in the hearts of his countrymen. When summing up a life-work unequalled in the history of finance, he established *character* as the basis of all credit, declaring: "The first thing is character—before money or anything else—for money cannot buy it." Even the matchless art collection which he gathered, like Napoleon, from all parts of the world—save that the Morgan treasures were not soiled with the bloody taint of Napoleon's trophies—is far transcended in value by the philosophy of the great leader as revealed at the Pujo hearing.

In the passing of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, a towering figure was removed from the activities of a notable business age. A leader in world affairs, without official status, appointive or elective, he retained a confidence held more firmly and longer than any man in public service.

When Mr. Morgan brusquely stated during the hearing that he had loaned a million dollars to men who were not worth a cent because he had *faith in them*, and *knew they would pay it*, the business world awakened to a new comprehension of the value of character as a basis of business confidence and financial responsibility.

This was the basic motif of J. Pierpont Morgan's illustrious career. "Character," declared the great financier, "is the only gauge of a man in business; physical assets are of secondary importance." Toward the close of the second day on the witness stand, Mr. Morgan clearly presented a philosophy of business that fascinated his auditors by the very human manner in which he passed from the light to the serious elements in life. Mr. Morgan insisted that he did not know

how a monopoly of money could be possible unless one man possessed all the confidence of all the people, and all the money all at one time. The frankness with which he told of his consolidation of wasteful competing lines, and of help given in time of financial distress, reflected his keen sense of patriotism. He had also a sensitive nature, and although a hard fighter with big men and big issues, yet he was deeply hurt when his high-minded motives were impugned in sneering attack and abuse.

The testimony throughout revealed how men act with subconscious judgment, and when at the various times the witness assured the quizzing attorney that he was keeping back nothing, and was ready to talk frankly of his life activities, those present realized why Mr. Morgan enjoyed such a far-reaching influence in the financial world. He was a man accustomed to handling millions—the same as others handle dollars. Manipulation, he insisted, was always bad, and he said he never to his knowledge had sold "short" in his life, and did not approve of it. His business motto was vindicated when he said he would rather have combination than wasteful competition. He confessed to favoring legitimate competition, but believed co-operation essential and insisted that concentrated control was necessary before doing things; and that "without control you can do nothing."

The questions intimating that the financial power he wielded was absolute were met with an emphatic "No." When asked if he realized it, he responded with another "No," and insisted that when a man abuses his power with money or the control of money, he loses it. "All the money in Christendom," he declared, "and all the banks in Christendom could not control money if there was not confidence in individuals back of it all."

Although at that time nearly seventy-six years of age, Mr. Morgan remained for

five hours on the witness stand, and apparently enjoyed the good-natured sallies as he elaborated his simple answers in the negative or affirmative. He did not face the ordeal with dread. At the beginning of the testimony he tossed his cane, coat and hat aside and took his place in a swivel chair, with two of his partners

bassador to Great Britain, Honorable Joseph H. Choate, and former Senator John C. Spooner. Mr. Morgan moved his chair closer to the rostrum, insisting that his hearing was not as good as it used to be, and he wanted to assist in making the examination as thorough as possible. In some way he foresaw that in this testimony he was giving his "last testament" to the people.

Portions of this testimony will remain a historic document in the records at Washington. The simplicity and directness of his answers sum up the story of an age of the greatest financial and industrial development the country has ever known.

The following excerpt outlines his conception of business credit:

"Is not credit based upon money?" asked the commission's attorney.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Morgan.

"It has no relation?"

"No, sir."

Then came this enlightening colloquy:

Q. So the banks of New York City would have the same credit, and, if you owned them, would have the same control of credit as if you had the money?

A. I know lots of men, business men, too, who can borrow any amount, whose credit is unquestioned.

Q. Is that not because it is believed they have the money back of them?

A. No, sir. It is because people believe in the man.

Q. And it is regardless of whether he has any financial backing at all?

A. He might not have anything. A man came into my office and I gave him a check for a million dollars, and I knew that he had not a cent in the world.

Q. There are not many of them?

A. Yes, a good many.

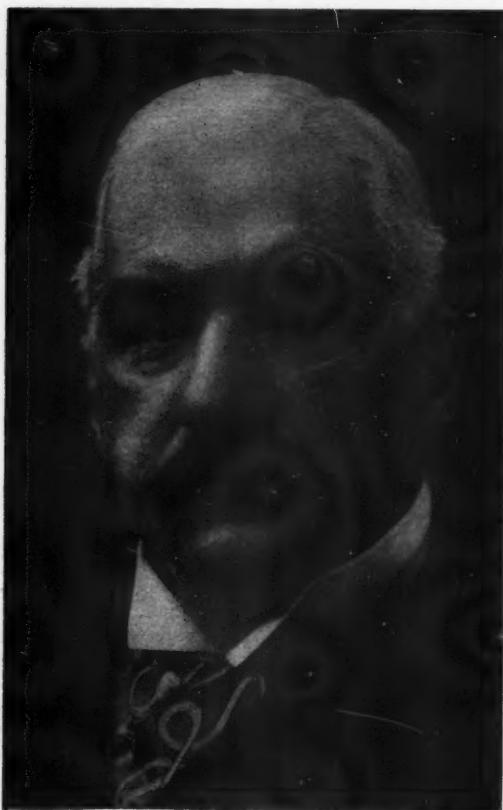
Q. That is not business?

A. Yes, unfortunately, it is. I do not think it good business, though.

Q. Commercial credits are based upon the possession of money or property?

A. No, sir. The first thing is character.

Q. Before money or property?



THE LATE J. PIERPONT MORGAN

in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, Henry P. Davison and Thomas W. Lamont, near at hand. As they frequently leaned over to consult with him, one could imagine that the scene had shifted to No. 23 Wall Street, in a familiar conference behind the glass partition. Mr. Morgan's daughter, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, and his son, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., sat behind him. In the party also were former Am-

A. Before money or anything else. Money cannot buy it.

Q. So that a man with character, without anything at all behind it, can get all the credit he wants, and a man with the property cannot get it?

A. That is often the case.

Q. But that is the rule of business?

A. That is the rule of business, sir.

Q. If that is the rule of business, Mr. Morgan, why do the banks demand, the first thing they ask, a statement of what the man has got before they extend him credit?

A. That is a question which they go into, but the first thing they ask is, "I want to see your record."

Q. Yes, and if his record is a blank, the next thing is how much has he got?

A. People do not care, then.

Q. For instance, if he has government bonds or railroad bonds, and goes in to get credit, he gets it, and on the security of these bonds, does he not?

A. Yes.

Q. He does not get it on the face of his character, does he?

A. Yes, he gets it on his character.

Q. I see; then he might as well take the bonds home, had he not?

A. Because a man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom.

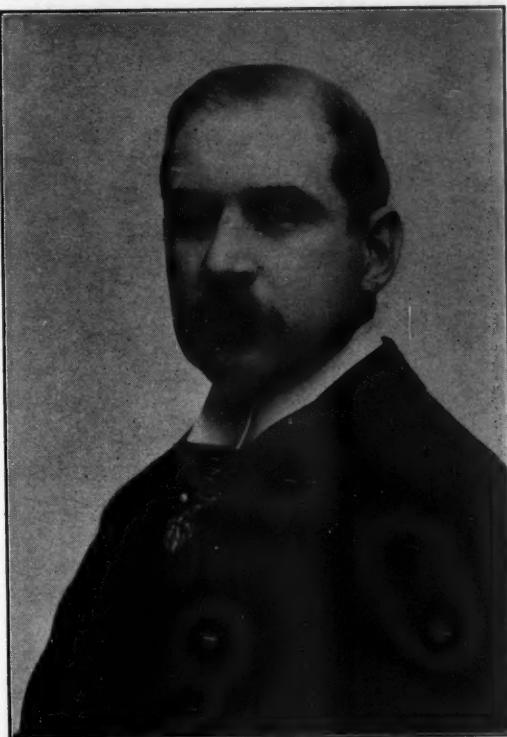
Q. That is the rule all over the world?

A. I think that is the fundamental basis of business.

The discussion of the so-called "money trust" was another interesting phase of the hearing.

Mr. H. P. Davison, who is a member of Mr. Morgan's firm, testified as to certain elaborate tables prepared by the committee, to show that a "group" of one hundred and eighty directors "controls" the assets of corporations, whose aggregate resources are twenty-five billions of dollars. Mr. Davison's statement indicated that no such "control" exists. No such deduction could be made even from the tables prepared, from the fact that of the total number of directorates in these particular corporations, this "group" represents only about one-quarter; and further that these

men in order to exercise "control" must act and vote in every instance as a unit, although they come from different parts of the country and represent diverse and frequently conflicting interests. The assumption that outside of this group, the directors must be mere "dummies" with no voice or opinion of their own, and that they could be easily overruled by a mi-



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, JR.
The son of the late king of finance

nority, would not apply in any business. The sum of twenty-five billion dollars capital was not actual cash or liquid assets susceptible of manipulation or misuse by the directors. The great bulk of this enormous sum is not in streams of gold, but is irrevocably invested in the form of rights of way, rails, ties, equipment, factories, plants, tools, manufactured goods and other forms of corporate property necessary for carrying on the railroad

and industrial business of the country. The impression that these great resources are at the beck and call of a small group of men and that corporations are controlled by a minority of their various boards, Mr. Davison declared inconsistent with logical facts and conditions.

The fact that New York is the chief center of money and credit in this country,

law in relation to cash reserves and secondary reserve, which is loaned on telegraphic demand in the form of call loans, amounting to millions. If this country possessed a scientific banking system like that of other civilized nations, interior banks would no longer be obliged to concentrate their "reserves" in New York but could loan the money at home. In 1900, New York City banks represented twenty-three per cent of the banking resources of the United States, but today they represent only a little more than eighteen per cent.

The consolidation of banking institutions in New York has been no less marked than in Boston, Chicago and other large cities and has taken place largely since the disastrous panic of 1907, when the weak features of the banking system were accentuated. The tremendous development of the country has increased financial units, and New York has adjusted itself to conditions the same as other localities. This consolidation, however, has not been so marked in America as in Europe. In Great Britain, including England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, there remain only one hundred and sixteen institutions; in all Germany less than five hundred; in France, according to the most complete record, only twenty-seven; while in the United States, notwithstanding these world-wide conditions of consolidation, there are more than twenty-five

thousand distinct banking institutions. This of itself does not look like a money trust, and Mr. Morgan's last testimony clarified the situation. In London there are ten banks with resources in excess of two hundred million dollars each, in Paris four, in Berlin five, while in New York there are at present only three banking institutions of like proportions. The annual requirements of the railroads alone call for \$2,500,000,000, and the important



MR. THOMAS W. LAMONT
Another partner of the late Mr. Morgan

just as London is in England, and Paris in France, was pointed out, but it was also shown that the financial growth of New York could not possibly be due to any well-laid plans of any set of men. The accumulation of money is due purely to economic conditions, and to an imperfect system of banking, which has been known about for many years. Interior banks carry millions of dollars in deposit in New York, through the operation of the

thing as outlined by Mr. Davison is to keep this country in the front rank among the nations of the world, with conditions adjusted to the tendency of co-operation among financial institutions, as in Germany, France and England.

Again and again through the testimony, the danger to business through financial ills and disturbances was pointed out by these experts of finance, and a more scientific banking and currency system urged. Co-operation with Congress, with the banks and business men, the people as depositors and all concerned, in perfecting some system that would obviate the possibility of panic and encourage a larger degree of confidence, was the one great dream of the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

The question of stock exchange speculation was of intense interest and will be dealt with separately, but the testimony of Mr. Morgan concerning the financing of his various railroad enterprises was a subject on which Mr. Morgan testified with great clearness. His statements were especially interesting in the light of official reports from the western section of the French state railways, revealing a deficit of fourteen million dollars for the last fiscal year. Four years has shown an increase of three and one-half per cent in earnings and an increase in gross revenue of twenty-six million francs, but expenditure has increased more than seventy-two million, making an increase in deficit of more than fifty millions. It is not assumed that this is altogether due to government ownership, but it is surely due to some ownership or some management that is not as competent as that which preceded it, and the fallacy of mixing railroad operations and politics was shown by the way that people have made use of ballot manipulation in rail-

way legislation. The railroad employees in France seem to have been running the government railroads to suit themselves, with dummy official managers to do their bidding. No one could conceive of the late J. P. Morgan at the head of any combination or organization permitting such proceedings to continue and remain-



MR. H. P. DAVISON
A member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company

ing merely a dummy, because of shifting political winds.

As pointed out in a letter to the committee by Mr. Davison at the end of the hearing, the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company did all in their power to further the inquiry by Congress and took pains to furnish intimate details, placing at the disposal of the Pujo Committee all available information. This letter verified Mr.

Morgan's personal testimony on the witness stand, that the only permanent influence of financial leaders is due to the confidence of the public in their character and ability.

There is an old saying, "it is always darkest under the candlestick," and while the real significance of Mr. Morgan's testimony may not have been fully realized the country's widespread interest in his words forces the conclusion that another man of equal force and wealth put into his place could not maintain himself without the trust which for more than half a century was placed in J. Pierpont Morgan. This parallels the statement of Mr. George F. Baker, that prosperity could be maintained only by preserving good will.

The hearing cast aside the veil and satisfied the curiosity of those people who wanted to know who had stock here, there and everywhere. And now that the government and the people really know all about finance "on the inside," the revelations are not causing any great astonishment. The whole hearing remained only as a nine days' wonder, for as they say in England, no excitement ever lasts more than nine days in the United States.

But it was fortunate that at this hearing the facts were told by Mr. Morgan himself and his partners. Their frank and business-like treatment of the matter gives at least the feeling that the country is progressing toward a better adjustment of affairs in the economic world. Amidst the sharp thrusts of newspaper criticism and grilling investigation, Mr. Morgan looked fearlessly into the future in his last days, with a supreme, optimistic faith in his country. A patriot to the last he stood ready and eager to assist Congress in its efforts to eliminate any impending danger and preserve the splendid achievements of the past. He sought to restore his health in travel but died among friends and relatives in a foreign land in the historic city by the Tiber. His life reflected the glory and permanence of the institutions of his native land, and he proved the breadth and scope of citizenship in a modern republic. The life career of J. P. Morgan stands out pre-eminent as the business genius of a great commercial era. Here was a man who rendered a service that

may never be necessary again—a service that may always remain unique.

Aside from the gigantic force of his business genius, those who met him in person had a glimpse of J. Pierpont Morgan, the man. There was a tenderness and a lofty patriotism in his strong nature that his diffidence and brusqueness could not submerge. When Senator Mark Hanna died at the Arlington Hotel in Washington, Mr. Morgan came in to pay the last tribute of respect to his illustrious friend, as I was looking for the last time upon the face of the man to whom I owed so much. The fragrance of the great floral tributes filled the darkened room, and it seemed as if the silent lips must speak. Amid my tears I looked across the casket, and saw Mr. Morgan, his own eyes filled, as he reached out his hand to the still form, and said in broken tones, "Good-by, old man, good-bye. You've fought a hard fight." As we walked away, Mr. Morgan put his hand on my shoulder and said, "My boy, your friend and my friend—he was everybody's friend—was one of the great men of his time. He understood all kinds of human nature."

When I saw Mr. Morgan again it was behind the glass partition of his Wall Street office. He had just had a conference with Mr. James J. Hill, and they were joking about exchanging hats, the square-top, derby style that Mr. Morgan wore.

When his guest had gone, Mr. Morgan turned in his chair and looked out of the window on Broad Street at the throng passing by. He lit a big cigar and sat for some minutes reflecting. He had grappled with great problems that day, and it seemed as if the brief moments of meditation were given to that silent, unvoiced prayer that oftentimes passes through the busy office and workaday world, more devout and more truly spoken to the Creator than many repeated in church and sanctuary. There was a brief chat, then the strong, firm, business jaw came back into place as other visitors entered from behind the railing in the corner.

The opening lines of his will, in its simple confession of faith in Christ, is a revelation of the devout side of a character of which the world knew little, but a glimpse of which flashed upon those who met him.



THE GATUN Y. M. C. A. BASKET BALL TEAM

Peter's First Panama Letter

*Being Impressions of Peter MacQueen after Ten Days in the
Canal Zone*

NOTE.—Mr. Peter MacQueen, known the world over as a famous globe-trotter, lecturer and traveler, will contribute a series of eight articles to the NATIONAL on South American countries. He recently arrived at Panama, and his first letter is a fitting overture to his series of articles; in fact, it is a "curtain raiser" of more than ordinary interest. The photographs which he secured and the letter which he wrote while under the spell of the great Canal project are published as an indication of what is to follow in a close, first-hand view of the transformation which this hemisphere is to experience upon the opening of the Canal.

HERE on the Zone I have been for ten days, going over the Canal from end to end. I have been at Christobal, the Atlantic entrance; at Gatun, the place of the great locks; in the jungle lands between; at Culebra Cut; at the Pacific end, the Miraflores and Miguel Locks, and Balboa-on-the-Sea.

The Canal Zone is the one big wonder of the world. There are not seven wonders in the world. There is only *one*. It is like a vast big workshop, fifty miles long, with fifty thousand horse and foot, all working like a clock. I talked with Goethals and Bishop (the latter Secretary of the Commission). No frills; all real; no phantasy, phantasmagoria or pipe dreams. Deadly

real, all big broad gauge men of the daylight. There's no nonsense on this canal.

The big "Cucaracha slide" in Culebra in May could not be foreseen by any human ingenuity. All the world engineers believed it had stopped and then it started. Goethals is like the hero in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea"—he is fighting the abyss. Gigantic, mysterious unknown forces push against him. He struggles Finite against the Infinite; with bare hands, to finish the Canal, he must scale Olympus and wrench fire from Jove and the ancient secrets from the universe. No ordinary mind could grasp the Culebra Cut. For the first time since man has kept a record of events, man mingles with easy



CULEBRA CUT, SHOWING AT THE LEFT THE START OF THE CUCARACHA SLIDE OF MAY, 1913
Which ultimately was two million cubic yards of earth, and will delay opening of Canal from October 5, 1913, to December 31, 1913. Colonel Goethals told Mr. MacQueen that no human ingenuity or science could have foreseen this last slide, but that he was in no way disturbed by it and would have it under control by the end of May, 1913

familiarity on terms of intimacy with the Creator and becomes a geological agent. He hammers down the hills, lifts up the valleys and says to the sea: "Thus far." Oh, my soul, how I watch those dredges and steam shovels and crushers and plows and trains, and alembics and furnaces. This goes beyond Arabian nights.

Nor is man's power all that fascinates and awes the beholder here. For look at the Jungle and the big rains. Look at flowers on every side. See Nature in a summer that knows no decay of frost, work at her central laboratory and bring out forms that daze the traveler from the north, and make our northern forests a sterile desert by comparison. Ceiba trees, royal palms, arbol de fuego (fire trees), flowers brilliant and bizarre and every kind of blue and mottled splendor in the eternal springtime of the tropics. Butterflies eight inches from wing tip to wing tip. Grasshoppers as big as sparrows, hawks, buzzards, kites and the condor

undazzled and sharing his empire with the sun and the air! Coiled in the grass the deadly serpent, couched in the forest the fierce puma and jaguar! This is a lost world fermenting. A steaming pot of primordial creation, gnarred and roasted and bent and twisted; a fecund garden wasted since the foundation of the world.

Hither comes the jaunty, undismayed, regardless American, incomparable mind of adaptability, and amid reeking shambles and death houses, in the midst of despairing fever and despoiling plague, lo, he builds him palaces, cools them with snow as of the Arctic, cleanses Nature's stables of Augea, swats fever, tramples plague, defies lightnings, earthquakes, volcanoes and devouring tides, and builds his Panama Canal in a Canal Zone more healthful than any city of his native land.

Here the tender and delicate American woman adapts herself to climatic conditions in a few years better than the Spanish señoritas did in four hundred. Three



A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE Y. M. C. A., GATUN, CANAL ZONE, AT NOON HOUR
In this group were steam shovermen, locomotive engineers, structural iron workers, machinists, carpenters, civil engineers, sanitary inspectors, clerks, accountants, concrete foremen, etc.

thousand American women, fifteen hundred American children, and six thousand American men meet here and fraternize and build homes and bring up families, all as if it happened in Massachusetts or Iowa. I am more interested in human nature at the Zone than in the Gatun

Locks. Two thousand young men are in the Y. M. C. A. Liquor will be banished out of the Zone July 1, 1913. Society here seems clean and fine, mixed with the sordid only so far as the sordid is in everything human. The Canal is the one imperishable monument of American genius.

"THIS, TOO, WILL PASS"

THIS, too, will pass!" the Arab king
Engraved upon his signet ring;
And thus, through grief and joy, his heart
Dwelt, in eternal peace, apart.

—*Edna Dean Proctor*

In The FINANCIAL WATCH-TOWER *by*

Bennett Chapple

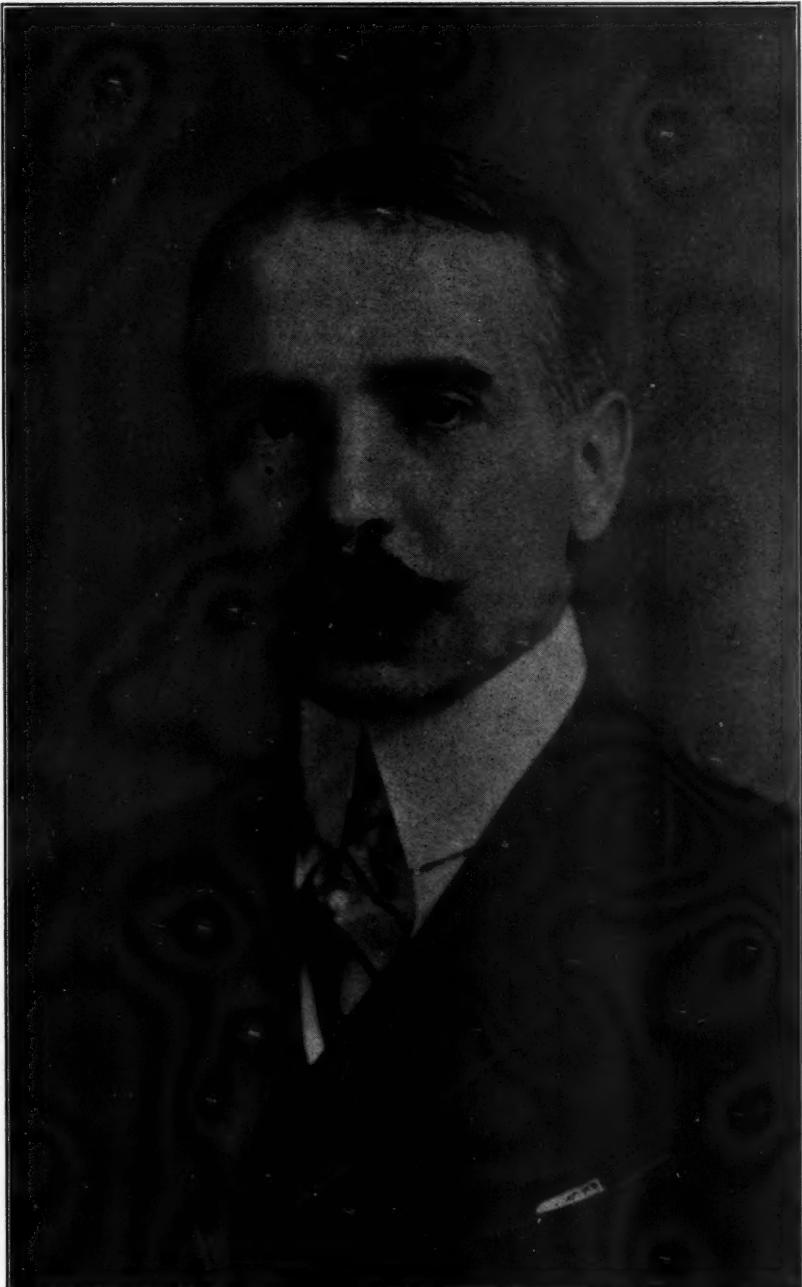
THE world will probably never again see a single individual so powerful in the money market as the late J. Pierpont Morgan. In finance, as in politics and all else, the trend is toward a broadening field. The single leader is a thing of the past. Keeping step with the progress of the world, the financial phalanx moves forward captained by new groups of young leaders but generalized by only one—no longer an individual, but rather that indefinite, intangible, though all-powerful master of free institutions—public sentiment. The “good will” of finance is the good will of the people, and this important phase of industrial life has never been so broadly recognized as today.

Among this group of young leaders Mr. Otto Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company is one of the most widely known American financiers in Europe today. Although still in the “sunny forties,” Mr. Kahn has established his standing as a patron of art and music in both continents, and has brought to his high position a quiet poise and simplicity that is the counterpart of a charming personality.

Comparatively little has been written concerning his rise in the field of finance. A member of a well-known family of bankers in Mannheim, Germany, he came to America in his young manhood and entered the employ of Speyer & Com-

pany, where he learned the rudiments of American banking methods. Later he married the daughter of Mr. Wolfe, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and soon after became a member of the firm. Old enough to have played a prominent part in the vast commercial reorganization of American institutions during the past decade, he is just on the threshold of his ultimate career. No phase of industrial life in America has escaped his wide experience. His visits to the West and South in the interests of the railroads with which his firm has been prominently connected have given him an intimate acquaintance with every section.

For years he represented his firm abroad and during his stay in England he was urged to stand for Parliament, but declined. He believes in the United States, and foresees the same wonderful development of the future to which J. Pierpont Morgan pinned his unalterable faith. While of widely different temperament from that of the late leader in finance because of his associations, Mr. Otto Kahn is carrying forward projects of national and international scope. There is no hurry or bustle or “lost motion,” but as quietly and graciously as if only the simple courtesies of the day had been passed, men come and go with the feeling that they have conferred with one who has for many years been on the watch towers of



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MR. OTTO KAHN

With neither cynicism, bluster nor pretence, in an environment and with a temperament revealing strength combined with gentleness, Mr. Otto Kahn is every day making his position in the financial world more enduring and pronounced

finance. A few minutes in his office make it difficult to realize that one is in the very center of what is pictured as the whirling maelstrom of the Wall Street district. While studying any proposition, he embodies one's idea of earnest concentration, but now and then a twinkle in the dark eyes indicates the "saying sense of humor." There is a democratic simplicity

in the very atmosphere of his office that compels confidence, that one word which has meant so much in financial leadership. With neither cynicism, bluster nor pretence, in an environment and with a temperament revealing strength combined with gentleness, Mr. Otto Kahn is every day making his position in the financial world more enduring and pronounced.

SOME DAY

By WALTER G. DOTY.

SOME day, when all my debts are paid,
When there is naught to worry me;
Some day when all the plans I've laid
So well turn out successfully;
Some day, some day I'll quit the strife
And rest and take some good of life.

That painting? Ay, 'tis passing fair;
Just now I've time for but a glance.
Ah, yes, 'tis good, the summer air;
I'd breathe it deep had I the chance.
Right well I'd love one day to waste,
But business calls, and I must haste."

* * * * *
At last the well-made plans matured.
" 'Tis well," said he, "the time's at hand."
But lo, the scene that once allureth
Was now to him but desert land,
And all the sunset's glowing dyes
Were dull to his unpracticed eyes.

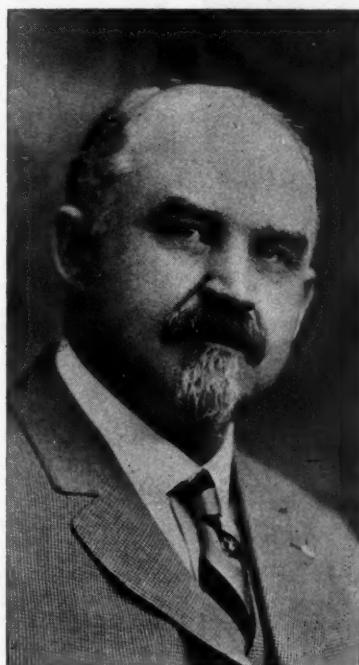
"Deck all the house tonight," he said,
"And bid a merry party in.
Let laughter ring and dancers tread
Till all the walls resound the din.
Let every room be opened wide.
We'll play," he said—and, saying, died!

FLASHLIGHT of GLIMPSES CONGRESSMEN *by* THE EDITOR

ONE of the few remaining Republicans in the Sixty-third Congress is Aaron Shenk Kreider of Annville, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Kreider has a Rooseveltian family of ten children, seven boys and three girls. He is one of the prominent shoe manufacturers of Pennsylvania, operating plants at Annville, Palmyra, Elizabethtown and Middletown. Widely known in the shoe trade, having been treasurer and now president of the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association of the United States, he is recognized among his colleagues as the beau ideal of an aggressive business man in Congress. He was educated in the public schools, and took a course in the Allentown Business College, which did much to develop the strong, practical personality of the man selected by his constituents to represent them in

Congress. As a member and vice-president of the board of trustees of Lebanon Valley College, Mr. Kreider takes a keen interest in educational matters, which is quite natural to a fond father of ten bright children, and a Congressman who does things.

It seems unfortunate that business men of the type of Mr. Kreider are not more in evidence and present in larger numbers in our halls of national legislation at a time when vital business matters are being settled with the framing of the new tariff bill. A man who can create a business and meet a payroll for twenty-five years or more is certainly qualified with the knowledge of what tends to business and industrial development, and these propositions still remain an important and interesting phase of national legislation.



HON. A. S. KRIEDER
Congressman from the Eighteenth District, Pennsylvania. An all around business man of the practical type; the father of an admirable family of ten; a leader in educational improvements and industrial reform

BORN on a Michigan farm, William Henry Hinebaugh represents the Twelfth District of Illinois. He attended the Ypsilanti Normal School and then, like the President of the United States, he "taught school for several years." And these school-teaching years are all important in measuring up a public career. Admitted to the bar in Illinois, he was later elected County Judge for La Salle County, and was president of the State Association of County Judges for two years. He was



HON. W. H. HINEBAUGH

Congressman from the Twelfth District of Illinois. Like the President, he "taught school for several years." A lawyer and a judge, but withal a "joiner"—in everything good that comes along

formerly active as chairman of the Republican County Central Committee, but later joined the Progressive party and was nominated and elected to Congress. He is recognized by his constituents and associates as a clean-cut, courageous, high-minded man. Mr. Hinebaugh is a resident of Ottawa, Illinois, and a member of the law firm of Johnson & Hinebaugh. The judge is known as a regular "joiner," being a member of the Masons, Knights of Pythias, the I. O. O. F., and the Hamilton Club of Chicago and anything good

that comes along. If there is anything that Judge Hinebaugh loves, next to campaigning, it is boating and automobiling.

* * *

THE successor of Cyrus A. Sulloway, for many years the tallest man in Congress, is Eugene Elliot Reed, of Manchester, New Hampshire. He is a Democrat of long standing, having worked ardently and enthusiastically for the party in times of defeat, as well as of victory. He was born in Manchester and was for some years engaged in business with his brothers in one of the oldest contracting firms in that city. Later he served in the traffic department of the Boston & Maine Railroad as a dispatcher. His political career began in a modest way as alderman from Ward 10, but in 1902 he was elected mayor of the city and was re-elected four times, covering a period of eight years, notwithstanding the fact that the city was strongly Republican during all that time.

He is at present National Committeeman from New Hampshire, also National Congressional committeeman, and took an active part as delegate-at-large in the national Democratic conventions at Baltimore and Denver. He first sought the congressional election in 1910, when he opposed Hon. Cyrus A. Sulloway, who for sixteen years had represented the district in Congress, and although defeated in the first run, won handsomely in the second. Mr. Reed is very popular personally in his district, and his varied experience will serve him well in representing the Granite State.

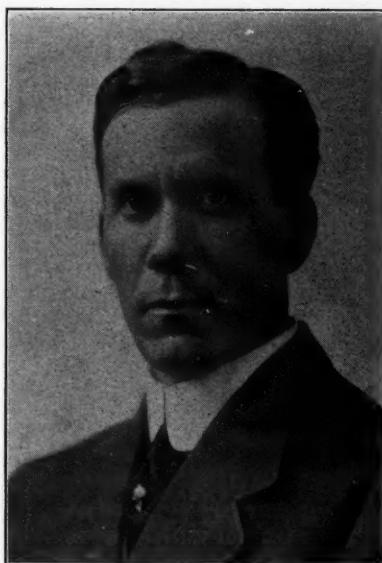
* * *

AT the early age of seven, Robert Crosser, Congressman-at-large for Ohio, emigrated from Holytown, Lanarkshire, Scotland, to become an American citizen in the year 1881. He graduated from the Salineville High School in 1893 and later from Kenyon College. Like many other members of Congress he at first engaged in newspaper work, later graduating from the Cincinnati Law School with the degree of LL.B. He was a delegate to the Fourth Constitutional Convention of Ohio in 1912. He served

one term in the Ohio legislature and became an enthusiastic supporter of Progressive principles and was elected Congressman-at-large on the Democratic ticket last June. He served as chairman of the Initiative and Referendum Committee in the Ohio Constitutional Convention, and is author of the initiative amendment to the state constitution. "Bob" Crosser is known as a man of thorough honesty of purpose and imbued with all the earnestness of his Scotch ancestors. He hits straight from the shoulder; direct legislation is his hobby; he was a close and active supporter of the late Tom Johnson in his memorable municipal campaign in Cleve-

Joe" Cannon fully demonstrates. Almost twenty years ago O'Hair whipped an instructor in DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana, with neatness and despatch. As far as he can ascertain, the act never lost him any votes.

The trouble between O'Hair and the professor arose, of course, over a girl. She was a brilliant student who had won



HON. ROBERT CROSSER

Congressman-at-large from Ohio. He served in turn as newspaper man, lawyer and legislator. One of the late Tom Johnson's disciples

land; and his work in Ohio has served him well in fitting him for his work in Congress.

* * *

THRASHING a college professor may not help a young man running for Congress, but it did not keep him out in one instance, as the experience of Congressman Frank T. O'Hair, who succeeded "Uncle



HON. EUGENE E. REED

Representative from the First District, New Hampshire. A Manchester business man who was mayor of his city for eight years. In the recent Congressional campaign he had the honor of defeating the picturesque "Cy" Sulloway

several prizes, but in the final examination of her senior year she became "stumped" on a question. Then the gallant congressman-to-be came to her rescue. The professor saw the note pass between them, reported the incident, and both lost their diplomas.

The girl wept, and, while her brother stood by and cheered, O'Hair pummeled the professor. Later the girl and O'Hair told the trustees, convened in their annual meeting, what they thought of the management of the school, spurned the professed diplomas, and left the building.

The incident typifies O'Hair. When he

thinks he is right—he fights, if necessary. He is slow to anger, but when started fights to a finish. So he has proved at the bar and in his campaign.

Friends put O'Hair in the race against former Speaker Cannon, and Clint C. Tilton, editor of the *Danville Press Democrat*, published O'Hair's announcement without his consent. He protested vigor-



HON. FRANK O'HAIR

Representing the Eighteenth District, Illinois. The successor of Uncle Joe Cannon. A fighter when stirred to action, otherwise peaceable and popular with the home-folks. A lawyer by profession; a good roads enthusiast

ously and tried to withdraw. Then it was urged he should let his name stand for the party's sake.

"Very well, it shall stand," he replied. "But don't expect me to go around making speeches and asking for an office."

He left for New England on an automobile trip to study good roads and rest. What the Democrats back home said about him would have stirred a wooden Indian to action.

"We are sold out!" they wailed. "What a shame that man of ours is afraid to make a race against Cannon."

When O'Hair heard this, his Irish blood

was aroused and returning home he set out on a six weeks' campaign that made a new page in the history of Illinois politics.

Democrats in his district were without funds, and in many places without organization. The feeling against them was bitter in some sections. At Catlin, Illinois, the village band, which was hired to play at an O'Hair meeting, "struck" because his political beliefs did not harmonize. Most of the meetings were held outdoors. O'Hair spoke and Tilton passed out campaign cards.

No promises were made. O'Hair said he was a progressive Democrat and would do his best if elected. That was all. He



HON. DANIEL E. GARRETT

Congressman-at-large from Texas. A Tennessee man whose abilities were quickly appreciated when he migrated to Texas in 1905. A successful lawyer, an experienced legislator, a man with a strong personal following

did not mention his opponent's name throughout the campaign, but this was not due to any personal feeling.

O'Hair is six feet in height and weighs more than two hundred pounds; he is forty-three years old. He studied law for seven years before that rough and tumble episode with the professor. After that

he returned to Paris, his native city, and began to practise law. Good roads are his hobby and fox hunting his recreation. He owns several horses and a pack of hounds, but is not the fox-killing kind of a hunter. The love of the chase attracts him to the sport, and he finds the office-seeker's chase an exhilarating diversion of Congressional life.

* * *

TEXAS is not only a great state, but the men of Texas are playing an important part in the present administration, because the Postmaster-General comes from that state, and through this depart-

where he served in both the Upper and Lower House. He removed to Texas in 1905, and was elected to the Sixty-third Congress from the state of Texas at large last November. Few Congressmen come to Washington with a wider range of state legislative experience. His friends insist that the very fact that he registers from Houston is enough to indicate that he has



HON. W. R. OGLESBY

Congressman from the Twenty-fourth District, New York. A Kentuckian by birth and education; a lawyer; a veteran of the Spanish-American War.

ment every town, village and hamlet in the country is affected. Houston is a great Texas city, and from Houston hails Daniel E. Garrett, Congressman.

Born in 1869 in Robertson County, Tennessee, Congressman Garrett is a product of her public schools and a successful lawyer. His first political successes landed him in the legislature of Tennessee,



HON. FRANK L. DERSHEM

Representing the Seventeenth District, Pennsylvania. A "Knight of the Grip" whose career as a Congressman will be watched by a legion of his brethren from coast to coast

the aggressive and progressive spirit of that pushing metropolis of the Gulf States.

* * *

KENTUCKY, the grand old state of blue grass, gallant men, pretty girls, blooded horses, and old Bourbon, furnishes Westchester County, New York, with her present Congressman. The district of Hon. W. R. Oglesby includes Yonkers and Mount Vernon. Like many of his colleagues in fulfilling historic qualifications as a Congressman, Mr. Oglesby is a lawyer. He attended the Kentucky Wesleyan College and the Illinois Wesleyan University. He lives at Mohegan Heights,

Yonkers, on the historic Hudson. As a private in the Seventy-first regiment New York Volunteers throughout the Spanish-American War in 1898, he has a war record, which is becoming a rare distinction among Congressmen of the present time as the soldiers of the Civil War pass into retirement. Like many other members of the present Congress, he also won his first



HON. WARREN WORTH BAILEY

Representing the Nineteenth District, Pennsylvania. A Single Tax enthusiast; an active associate of the late Father McGlynn and Tom L. Johnson. A versatile writer who knows the newspaper business from beginning to end.

political spurs as a member of the State Legislature of the Empire State. He succeeds Hon. John E. Andrews.

* * *

ONE of the few commercial traveling men elected to Congress is Frank L. Dershem of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. He was born in White Deer township, Union County, Pennsylvania, and edu-

cated in common schools; but a course in a business college in Philadelphia he counts as one of the important preparatory incidents of his career. He knows what it is to work on a farm, to clerk in a general store and talk politics to the customers as they come in, and how to get right at the original American thought at first hand. In 1888 he was postmaster at Kelly Point, Pennsylvania, and was manager of a general store for three years. As traveling salesman in the wholesale hardware business, he has a wide range of acquaintances, and even if he did sell hammers, he does not "knock." Mr. Dershem is a trustee of Albright College, Myerstown, Pennsylvania, and began his political career as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. He lives in one of the beautiful old towns of Pennsylvania, is a "hail fellow well met" Knight of the Grip, and has more than a passing acquaintance with his neighbors and constituents far and wide.

* * *

ONE of the veterans of the Single Tax movement in Congress is Warren Worth Bailey of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. His work in the cause of the Single Tax dates back to Henry George himself, and he was actively interested with the late Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, Thomas G. Shearman, Tom L. Johnson and many others.

For five years he was president of the Single Tax Club in Chicago. He published the first regular newspaper in the world devoted to Single Tax at Vincennes, Indiana, and has never lost enthusiasm in fighting the cause along the same line ever since. He is enthusiastic in his belief that the success of the Single Tax regime is on its way and is almost here.

He has been intimately associated with Mr. Joseph Fels and other leaders in the movement, and is bringing to his work in Congress the same earnest enthusiasm and devotion to his work that has characterized his career in years past. A thorough student, versatile writer and ready speaker, he will see to it that the cause of Single Tax has some representation in the Congressional Record—one more newspaper man on the roll call.

BOOKS of the MONTH

ONCE in a while one comes upon a character in the flood-tide of modern novels which brings before the mind that depth of girlish beauty, love, purity and natural grace which once charmed us in Undine's Virginia, Browning's Pippa, and a very few like characters, who could learn to feel and return love's passion without being artificial, exacting, or foolishly jealous.

When we find such a maiden
"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet."

we realize once more that

"God is in heaven
All's right with the world."

Such a character is Joyful Heatherby in Payne Erskine's latest story, *the orphaned granddaughter of a dear, kindly New England couple who have grown old in love together and found the joy, aid and comfort of their last years together in their granddaughter's cheery companionship and loving ministrations.

For neighbors they have old Somers, a cankered miserly farmer, his eldest son Nathaniel and a younger son Jack, who wastes his money, abilities and time at college until he is expelled, and comes home for a few days before going to sea. He is in love with Joyful, who cares for both of the brothers as dear friends, but will not be betrothed to Jack.

Mark Thorn, an artist with original genius, is engaged to Louise Parsons, a

* "Joyful Heatherby." By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.

Boston precieuse, whose fads were ever changing, but whose real desires were for wealth, position and fashionable display. Stung by her reproaches, Thorn leaves for his summer vacation without any definite destination, and gets off his train near the little hamlet and haven where he meets Joyful Heatherby and her relatives and neighbors.

Charmed by her purity, grace, simplicity and strangely wise comments on life and literature, and without making love to her, he incites Jack Somers' jealousy to such an extent that he is murderously assaulted and left for dead.

Nursed back to life and strength, and with many charming sketches for future studio work, he returns to Boston, to find immediate success, but to lose his betrothed to a millionaire, who knows no limit to his desires if able to gratify them.

Joyful loses her protectors and comes to the city to earn a living. Here she falls into the clutches of a wicked woman, but is fortunately rescued by Thorn, who places Joyful in the care of a good woman, but evil gossip and mistrust of Thorn cause still further unhappiness until at last the sky is cleared, and all ends as it should do.



THE LADY DOC *

The prominent though undesirable character who gives the title to a new and clever novel by Caroline Lockhart

AN ancient belief in the "wraith," "Sinlaeca," or "Astral Body" is by no means extinct at the present day, and has to some

* "The Lady Doc." By Caroline Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

extent figured in the machinery of modern plays and novels.

In "The Maiden Manifest" * Della Campbell MacLeod tells of Billy Rutledge striding homeward after a night of watching an exhausting bicycle contest at Madison Square Gardens, and being suddenly



THE MAIDEN MANIFEST

The winsome but mysterious young person who brings romance and adventure into the life of Mr. Billy Rutledge, the hero of Della Campbell MacLeod's new story.

attracted by the dainty fluffiness of a gown of blue silk and lace hanging in the show window of a dimly-lighted dye-house.

It appears to sway toward him as he inspects it and as he continues his walk, strangely seems to have escaped from the window and to precede him some fifty feet in advance and now inducing the body

* "The Maiden Manifest." By Della Campbell MacLeod. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.30 net.

of a fair girl with bronze ringlets and little pink sea-shells of ears, whose face, however, he can never see, gaze as he will until just before he reaches his apartments the vision or waking dream vanishes.

The next day its memory still lingers, and when next evening he passes the show window suggestions of the individuality of the wearer seem to endow it with a strange charm. Tiny feet in dainty suede slippers with rhinestone buckles, and a scanty display of silk-covered, well-turned ankles seem too real to be fancies, but are as fleeting as a sick man's visions. He reaches home, but later sees standing by the open fireplace the blue dress and its apparently living occupant, "The Lady of His Dreams."

The story of the strange interview, in which all the conversation is on the part of "Billy," is well told, as is that of a second appearance in a quiet nook of his club parlors, but he learns nothing of the name, nationality or residence of his strange visitant, and goes South on a visit to his brother on the old home plantation, where he arrives to find that a fellow traveler, somewhat suggesting the girl of the blue dress, is a friend of his brother's wife, a Miss Cissy Dalrymple, and a most charming personage. After some degree of friendship and companionship has been attained, however, Miss Dalrymple becomes engaged to the Governor of the state.

Billy, although still devoted to his shadowy visitant, is strangely sick at heart and is booked to go West at once, when Cissy Dalrymple descends the great staircase clad in the very blue dress that he had seen in New York. He believes her to be still only a vision, but finds her not only a living reality, but also very much in love with him.

With only two hours to spare, Billy procures a marriage license, arranges for an express train to stop at the humble way station, is married by the bishop, and is off on his headlong drive to the train that is to bear them to their home in the great West. The story is sympathetically and effectively told and illustrated.

MULTITUDINOUS as have been the stories about the Civil War, comparatively few have dealt with the section

of Maryland in which four men out of five at the beginning of the struggle were for the Confederacy, and the remaining twenty per cent were Unionists or non-combatants suspected and parried by both factions.

John Luther Long, author of "Madame Butterfly," "The Fox-Woman," etc., in his latest novel "War,"* tells the tale of an honest farmer, a widower with two splendid sons, Jonathan and David, who for a long time attempted to keep out of the struggle, a very difficult matter especially for David, who was studying at William and Mary College at Lexington, Virginia, where the Vonners for several generations had sent such of their boys as had chosen learning instead of farming the old homestead.

Henry Vonner, an uncle married to a widowed lady with one daughter in Virginia, had been killed in South Carolina, and the death of his wife left Evelyn, his step-daughter, no choice except the ready hospitality of the Vonners. Southern in every sense of the word, full of that supreme devotion to the Lost Cause which actuated so many of the Southern women with an impulse never before exceeded by any people, unless one credits the accounts given of the spirit of Spartan women—the beautiful Evelyn brought into the Vonner family the two-edged sword of a lovely person and a very frenzy of desire to avenge her stepfather and save the Confederacy.

Before David's return she attracts the love of Jonathan and plots with a Confederate rebel under the name of Lucas Mallory signalling by lights and cryptogram messages. Jonathan falls deeply in love with her, but when Dave, fleeing for his life, returns home, Evelyn falls in love with him at first sight, and tries to retire from her awkward position as a spy, but in vain. Jonathan and his father enlist in the Union army; Evelyn, wounded by the latter while disguised in a Southern uniform, confesses her troubles to Jonathan and is overheard by David, who disappears that night to join the Southern army under the name of Lucas Mallory, the spy. The father loses an arm at

* "War." By John Luther Long. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.30 net.

Chancellorsville and returns home. Jonathan on his way North to join Meade at Gettysburg is attacked by a body of cavalry under the command of David Vonner, who is defeated and unhorsed, but kills Jonathan in the hour of victory. David disappears again, overcome with grief and horror, and the father and Evelyn live to old age, waiting in vain for David to return home.



MR. JOHN LUTHER LONG
The author of "War" a novel dealing with the Civil War and the struggle in Maryland

THE immense changes in the distribution of wealth and the concentrated control of finance, business and manufactures with the immense and unchecked immigration of a much more illiterate and undesirable class of potential citizens from Southern Europe and Asia Minor cannot but awaken serious apprehension as to the continuance of that virile, independent, intelligent popular sentiment which founded and preserved the republic.

In his "Coup D'Etat,"* Jacques L. Morgan chronicles the success of two western prospectors, who discover the Oxshoe

* "The Coup D'Etat." By Jacques L. Morgan. Illustrated by H. L. Grout. New York City: R. F. Fenno & Co. Price, net, \$1.25.

gold mine and accumulated millions, until the profit of Messrs. Wharton and Holladay attracted the hostile attention of certain prominent and avaricious citizens, first of whom in wealth and influence was President Hardacre of the Consolidated Cement Company, whose purpose it had become to avert the impending danger of a legal prosecution of his monopoly by a well-laid plot to kidnap the newly-elected Democratic president, declare his office

the life-term bill as proposed; a business depression was ordered and retrenchments were the order of the day. The panic was increased until the people in most of the cities feared actual starvation; martial law was proclaimed, the Democratic vice-president resigned his position as successor to the abducted Farlow, and the great plot to change the republic to a monarchial form of government needed only the ratification of two-thirds of the states.



MR. WILL IRWIN

The versatile author and newspaper man whose novel "The Red Button"** was as remarkable for its character drawing as for its power as a detective story. Mr. Irwin is the brother of Mr. Wallace Irwin, also a successful author

vacant, secure passage of a bill by Congress extending the term of the presidency for life, and using millions of money to secure its satisfaction by the states, establish a new ruler, who should be in effect a king.

The plot succeeds well at first. President Farlow is kidnapped and imprisoned in a wilderness section of Arkansas; the Oxshoe mine is attached through the courts, and shut down. Congress passes

The election was held and bribery and corruption did their work, but the needed two-thirds' vote failed to materialize.

Meanwhile Holladay, the senior partner of the Oxshoe mine, had found and rescued President Farlow, got him secretly into Washington, and of course utterly defeated the "Coup D'Etat." A love story runs

* "The Red Button." By Will Irwin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price, \$1.30.

like a thread of gold through the main record of financial and political intrigue, but the real story ends as Joel Hardacre, the richest plutocrat of his day, says to his trusted lieutenant:

"It seems that the movement was started too soon, David, too soon."

"But the time will come, Joel," replied Montgomery.

"Yes," agreed the old man. "The time will come. We may not live to see it, but the time will come."

* * *

MODERN conditions of law and love making and devious ways of people of different types furnish the basis of "*The Parasite*,"* a novel which is unique in more than one respect.

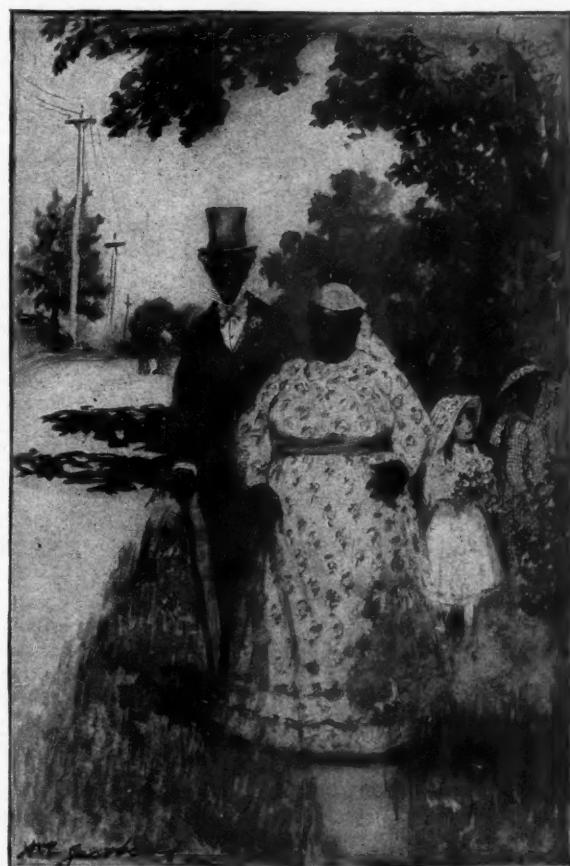
The action surrounds the family of Judge Randall, who is divorced, but retains control of his boy. An aunt in whose care the little fellow is placed desires the judge to marry a coquette who is described as "a splendid animal," but a poor young woman who has a real affection for the child wins the respect of the father, and he proposes to her. He wants a "wife in name only," but after many intricacies and difficulties and the death of the first Mrs. Randall, the couple find that they are mutually and happily married, and in love with each other.

* * *

ASCHOONER, the *Nancy Hanks*, is cursed with some mysterious thing aboard which causes two crews—and al-

most a third—to disappear as though into thin air. About this situation is woven "*The Face of Air*."*

The *Aurora*, a sailing ship with contraband bound for Venezuela, puts a prize crew in the *Nancy Hanks* from which the original navigators have van-



OLD PLANTATION DAYS
A scene from "*Mis' Beauty*,"† a charming and simple story of Southern life by Miss Helen S. Woodruff, herself a daughter of the plantation

ished. They in turn drop mysteriously out of existence, and finally a third party is sent aboard in which are two who insist on seeing the mystery through.

* "*The Parasite*." By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

* "*The Face of Air*." By George L. Knapp. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.00.

† "*Mis' Beauty*." By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price, \$1.00 net.

The author wastes no time in digression, and the action is unusually rapid throughout. However the ending is somewhat weak, the writer having forced a somewhat vague and apparently improbable scientific fact which does not quite carry conviction.

* * *

THE ten sea stories in Mr. Barry's "Sea Yarns"** carry the reader anywhere from Australia to the North Atlantic, east and west. The sea will forever furnish the stage setting for most strange and pulse-jumping episodes, and the lover of salt water is doubly fortunate on this account if at the same time he enjoys a tale of hair-lifting mystery and quick action.

Among "Sea Yarns" is a story of a young gold miner in Australia being marooned in the shaft by his partner without means of escape while the latter made off with the fruits of their joint labor to parts unknown. After a few days of torture he is released by a passing caravan and at once sets out to hunt up his late partner, but his search is fruitless and many hard years pass without opportunity of vengeance. At last, however, he finds his man and is planning on a suitable revenge when the elements take a hand and settle the matter. The book is a fitting addition to Lippincott's excellent library of marine subjects.

* * *

THE moral and civic lessons embodied in the plot of Mr. Charles M. Sheldon's "A Builder of Ships"† add to its interest as a work of fiction, and are evidently founded largely on actual and recent tragedies and instances of modern life. The honesty and sterling courage with which Brander Cushing, the great naval contractor, honestly confesses himself guilty of criminal negligence for not providing fire escapes within the time allowed by law, and the manly way in which

• "Sea Yarns." By J. A. Barry. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

† "A Builder of Ships." By Charles M. Sheldon. New York: The George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.20.

he takes his punishment, works out his ambition and redeems his character among men will prove an inspiration to every reader of true manliness and womanhood.

* * *

CORAH'S School Chums"** is another of the school of English stories for boys and girls which are coming into the American market under our enlarged copyright laws. It is the story of two English young men who start a sheep farm in South Africa, and of two pretty schoolgirls who also come out from England to live and learn in the new African dominion.

It will introduce American boys and girls into a new field of experience and adventure, and is very attractive in its buff and blue illuminated dress.

* * *

ANICE little book for boys interested in the American navy is William G. Steven's "Pewee' Clinton Plebe."† It is the story of an undersized and rather overpetted boy, who goes to the Annapolis Academy and finds that he must bear much horseplay and practical joking as well as severe discipline and exacting tutelage. Little Clinton stands the test, and comes out of the ordeal a favorite in his class and with his preceptors.

* * *

HOW some English boys organized "The Toolhouse Club,"‡ got together, repaired and sharpened tools, procured materials and turned the gardener's tool-shed into a tasteful den and busy work-room, in which they practiced modeling, carving, making electrical apparatus, making a phantascope, and building a big canoe, were successively taken up, enjoyed, and creditably accomplished, making up a good boy's book, by Jacques Reindorp, illustrated by J. P. Rodney.

• "Corah's School Chums." By May Baldwin. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

† "Pewee' Clinton Plebe." By William C. Stevens. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

‡ "The Toolhouse Club." By Jacques Reindorp. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

New Blood

Letters of a Man Growing Old

by Norton Campbell

CHICAGO, June 8, 1907.

Dear Jim: I resolved on my way home, Jim, that I would write you as soon as I got here. But you know I am seldom away from the office, and I can't leave—even for a day—that they don't stop everything (I verily believe they do!) and wait for me to come back. Anyway, the work was waiting for me—stacked mountain high—and I have been at it, like a dog gnawing a bone, ever since.

But I don't mind. That day with you was well bought at a year's hard labor. I'm glad you're going to be at the Home; we can see each other oftener. You spoke, you remember, of my coming there to live. Please don't think I took the suggestion unkindly. I didn't, and I didn't mean to cut you short, either. The truth is you took me by surprise, and I was afraid of offending you. You know Jim, you and I are different. You are happy at the Home, perfectly happy and contented—I could see that. But I am sure that I never could be happy there. It's a difference in temperaments. You were always for the cloister, and I for the crowd.

I love the crowd. It's a rabble, I know,

a vulgar, selfish rabble; but it's a mighty thing, and it fascinates me. I couldn't quit work if I wanted to. I feel sometimes as if this business were mine. I sickened of it once, eight or ten years ago, and started out for myself—you remember that. Let's see, how long did it last? Three months, wasn't it? Well, it cured me anyway. Since then this has been my business.

That makes me think; did I tell you, Jim, that I have a little interest in the business now? I bought a dozen shares from Mr. Strong this spring. It should be a fairly good investment, the business is growing so. The fact is, Jim, things are getting to a point where Mr. Strong needs me badly, needs my experience, I mean. We're beginning to reach out for business like a real octopus. Oh, you need not smile at this. I'm alive yet, alive and chock full of day's works. You should see me—at sixty-three, mind you—treading on the heels of these young sprouts we're putting on.

After all this turmoil, shouldn't I be lonesome in that peaceful old city of yours? Should I ever, I wonder, get accustomed to the unearthly quiet of



*You were always for the cloister and I
for the crowd*

the place? I enjoyed my visit with you, Jim, every minute of it; but, upon my soul, the rest of it depressed me a little. Do you remember the little procession that went over the hill just at evening? And the hymn they sang as they laid him away—do you remember that? I do. Not the words, but the tune—it was the same my mother used to sing to the words of Tom Moore's "Come Rest In This Bosom." I hadn't heard it in years. Don't laugh, Jim; that sort of thing would use me up in a little while.

But don't worry about me; I'm going to be taken care of. Mr. Strong is working on some kind of a pension scheme for the benefit of employees. I don't know the details, only that, if it goes through, I shall be eligible for retirement in another year or so. But I sha'n't retire. I shall keep right on. I'm a poor mechanic; I believe in running a machine full speed till it stops, till it just won't run any longer —this machine, anyway.

Your comrade,

JOHN WINTER.

P. S.—I want you to run up and visit us before long. Elsie keeps the old house running beautifully—I don't see how the child does it. I think I told you she is to be married at Christmas time.

September 12, 1908.

Dear Jim: This is the first time in months that I have been able to spare time from my work to write a letter. The reason I want to tell you right now. We've been "absorbed." Yes, sir; swallowed by the octopus, scalp, hide and tail. I'd had a notion for a long time that it was coming. The International is picking up all the little concerns here in the yards, one after another. Mr. Strong was dicker ing with them all last fall, and on the first of the year we went over. And, say, it seemed as if from the very first day business began to pick up. Sales, profits, everything went sky-rocketing. I'm beginning to think it isn't such a bad thing after all, this being the octopus.

I wish you could drop in here for a moment. You wouldn't know it for the same place. Your old cronies, Wilson, Weatherbee, Lee, are all gone. No more checker playing at noon. I'm about the

last of the pioneers, I and old Meeker. Of course Mr. Strong is here, but I seldom see anything of him any more. He's still president, but he's changed lately. He isn't the same jolly, off-hand fellow he used to be, by a good deal. We've got a new office manager, too; a young fellow named Finch, sent over by the International to reorganize us. A curious chap, he is; I can't quite get him sized up. But, on the whole, I think he's sound at bottom. And work—he throws off work like a steam shovel.

One thing we're doing is getting in a lot of green college boys. That's an idea of Finch's. "Getting in new blood," he calls it. They're a great lot, clean, clear-headed fellows that sop up new ideas like milk. Of course they're cocky and impudent, but, as Finch said the other day, in business nowadays the big-head is a positive advantage. I like the boys. I like to work with them. One can just see them grow from day to day. They're crude, and they blunder ridiculously at times, but, say—there's no use talking—they have force, overwhelming force. It's in their "new blood" that Finch talks so much about. They get the choicest of the opportunities; that's right, too, I suppose—the best grain to the growing colts.

There's a good deal of complaining, especially among the older men. And it does hit pretty hard at times—I don't deny. But pshaw! What's the use? Why be jealous of these boys? We all had youth in our day, and now that it must go, I say make it a joyous leave-taking. That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to play this new game in the new way just as long as I can. When I'm done, why, I'm done, that's all.

But, say, Jim, what wouldn't you give to be forty years younger, eh? There are big things to do today. By the way, a week from today is the anniversary of Chickamauga. And, when you stop to think of it, we did some big things in our day, when our blood was new, some pretty big things, didn't we, Jim? There's Chickamauga—they can't take that away from us.

Elsie is married—it'll be a year at Christmas time. They're living in a little suburb on the west side. They asked me

to go with them, but I didn't; I wanted them to be alone, for a while anyway. And besides, I couldn't bear to think of giving up the old house where Maria and I lived so long and so happily, and where Elsie was born. So I still live there, and take my meals at a boarding house nearby.

I am beginning to think you're never going to pay me that visit.

J. W.

May 21, 1910.

Dear Jim: When I write to you I like to write as I feel. This is a gloomy morning with me, one of those mornings when a man feels a strange tightening of things about the heart, when he goes about his business all day with a vague feeling of apprehension and dread. I don't know why this should be. Things with me are just about as they have been for months past, only—and, after all, I suspect that this is all there is to it—only that each day I have seen myself drift a little further from the swift current, a little nearer to quiet waters.

I haven't done a thing the whole morning long. There is nothing for me to do. Taking it all around, the business has become incomprehensible to me. A year ago we had twelve men on the books; every one busy as a bee. Now we have a room full of machinery, and no end of "system." And somehow—I can't for the life of me understand it—four little girls keep the whole thing running.

Finch did it. First he put in a young woman with an adding machine, and the things that little woman and that machine could do were amazing. Four men were out of a job in less than a week. Then came a hundred other "short cuts," as Finch calls them. The latest is some kind of an electric accounting machine. It's complicated; I can't understand it, much less explain it. There are thousands of

little cards with little holes punched in them, and it seems that these little holes are capable of telling us everything about the business that we shall ever want to know. Anyway, seven of the old men are gone, and three girls are in their places, and Finch tells me it was nothing under the sun but the little holes that did it.



They'll be talking over my case some of these days. I don't want to wait for that. I'm eligible for a pension from the company

I hear nothing from morning till night now but "efficiency," "economy," "re-sults," "the constructive faculty." Finch is continually lecturing me about the "scientific" way of doing this or that. Sometimes I wonder if it isn't all nonsense; if it isn't just a matter of giving a big name to a perfectly simple thing. But then I think of the little holes.

I've about made up my mind I ought to quit. I'm past sixty-five, too old to make a new start, even, or not quite even, with younger men. These boys are hard competitors. Of the old crowd, I'm the only one that's left now. It's a month today

that Meeker left. Poor Meeker; he was about used up. I went to Finch and tried to say a good word for the old fellow. No use. More talk about "new blood," more about "maintaining the efficiency of the personnel." So Meeker went.

They'll be talking over my case some of these days. I don't want to wait for that. I'm eligible now for a pension from the company. The dividends on my stock will add a little to that. Then I might rent the house; it's a good deal run down, but it could be fixed up. Putting all these trifles together, I should be able to manage respectably, and perhaps I could get a little something to do outside. I'm thinking pretty seriously about this.

Elsie and George still live out of town. They were in last Sunday and took dinner with me at my boarding house. I don't think Elsie liked it very well. She didn't say anything, but she spent the remainder of the day urging me to come and live with them. I don't see what's the matter with Elsie. She's as cheerful as ever, and she's happy—I know that. But she doesn't look at all well. I'm worried about her.

J. W.

October 30, 1910.

Dear Jim: Here I have been sitting again, for a whole day, with nothing to do but wait on Finch. I sit out in his anteroom. I've no regular position now. I'm on "special work." That means I sit here and work myself up into such a state of nervousness that when Finch rings the buzzer it sounds like a Gatling gun salute. "Here, check that footing," or "figure those percentages. Right away, please; I'm going at four o'clock." That's an average day's work with me. You know, Jim, that can't last long. I can see that I come pretty near to being superfluous. According to Finch's system of terminology, I'm "dead wood."

And the thing of it is—there is work to be done—plenty of it. Go out into the main office and watch the men. They work as if a seven-year famine were imminent. I sit and wonder, sometimes, what has come over them all. They are under a spell. There is a kind of desperation in their method, a kind of tormented look in every eye. They are fear-stricken.

Don't ask me whom they fear. It isn't Finch. It isn't Mr. Strong. Indeed, it seems, sometimes, as if they, too, were a little touched by the fear. What is it? I don't know, but I'm beginning to doubt if this octopus is altogether a fabulous monster.

I would have quit before this, but my affairs didn't straighten out as I had expected. A few weeks ago I made some inquiries about my stock; I wanted to know what I could depend on. I hadn't paid much attention to it. That was careless of me, of course, but I didn't think anything *could* happen to it. Well, it seems that when the International took us over, something did happen. I don't know what; something about financing the "parent" corporation. But, whatever it was, it knocked the bottom out of our stock. Today my little holdings are worth 'ess than half what I paid Mr. Strong for them. And I'm the only one who was caught. Everyone else quietly sold out before he went over, even Mr. Strong. I spoke to him about it. He seemed mighty sorry about my case. "Why, yes," said he, "I sold. No particular reason, except that the effect of these consolidations is always uncertain. I had a good offer and I let it go." Oh, what's the use of talking about it? I lost; that's all. It was my own fault. I was speculating.

Had another little set-back, too. Do you remember the time twelve years ago when I broke away from Mr. Strong and went to buying here in the Yards for myself? I had almost forgotten it. The pension clerk tells me that constitutes a "break in the continuity of service." The twenty-seven years of service before that don't count now. So goes my pension. It seems too bad. I was away in all just three months; I looked it up in my diary.

I'm ashamed to keep hanging on here. They would be glad to be decently rid of me, and—Heaven knows—the time's come when I want to go. I've stayed on too long even now. I have become embittered: I feel it, and I'm ashamed of it. But I can't help it. "Youth must be served"; that's the law, that's fundamental in God's economy. Just the same, it seems to me wantonly, damnably unjust.

J. W.

P. S.—There is but one bit of good news. I'm to have a grandchild.

December 1, 1910.

Jim: Don't send any more letters to the International. At last I'm out; just a word to let you know. I quit last week. We're all back in the old home, Elsie, George and I. I think we're going to manage pretty well. Elsie is a wonder at getting along. She's rented the front chamber to a couple of nice young men for six dollars a week. They're first-rate company. I'm up on the third floor where Elsie used to have her play-room. Some of her little trinkets are around there yet.

I walked over through the Yards yesterday, past the International. It made me lonesome, lonesome for a job. That isn't like me, is it?

J. W.

March 2, 1911.

Dear Jim: Jim, I'm coming with you.

I must. Elsie's baby has come, and poor Elsie is just up after a long illness. They've had to let the young men go, and they've had to hire a maid. Elsie is very kind, and her husband is very patient, but I can see plainly that I am a burden to them.

Tell me what I must do to get in down there. Don't worry, now. I'm not going to be a kill-joy. I haven't lost courage or confidence. I'm an optimist at bottom, you know. I believe as truly as ever that the "judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

It was a good deal of a struggle for me— to give up. I guess I didn't play the man. They took my bone away from me before I'd finished, and I guess I growled a good deal. But now I am myself again. Now I am ready to go on, in the ways of peace and quiet, to be sure, but blithely, until the end, until I shall hear "Come Rest In This Bosom" blown over the hills to me.

J. W.

LOCUST BLOSSOM TIME

IN locust blossom time the birds
Forget the narrow bounds of day,
And link their songs to whispered words
Beneath the shimmering milky way.
And all the air is honey-sweet,
And the morn of love is in her prime,
The glad hours speed on shining feet
In locust blossom time.

In locust blossom time, the bees
Go drunk with nectar all day long,
And those prim quakeresses, the trees,
Are brave with bridal wreath and song.
The clover and the bluegrass kiss,
And Summer weaves a golden rhyme,
Ah! Just to be alive is bliss
In locust blossom time.

Sweetheart, upon the city street,
The southern wind shall plead for me,
And waken memories old and sweet
Mid alien lights that shine on thee,
Love is of Life the better part,
And Love and Life are at their prime,
Come back, come back to me, sweetheart,
In locust blossom time.

—Eleanor Duncan Wood.

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By *George Ethelbert Walsh*

(Continued)

SYNOPSIS—James Everard, an eccentric old man living alone, is found dead in bed after the visit of a one-armed stranger. Suspicion of foul play is not proved, and it is supposed he died of fright. His nephew, Allen Halliwell, attends the funeral. At the cemetery four evil-looking men, under the pretext of friendship for the deceased, attempt to search the coffin. That night in the house a beautiful woman burglar is caught ransacking the old man's desk. Halliwell, struck by her beauty, lets her have the papers she is looking for. In his city home Halliwell is attacked by the four men at midnight, and but for the timely appearance of the woman again he would have been killed. She refuses to disclose her identity, but gives her name as Una Ruthven. Halliwell's valet is attacked. In the confusion Miss Ruthven disappears. She later sends word to Halliwell asking him to go on a long voyage to help her. He meets her at the pier and is rowed out to a yacht in the river, and they sail away. Halliwell finds that the crew consists of the four men. His presence aboard is unknown to them, and he occupies half the cabin with Una Ruthven, who now tells him her story. Her real name is Patricia Shelton, and her father and James Everard had been rivals for her mother's hand. After a fight on an uncharted island, where they had gone to seek treasure, Everard stole Una—or Patricia—then an infant, and marooned her parents. He was overtaken by shipwreck and the crew dispersed. None had a chart of the island save Everard, who dropped completely out of sight until found by Blacky at the opening of the story. Thus Una obtained the chart from Halliwell in order to find her parents on the island, while Blacky and his crew are seeking the treasure. Halliwell's presence on board the yacht is not discovered until Blacky attempts to make love to Patricia. The men fight until both are exhausted.

CHAPTER XVII

HALLIWELL slowly regained his wasted strength and clearness of vision. The terrific combat with the giant leader of the expedition had strained him to the point of complete physical and mental exhaustion.

It had been a fair fight with all the odds against him. Heavier by a hundred pounds than Halliwell, and possessed of enormous strength and girth of arms and body, Blacky was a man to be feared among a million. With his fist he could stun an ox at a single blow, or with his great muscular hands crush out the life of a wild animal.

In his quick rush to Patricia's assistance, when her cry for help had reached his ears, Halliwell had given no thought of the one-sidedness of the battle. He might have felled the giant from behind with a weapon and saved himself all the fearful struggle; but he had not thought of that. His one mad desire was to get hold of the man who was threatening the woman he loved. The pent-up emotions of the past few hours were given a natural channel to express themselves.

He now looked around at the evidences of the conflict—broken furniture, torn draperies, scratched woodwork, and various small articles scattered about the floor. Patricia, with a face as white as marble, was gathering up the dismantled furniture. He watched her mechanically as one in a dream.

Suddenly outside there was a moan and a slight disturbance. Blacky was recovering from the effect of the blow on his head. Patricia stopped and listened, her eyes strained and wide open.

A few moments later they could hear Blacky stagger to his feet. A round of terrible curses escaped his lips. Like a maddened bull he hurled himself against the cabin door and beat a series of violent blows on it with his fists and feet; but the door was of solid hardwood, and reinforced by the inside barricade, it easily resisted the attacks.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Patricia, terrified.

"If he breaks through, he'll get this," replied Halliwell, coolly picking up his pistol.

"But the others will help him."

"Then we'll welcome them with a gun fire that will make them open their eyes."

The girl seemed unconvinced, and still shuddered at the demonstration outside. Other voices and footsteps could be heard, which added to the confusion on the other side of the door.

Halliwell armed himself with two weapons, and stationing himself a few feet back of the door he began a rapid fire at the panels. The steel-jacketed bullets tore their way through the panels and sent the men scurrying back. Some of them found lodgement in the wood and others pricked the assailants enough to warn them that they were seriously imperilling their lives.

Then came a responsive fusillade. Halliwell withdrew from the direct range of the bullets and pulled Patricia with him. The stout panels of the door, however, were too thick to permit of any effective gun fire.

The men withdrew after a short time and held a consultation on deck. For the present they were balked. They were clearly at a disadvantage in the fight so long as Halliwell was well armed and had several inches of solid wall to protect him.

"What will they do now?" Patricia asked.

"Try to starve us out, I suppose."

Patricia instinctively examined their small store of food. There was barely enough in the cabin to keep them for twenty-four hours.

"They'll attempt to cut our water off first," Halliwell surmised. "Suppose we anticipate them by laying in a supply."

The running water in the cabin was furnished by gravity from a water tank above. Halliwell proceeded to fill pitchers, bowls, cups and pans to overflowing with the precious liquid.

"There," he exulted, "I think that will prepare us for a ten days' siege. Now if we had plenty of food we could defy them. I don't think they can break in here for some time. Besides they won't risk their precious lives even if they could batter down the door. I could pick them off singly in the narrow space."

Slowly Patricia began to regain her self-control under the inspiration of his words

and actions. She busied herself in storing the water away and then took account of their food supply.

"Barely enough for two good dinners," she said finally with a smile.

"That means four dinners on half rations."

"But there's breakfast and supper to consider."

"We'll cut out the supper. Two meals a day is healthier than three, the physicians tell us, and some recommend one meal a day. I've always wanted to try it. I think I'll begin now."

"If Mango had only—" Then she stopped and added, "Where is Mango? What will become of him?"

Halliwell shook his head.

"They won't kill or seriously injure him," he replied. "They will need his services as cook. Mango is really not so badly off as we are."

"Poor Mangol! If there was any way of smuggling food to us he would do it."

"Yes, but Mango couldn't do that without risking his life. I don't suppose we can expect any help from that quarter. No, we must work out our own problem."

Halliwell felt far less hopeful over their prospects than his words indicated, but he did not want to alarm Patricia. The food supply worried him. Without provisions they could not keep up the siege indefinitely. He was sure that the men realized it, and had abandoned their attempt to break into the cabin on this account. There was no reason for hurrying; the prisoners could not escape, and eventually they would have to emerge from their prison or die of starvation.

Even Blacky's rage at his defeat must have been cooled by this thought, for he no longer threatened them from without. A guard was placed at the door to see that Halliwell did not attempt to escape, but otherwise everything was as normal, apparently, as before the disturbance.

There was still a possibility that the men were planning some coup which would take them by surprise. To guard against this Halliwell made a careful examination of every part of the two rooms. He found no weak points except the door and the windows. The latter

were too small for any man to crawl through.

The door was barricaded with all the loose articles they could find, and when finished, it would take a battering ram to break through the obstructions and while the men were doing that Halliwell felt he could pick them off easily.

He watched the windows carefully. While no one could enter by them, it would be easy for an outsider to shoot through, although to do this the shooter would have to expose his face or body to the guns of the prisoners.

"No, I don't think they will risk that," Halliwell reflected. "Still, we must prepare for anything."

With thick pieces of boards taken from two chair bottoms he made shields in front of the windows so that any stray bullet might be caught.

"It won't be safe to have a light at night," he added. "That would place us at a disadvantage."

"I'm afraid we couldn't afford to burn a light many nights," Patricia responded. "Our supply of oil is low, too."

She smiled as she said it. She was recovering her spirits and was entering into the adventure with her old-time bravery.

"No great loss, then," agreed Halliwell. "It's too hot for lights, anyway. We have a bright moon, and that will serve us."

She looked at him quizzically.

"Either you are very confident," she said, "or you're trying to make me think there's little danger."

"I am both, Patricia," he replied seriously. "I think we can defeat them yet, and I don't want to alarm you needlessly. Wait until danger actually threatens us before worrying."

"I—I think you're very brave," she said simply.

"I have reasons to be brave, Patricia—I have you to protect. What man wouldn't be brave under the circumstances?"

For reply she looked thoughtfully at the barricaded door and murmured:

"I wonder if Blacky wouldn't compromise."

Halliwell sprang to her side and seized her hand.

"Compromise," he said forcibly, "is out

of the question. You could not trust him under oath. Yes, he would offer to compromise until he got us in his power, and then he would do as he pleased. Patricia, haven't you found out yet how worthless his promises are?"

She started from her reverie by his sudden earnestness.

"Yes, yes," she murmured. "He broke his word to me. Still—"

There were still lingering doubts in her mind. Exasperated by this, Halliwell asked sharply:

"What compact did you make with Blacky? Were you to marry him at the end of this expedition if he saved Mango and your parents—and me?"

She did not reply, but turned her head away.

"Patricia," he continued, "if he had kept his word do you suppose I would have permitted it?"

Then, as she still kept silent; "I should have broken up the arrangement by killing him the first chance I got."

"Oh, no, you would not do that—not after I had promised."

"You can make all the promises you please for yourself," Halliwell said firmly, "but you can't make them for me. You shall never marry that scoundrel so long as I live. I know you loathe—hate that man, and I—well, I may be able to settle scores with him yet. You saved his life once, but the next time it is his life or mine."

"Please don't talk of killing," she protested. "It's terrible!"

"Yes, it's terrible to talk of it or do it, but there are times when murder is excusable."

She turned from him and began dividing up the food in portions.

"Half rations for me," said Halliwell, "and one meal a day."

"We shall share evenly," she replied. "I can't take more than my share."

"But I'm not a bit hungry. You see," he smiled, "I don't get much exercise in the cabin, and my appetite is suffering."

"I should think you'd had exercise enough lately," said Patricia. "It was terrible to see him strangling you so, and I couldn't help you. I'm ashamed of myself, but I seemed to lose all power to

act or speak. I don't think I'm very brave."

"How about shooting Mango down when they'd strung him up? I thought that a pretty plucky act."

"I was in no danger then. I knew the men wouldn't hurt me. It was Mango who was in danger."

Halliwell surveyed her with a whimsical smile. She was, indeed, a combination of weakness and feminine bravery, and her modesty was a commendable virtue.

"And it took no courage to face Blacky and make him promise to save all your friends at a price that—"

She stopped him with a wave of the hand.

"Well, I won't speak of it again, but, Patricia, I heard all the conversation in the cabin between you before I tried to kill the scoundrel. You knew that?"

She nodded and flushed.

"Then we understand each other. Now we want to work together. They're against us, and we're against them. It's a life for a life, and the best man wins. Patricia, you can shoot. I know you can from what Mango said. Then I want you to go armed, and the first head, face or arm that shows at the window you must fire at. I'll do the same. We must let them know we're alive and wide-awake, night and day. We can take turns watching, for we can't both remain on duty all the time. We need rest and sleep as well as food."

He handed her a loaded pistol and laid the other on the table within easy reaching distance.

"That's our emergency battery," he explained jocularly.

Suddenly a shadow darkened the window. One of the crew was reconnoitering. Quick as a wink Halliwell jerked out his pistol and sent a bullet crashing through the opening.

There was a quick retreat of the shadow. Halliwell crept to the window. He had barely placed his face to the window when a bullet flattened itself against the metal frame. A second grazed his face, carrying away a strip of skin from his ear. He ducked back quickly.

"A mighty close shave!" he exclaimed, turning to Patricia. "Our friends are

pretty good shots. We'll have to avoid taking any sun baths for the present."

Patricia looked at him in alarm, and was startled by his injury. When he dismissed it as of no consequence, however, she sighed with relief and spread the table. There were crackers, canned tongue, a few cakes, and several jars of jam, not very hearty fare, and when it was gone, they would either have to starve or surrender.

There was a little tea in the cabin, and Patricia brewed a cup for each, boiling the water over a small alcohol stove. Halliwell turned on the water to get a drink, but found it dry.

"Our friends have cut off the water," he exclaimed, "but they were not quick enough. No danger of a water famine with all those pans and pitchers full. Well, I drink to the health of Blacky & Company."

Catching his spirit the girl dipped her cup in the pan and drank with him. Over the rims of the cups their eyes met and they smiled back assurances that all was well.

When night approached and darkness cast shadows across the sea they talked over the situation in low tones. The moon spread its white light through the windows and dispelled the gloom of the unlighted interior. All was quiet outside. The throb of the engine continued, and the yacht plowed its way steadily forward.

The men were evidently playing a waiting game. Blacky was sure that eventually he would tire or starve them into submission. This fear haunted the minds of both, but each tried to keep it from the other.

CHAPTER XVIII

The succeeding days and nights were filled with dread. Each moment Halliwell and Patricia expected some demonstration, some attack on their door or elsewhere. Under the stress of the situation their sleep was light and often feverish. The fear of a secret attack at night was the most alarming.

They had to take turns watching and waiting, with their weapons loaded and ready for quick action. Under the strain Patricia showed greater staying powers than Halliwell. He grew nervous and

irritable through the long, inactive hours of the days and nights. And always there was the spectre of their vanishing food supply! Their meals had become a mere farce.

They forced themselves into a gay mood which neither felt; but this acting lasted only so long as they faced each other. Alone for a moment they grew despondent and gloomy. They knew that the end was inevitable.

There was no foraging for food. Their captors knew this, and quietly waited until hunger and weakness drove their prisoners to desperation. Halliwell paced the floor in feverish anxiety or tossed on his cot in restless slumber, revolving over and over some scheme by which he could replenish their storehouse. He had hoped against hope that something would happen to bring them relief.

He could make a rush upon the deck and end matters in a few minutes. But what could he gain by sacrificing his life? He would leave Patricia a helpless victim in the hands of Blacky.

Rather than that he preferred to wait. If they would only make an attack, he could die fighting for her, and the two could then find release from all their sufferings. Death for her would be preferable to existence in the toils of Blacky.

* * *

Willingly Halliwell would have offered himself up as a sacrifice if Patricia could have been saved. But there was no way open for him. The thought of her possible future tormented him day and night. He slept with it, dreamed of it, and faced it in his waking moments as a hideous nightmare.

Each day they looked for some sign of land. If the yacht reached the island a possible chance of escape might be offered them. The men, in their lust for the treasure, would not all remain on the yacht, and the weakening of the guard might give them a chance to make a break for liberty.

But the yacht continued to plow its way through endless reaches of water. The sea reached up to meet the horizon, and no smudge on the skyline could be likened to the appearance of land. Slowly and silently fate was drawing about them

the bonds of an inexorable climax. They could not escape; they could not break through; they could only watch and wait—for the end.

When the last crumb of food had been eaten and washed down liberally with water, they faced each other across the table and smiled. They were brave, these two, even in the face of disaster.

"Dr. Tanner fasted forty days and lived," Halliwell remarked. "I wonder if we can do as well."

"I suppose we will have to test it whether we like it or not," she answered bravely.

"Thank heaven, we have water in abundance! Man may live without food, but not without water."

"I have a little tea left. We can drink that, too, and try to imagine it a rich, nourishing broth."

"My imagination balks at that. If it were coffee, now, I might do it. I wonder what a strong cup of hot coffee would taste like!"

She laughed smoothly.

"Or a steak with mushrooms."

"I'd be satisfied with plain pork and beans. When I think of the food that Williams has wasted it makes me angry. If I get out of this I'll never waste food again. I'll give thanks for every mouthful I eat."

"Necessity, I suppose, always makes us humble and grateful. I remember as a child, when I had the fever, I thought a glass of ice-cold lemonade was the most priceless thing in the world. I would have given my best dolly for that lemonade. But when I got well I didn't even like lemonade."

In trying to make light of their difficulties, they became better acquainted with that reserve force of their natures, which in some individuals is sufficient to carry them triumphantly through excruciating torment.

Hourly Halliwell saw his companion cheerfully meet the situation with a smile on her lips. She was not hungry, she declared, she did not need food; she was perfectly nourished. But there were little lines appearing on the forehead, and the blue veins were showing through the transparent whiteness of the skin—tokens

of approaching starvation and weakness that belied her words.

Halliwell felt the physical strain first through a restlessness which made it difficult for him to remain quiet for long at a time. He constantly busied himself examining the barricaded door or trying to draw their fire at the open window. This latter process gave him an infinite amount of boyish delight. Each time he succeeded in drawing a volley of shots at the mannikin he rigged up, he laughed like a child.

"They ought to have killed me a dozen times according to their reckoning," he remarked. "I wonder that they don't try to get in now, since I'm legally dead."

But no such effort was made to relieve the tension of the situation. Outside of the barricaded door all was quiet as if the guard had been withdrawn.

Then suddenly one night, when they had fasted for three days, and the gloom of weakness and despondency was heavy upon their minds, Halliwell was awakened from a feverish sleep by a peculiar rasping noise that at first seemed a part of his fitful dreams.

Patricia had taken the early watch of the night, and from sheer exhaustion Halliwell had fallen asleep on his cot. He had slept longer than he intended. He rose quickly and walked into the other room.

"Patricia!" he called gently. There was no response. Then he stumbled around in the darkness until his hand touched her forehead. She was lying on her cot in profound slumber. Weakness and exhaustion had overcome her in the middle of her watch. As Halliwell stood over her she awakened and sat upright.

"Don't wake up, Patricia," said Halliwell gently. "It's my watch now." She shook herself and staggered to her feet.

"Did I sleep on duty? Oh, what must you think of me! I just dropped down here for a moment, and then—you appeared. I don't think I was asleep. What time is it?"

"About midnight," he answered smiling, "I'll see."

He struck a match to glance at his watch.

Suddenly her hand touched his and gripped it for a moment.

"What is that noise?" she whispered.

"That's what I came in here to investigate. I heard it, and supposed you were making it."

"There it is again. It sounds like a rat gnawing at wood. Do you suppose the rats are starved, too, and have come to keep us company?"

"Their instinct would warn them away from this place," he said grimly. "No, it can't be that the rats have lost their senses."

"Then what is it?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to investigate."

They followed the intermittent sounds of the gnawing, and after making a round of the cabin they were led back into Halliwell's sleeping room. Here it was so distinct that they both listened breathlessly.

"It's in the galley," Patricia suddenly whispered. "It is right back of this partition. Somebody is working there."

"Sharpening a knife or sawing wood? But why should they be doing it at this time of the night?"

"Poor Mango! They're probably making him work all the time for them. I wish he was here."

"Listen!"

Halliwell had applied his ear to the partition. For a few moments he was very quiet, and then he turned and whispered:

"Somebody is sawing against this partition."

"Why would they do that?"

Halliwell debated a moment and glanced up and down the wall of the room. It was all solid oak and mahogany, an inch or more thick.

"I think," he said slowly, "that they're trying to saw through the panel. It's to be a rear attack. They hope to weaken a panel, and then rush through it while our attention is directed to a feint in front."

The rasping noise continued, stopping at intervals as if some one on the other side was listening, and then beginning again.

"Draw the curtain over the window, Patricia," directed Halliwell, "and I will strike a match. We'll locate the point of attack."

The window was entirely darkened and Halliwell held the flaming match close to

the wall. Both he and the girl gave a little start or exclamation.

A thin-bladed saw protruded about three inches from the wall, but it was not so much this as the thin line of saw-dust that startled their eyes. This described almost the complete arc of a circle nearly two feet in diameter.

The circular piece of panel had been cut so far that a slight pressure from without would force it inward. The hole thus cut would permit the body of a man to crawl

shoot one so helpless, but I am afraid it will be part of the game."

Again the sawing was renewed, now slowly and softly. Halliwell stood at one side with his pistol ready. He dared not light a match again for fear of attracting attention. He motioned Patricia to remove the curtain from the window. By aid of the bright moonlight he could now make out the circular line cut in the panel. He could even see the thin blade of the saw flashing in the light.



"Golly," he panted, "it's a tight fit, but I'm glad I'm here"

through without much difficulty. Halliwell blew out the match. There was no movable article in the room heavy enough to block the entrance to the hole.

Even while they debated what to do the circular piece of panel began to tremble and creak. The sawing was instantly stopped.

"I don't think it will be finished tonight," Halliwell whispered, "not unless they begin an attack on the door. That will be necessary to divert our attention from the hole. We can easily shoot down any one who attempts to crawl through here. It would be like cold-blooded murder to

Finally the panel began to tremble. The saw had nearly completed the circle, and the block of wood was held by a thin strip. It began to bulge inward at the top. Then fingers could be seen through the crack pulling gently on the circular piece.

Halliwell leaned nearer, his gun within a few inches of the hole, waiting for the first sign of a face. He would shoot to kill.

Patricia crouched close to the wall. With the sawn circle protruding a few inches inward there was a moment of breathless suspense. The intruder held it as if waiting for a signal.

Then came a soft whistle through the

hole, at first so indistinct that Halliwell was not sure it was made by the man in the hole. It was the signal that everything was ready for the attack.

"I'm going to shoot," he whispered desperately to Patricia.

She nodded mutely. In a moment a louder whistle greeted their ears. Somehow the signal did not work. There seemed to be a delay.

"Well," Halliwell thought, "I'll begin the battle now."

But before he could explode his gun point blank into the slowly widening crack, he felt Patricia's hand on his arm.

"Wait! Wait!" she cried, "I know that whistle. It—it—is Mango's."

For an instant both were too dumbfounded to speak. Then the girl called softly:

"Mango!"

Instantly from the other side of the hole came the sound of a voice which neither could mistake.

"I'm here, missus. Golly! I'se here with lots to eat. Ain't you hungry?"

For reply both impulsively stretched forth their hands and grasped the tray which Mango was trying to force through the hole. Then he wriggled through the opening himself.

"Golly," he panted, "it's a tight fit, but I'm glad I'm here."

"Mango, you—you—"

Between hysterical sobs, Patricia clasped her arms about his neck and actually kissed his black cheeks, much to the darky's embarrassment. Halliwell expressed his gratitude by clapping the negro on the back, as he said:

"Mango, you're certainly a brick! If I ever have a fortune I'll give you a big slice of it."

Mango grinned and first rubbed his cheek and then his back.

CHAPTER XIX

They ate heartily of the food thus miraculously provided for them by Mango. They even forgot to ask if this was to be their last. In the darkness Mango could only grin in silence, sure that he had never before served a more appreciative couple. When they had satisfied their appetites Halliwell asked:

"How did you do it, Mango?"

"I sawed through the wood," he beamed.

"Yes, but how could you do that without being discovered?"

"I sleeps in the galley now. They got to abusin' me so that I took my cot and set it up in the galley. I felt mighty lonesome without missus, an' that was the nearest place to her."

"But if they should come into the galley and discover this hole?"

"They couldn't find it. It's back of the locker. I had to crawl in the locker and saw out the back of it."

"Then the hole doesn't open directly into the galley?"

Mango grinned and shook his head.

"I keeps the locker closed, and I carries the key."

"Why, Mango, you're a genius," cried Halliwell. "Who'd ever have thought of that? Then you can slip us in food at night and not be discovered?"

"Yes, mister, but I'm goin' to slip in a lot tonight so if I don't get a chance right away again you and missus won't starve."

"A brilliant idea, Mango. Stock us up for weeks. Then we can hold out indefinitely."

Thus fortified they fell to eating again with little thought of the danger ahead. It was a gay midnight party. Mango standing by their side tried to conduct himself like a regulation waiter, his face beaming with delight. Outside, the swish of the waves and the steady roll of the yacht sounded distant and far away, until Halliwell roused himself.

"What are the men doing, Mango?" he asked. "Have you heard them discuss their plans?"

"They was goin' to starve you out," answered the negro, "that's what put the idea in my head. I couldn't nohow let missus starve to death when there was plenty to eat so near. Every time I watched 'em eat I wanted to crack 'em over the head an' tell 'em they was nothin' but bloody murderers, and—"

"Have you heard when they expect to reach the island?" Halliwell interrupted.

"They's lookin' for it now. Every day they says we ought to be near it, an' they's so disappointed when they don't see it that they take another drink."

"Do they abuse you much, Mango?" anxiously inquired Patricia.

"Not more'n usual. But that ain't nuffin'. I kin stand it. I hollers a lot, an' they thinks I'se terribly hurt. They don't like it when I don't holler. So I holler as if it hurt me like death. Then they laugh an' let me alone until the next time."

Mango's philosophy had certainly been born of experience, and it had worked like a charm.

"Are you armed?" Halliwell asked.

"No, mister, I ain't. They took my pistol away, an' I ain't got nuffin' but that razor."

"Then put this in your locker and keep it ready for an emergency. Don't show it, but if you ever have to use it shoot to kill."

"Sure, I'll shoot to kill," grinned Mango. "I won't be caught waitin' for 'em to plug me with holes. If I se got to die some of 'em has got to go with me. I ain't particular which one of 'em it is, but I thinks I'd like to take the captain."

"No, not him," said Halliwell with a grim smile. "He's my particular game. Mango, you must leave him for me. I want to settle old scores with him."

Meantime Patricia began to clear the table, carefully placing the remaining food in her locker, despite protests from Mango.

"Mango," she said seriously, "if you had starved as we have for the past few days, you'd never waste a crumb again. I can't bear to see even a crust of bread wasted."

"But, missus, I'se got lots of things for you in that hole—lots an' lots."

And to prove his words, the loyal negro crawled back through the hole, and a few minutes later thrust samples of what he had in reserve. Freshly baked bread and biscuit, butter, canned chicken, tongue, canned milk, tea, coffee and crackers.

"Enough, Mango!" Halliwell whispered, chuckling. "You'll starve the crew and fatten us up so we can never get out of here alive."

"There's plenty left—whole boxes full," declared Mango, as he crawled back to their cabin. Then with a twinkle in his eye he said to Halliwell, "Missus laid in enough to provide a crew twice as big as we got."

"She certainly was a liberal provider," agreed Halliwell, while Patricia affected to pout. "Now, Mango, we must agree upon some code of signals. It may be risky for you to crawl through here often. Suppose someone should come into the galley and find you gone?"

"Then they'd have to come here for me. I'd never go back."

"We'd never let you," said Patricia decided. "They'd kill you."

"When you come to the hole," suggested Halliwell, "you must signal to us. We'll know then that it is you, and not one of Blacky's men. Now three taps and then two short ones a moment later—that will be our signal. I'm going to replace that piece of wood and stand some furniture against it. Nobody can enter it without my permission. If they do—look out for this!"

The darky rolled his eyes and looked with awe upon the weapon.

"I'll sure remember the signal," he said.

"And now, Mango, for your own safety you'd better return," said Halliwell. "I'm afraid some of the men may get suspicious."

"Yes, I'll go," sighed the darky. "I ain't sure but they'll get hungry in the middle of the night an' call me up. They do it sometimes. They're terrible eaters an' drinkers."

"Then do go at once, Mangol!" urged Patricia.

The darky worked his way through the hole carefully, Halliwell watching. In the darkness he could see nothing through the aperture. Suddenly a small ray of light appeared. Mango had opened the locker and stepped out into the galley. The two in the cabin breathed easier.

"A way of escape for us, Patricia, in an emergency," remarked Halliwell with a smile. "We could make a flank attack upon them in that way. If they attempt now to batter down that door they'll find their prison empty."

Besides the new courage given to them by the first good meal they had enjoyed for days, this prospect of a possible exit from their prison brought hope and joy. It was not exactly a pardon, but it was a reprieve that meant much. Refreshed and strengthened, Halliwell resumed his

watch and ordered Patricia to take her rest. But she refused.

"I don't really feel the need of sleep or rest," she said. "It was faintness that made me so weak. I think I'll sit up with you. This moonlight on the water is beautiful."

"Yes, the moon and the water are perfect."

A silence fell between them. For a long time they sat there together, while the witchery of the moon on the waves worked strange fancies upon their overwrought minds. Once the girl sighed and moved a hand. Halliwell attempted to clasp it with his own, but she rose, saying gently:

"I—I—think I am tired now. I will rest."

CHAPTER XX

There was no longer any dreary waiting for the time when human nature, starved into submission, should force them either to yield to their captors or lie down and die from sheer hunger. The morning light brought them a new tenure of life. They were strong and happy, with new things to occupy their minds. Patricia with her alcohol lamp began experimenting in cookery.

She was a resourceful cook, and planned meals and dishes that whetted her companion's appetite. From their period of starvation they went to the other extreme, though they were prodigal with their supplies, never wasting a crumb.

Perhaps some inkling of the truth, or some suspicion caused by their laughter, reached their captors, for they were more frequently disturbed by outside interruptions. Several times during the day a bullet whizzed through one of the windows and embedded itself in the wooden protection. Late in the afternoon they heard a noise outside the barricaded door. Someone was trying it, working softly and gently, but with great force. Halliwell sent a few bullets into the door to warn the intruders away.

The truth of the matter was that Blacky was getting suspicious. At first it seemed feasible enough to starve them into submission, but on later thought he began to wonder if they had not provided beforehand for just such a siege. If they had

stocked the cabin with food, they could laugh at his vain attempts to torture them by slow starvation.

When this idea had filtered thoroughly into his brain, he began to curse himself for an idiot. He raved and tore his beard, vowing eternal vengeance upon the man who had knocked him into insensibility and robbed him of the woman he desired.

His passion increased until it was at a white heat. In this condition of mind he determined to make a grand assault upon the door and break it down. He had fought and triumphed too many times with the riffraff of the South Seas to hesitate now where his desires were concerned.

After all, five men should be able to break down a cabin door, no matter how well barricaded. It was the deadly gunfire back of it that really mattered. This might prove disastrous if the attacking party was not protected.

Blacky did not intend to invite death needlessly, and his crew were equally devoid of any rash desire to court danger of an unnecessary nature. So they conceived the idea of making shields for their heads and bodies until they could rush the fortress in the open.

When the attack began in good earnest, Halliwell realized that this was no feint. The men were battering on the door with heavy axes, and its stout timbers were soon rent and splintered in a dozen pieces. The first appearance of daylight through the door was the signal for a fusillade of bullets.

Halliwell shot rapidly and recklessly at first, hoping to frighten the men, but when they did not retreat but continued to ply their axes he grew more cautious and economical of his ammunition. He shot only when an arm, head or shoulder appeared through the breaks in the door.

The barricade was still holding, but with the door once destroyed it was only a question of time before the rest of the obstacles would be removed. The men worked continually under cover. They did not so much as attempt to return the fire. If they had only fought in the open, or attempted to shoot him through any one of the numerous holes made in the door, there would have been some satisfaction.

But this shooting at an invisible target was a bit irritating. Halliwell was wasting his ammunition in filling the door and barricade with lead. He waited grimly for a time, hoping that his silence would induce one of the men to show a head. Intently watching every aperture made in the door, both he and Patricia stood with their weapons ready for a quick shot.

But they had no chance. Even when the door was splintered to pieces the men were concealed behind shields made of boards, covered with sheet iron that had been torn from the floor of the engine room.

Halliwell turned a trifle pale at this sight. The men did not intend to give him a fair fight. They would close in upon him, protected by their self-made shields, and make short work of the battle. Exposed in the opening to their bullets he had no more show than a naked savage facing a regiment armed with modern rifles.

"Patricia, we must retreat to the galley," he whispered when he fully realized the situation facing them. "Go and crawl through the hole. I will keep them busy until you're safe."

"But—you?" she stammered. "Are you coming, too?"

"Yes, if they will let me. I'll make it as difficult as I can for them to break through that barricade. Then I'll make a run for it. It's our only chance."

"Come with me, now," she pleaded.

"No, not yet—not until you're through. If Mango is there tell him to whistle when you're safe."

She still hesitated and clung to his arm. A heavy rattle of axes on the barricade alarmed them. Halliwell gently pushed her toward the door.

"Go," he commanded brokenly, "before it's too late! I'm coming directly."

The girl looked at him and silently obeyed. Halliwell dared not watch her as she went. The barricade was already trembling under the impact of the men. In another moment it would topple over and he would be cornered like a rat.

Again and again he shot at the hands or arms that showed for a brief instant. Once he knew that he had hit the mark, for there was a curse and a blood-curdling yell. He smiled grimly.

Now two bullets whistled close to his head. Some of the crew had found a vantage point from which they could draw a line on him. Still he could not retreat until he was assured of Patricia's safety. Another bullet hit him in the shoulder. He winced, but returned the fire, which brought forth a groan from behind the barricade.

Then softly and welcomingly Mango's whistle sounded behind him.

"Coming!" he called back.

As the last of the barricade began to topple over he dodged into his room, closed the door behind and bolted it. He waited long enough to move his cot against it. Then just as the barricade outside went down with a crash, and the crew rushed into the cabin with a yell of defiance, he started to work his way through the hole into the galley.

He heard the crash of bodies and weapons against the inner door. It would be merely a matter of seconds before they would break through that door of pine. Still Halliwell made no haste. He took time to fit the circular piece of wood in place and when in position attempted to brace it there. He wished to make his method of retreat as mysterious as possible. The men would eventually discover the hole, but time was precious.

He felt a tug on his legs, and Mango whispered behind him:

"Quick, mister! I got to fill up the hole!"

Halliwell permitted himself to be half pulled through, and the next moment crawled into the locker and from there into the galley. He was no sooner through than Mango pushed past and temporarily stopped up the entrance with a heavy keg that he had prepared for the emergency. Then turning the key in the locker he grinned happily.

"They's got to work some to get through there. Ain't much room to smash around with axes."

Patricia was there, white of lip but firm of eye, a weapon in either hand. They were all well armed, but they had to get their men out in the open to make the combat anywhere near equal.

"We can't stay here," Halliwell said, after a hasty examination of the galley. "We're no better off than in the cabin.

Not so well, I imagine. They can pick us off from three sides down here."

"Gollies! they's got to get a taste of this if they do," said Mango, patting his weapon and flirting it around his head.

Halliwell was trying to take in the situation as a whole. There was need for hasty action. They could not stay in the galley and expect to escape with their lives.

"Mango," he said sharply, "are all the men in the cabin?"

"Yes, sir, all of 'em except Stumpy, an' he's steering for'ard."

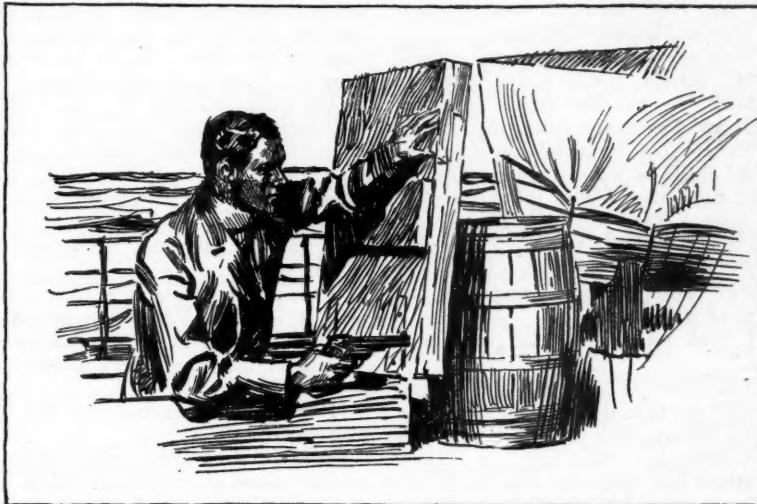
"No one on the after deck?" he asked.

There was a wild yell, followed by a series of curses from the cabin. The men had broken into the inner room and found their prey gone. They were now engaged in tearing up any possible refuge that could conceal a person, pulling open lockers, and knocking down partitions.

"Now's our chance," Halliwell whispered. "If we get cornered there we can at least drop into the sea. That's preferable to falling in their hands."

"Gollies, there's sharks in the water!" replied Mango, rolling his eyes.

"Yes, and there are human sharks in



"The next one will clip an arm, Blacky," Halliwell called out

"No, sir, they's all for'ard."

"Then we're going to take possession of that part of the yacht. If they attack us we'll have them in the open."

Halliwell was unfamiliar with the yacht's design and construction, but his general knowledge of such boats induced him to think they had a possible chance of holding off the enemy by hiding behind the main cabin or possibly the hatch cover. Once there they would have protection from the bullets of the men, who to reach them would have to rush out in the open.

"We must get aft," he said decidedly, with his plan of action carefully mapped out in his mind.

the cabin. Of the two I prefer the sharks of the sea."

Patricia shuddered and nodded. She, too, preferred to take her chances with the finny man-eaters of the deep.

"Bring all your guns and cartridges, Mango."

"Yes, and something to eat," Patricia chimed in. She caught up a few boxes and packages, remembering their recent period of semi-starvation.

They presented a queer spectacle as they emerged from the galley and stole along the deck to the after cabin. With arms full of miscellaneous packages, they gave the appearance of a party of sneak

thieves loaded down with their pilfered booty.

They found everything quiet and deserted on the deck and in the main cabin, as they had expected. All the crew, except Stumpy, had been requisitioned for the attack on the cabin. Stumpy was forward steering, and his eyes were looking straight ahead, with an occasional glance down at the cabin from which the noise proceeded.

Halliwell was disappointed by the arrangement of the main cabin. The windows were on all sides, and those opening aft offered them no protection. The men could shoot at them through the glass and quickly rout them.

"We must get behind the hatch cover," he said quickly, taking in the situation. "Patricia, you can find shelter down the hatch, and Mango and I can guard it."

The hatch cover was raised so as to form a solid shield of wood through which no bullet could pass. With this breastwork for defence, they felt reasonably secure for a time. The crew to reach them would have to rush across twenty feet of exposed deck with nothing to shield them from the storm of bullets.

"I think we can hold this fort for a time."

"Yes, mister, this is a mighty safe place. We ain't got to feed sharks yet awhile."

"No, Mango, we'll give the land sharks a few lessons in shooting first."

Patricia had descended into the hatch. She came up a few seconds later with a smiling face.

"There's water down here," she whispered, "and food."

They remained quiet for a long time, enjoying the mystification of their pursuers. Suddenly they heard shouts and loud laughter.

"Found the hole, I guess," remarked Halliwell. "Well, now find us."

This was true. Blacky had stumbled upon the circle cut through the wall, and his rage was unbounded. One of his men crawled through it, but found the obstructing keg. Sandy and Red hurried around to the galley to watch that end.

"No, don't shoot yet," Halliwell whispered as Mango raised a pistol. "Let them hunt for us. When they find our hiding

place we will have time enough to use up our cartridges. Time is everything in a battle like this. Who knows but we may reach land yet in time for us to escape."

The men remained in the galley for some time. Enshrouded securely behind the hatch cover, the three could hear muffled curses from below, accompanied by the ripping and tearing of wood. Misled by the idea that their victims were hiding somewhere in the walls between the forward cabin and the galley, the men were frantically tearing away all obstructions.

Meanwhile, the yacht was bowling along smoothly under the guidance of Stumpy, who began to show impatience at the outcome of the attack. He offered a fair target to the hidings. On the raised deck ahead his figure stood out in sharp relief.

"We could pick him off easily," Halliwell once remarked, "but I don't think we need to. We don't want to hold up the yacht."

Patricia scanned the horizon in every direction.

"If we could only reach the island," she murmured.

"I wonder how far off it is. If we could sight it, I think I'd take a chance in swimming under the cover of darkness."

"And be marooned there for the rest of your days?"

"I'd take the chances—with you and Mango along."

Patricia sighed. She was thinking of another scene of marooning which had been indelibly impressed upon her mind. Would she ever live to know the result of that long-ago tragedy?

"Listen! Here they come!"

Halliwell ducked down behind his fortification. The men, led by Blacky, were rushing pell-mell from the galley, murder in their eyes and loud oaths on their lips. Before they reached the entrance to the after cabin, Halliwell raised a hand and took aim. It was a fair shot, and Blacky bulked large on his horizon; but even then he hesitated. He could not kill in cold blood when his victim had no chance. He lowered his weapon, and then a puff of smoke and flame shot forth from the muzzle.

Blacky fell with a groan, and his men pulled up short in consternation. Halliwell

had aimed for the leg instead of the body, and the giant leader dragged one foot limply as he tried to rise.

"That's to show you where the line is, Blacky," Halliwell called out quietly. "Don't attempt to cross it! We've decided to take possession of this part of the yacht."

There was a moment of silence and surprise among the crew. To be held up in this ridiculous way by one who, by all the laws of the sea, should long since have been in their power, was exasperating. Nothing but the spectacle of their leader down with a bullet embedded in his leg could convince them that it was not a mere joke.

Blacky's wound served to aggravate his passion. Dragging his wounded leg behind, he rushed forward like an enraged bull, shouting fearfully:

"Kill the devil! Kill him! You—you—"

Further words were interrupted by another crack of Halliwell's gun. This time Blacky was placed beyond the power of assaulting the fortress. The bullet struck the ankle of his good leg, and he dropped on his knees, cursing and bellowing like a giant bear.

The others had not been so eager to invite injury, and stood back in respectful silence.

"The next one will clip an arm, Blacky," Halliwell called out.

"Why don't you kill him, you cowardly curs? Shoot him!" cried the wounded giant.

Turning upon his men with a face of rage, the leader swore and cursed them for possessing all the cowardly sins that he could invent. Halliwell listened to the impotent ragings of the man, and then retorted:

"They have more sense than you, Blacky. I wonder now if—"

He did not finish the sentence. In his interest in the fallen leader he forgot the very caution which he was attributing to the rest of the crew. His head and shoulders were exposed a bit too recklessly. Sandy and Red with the quickness of expert marksmen raised their weapons and fired.

Halliwell felt one bullet whistle close to his right ear, and then experienced a sharp pain in his chest. One of them had struck him squarely so that he reeled backward. But as he swayed he pumped desperately with his automatic, and sent a stream of leaden missiles in the direction of the group.

Almost simultaneously shooting seemed to break out all around him. Vaguely he wondered what had happened. Had some of the crew stolen around in the rear? Or were they—

Then he seemed to see red, and the sky and water assumed a great flaming path of crimson that obscured his vision.

(To be continued)

LOVE'S GUEST

YOU, who in Love's halls have wandered,
Viewed her treasures, touched her wine,
Heard the music of her sighing
As her eyes fell soft on thine,

You must know the glory hidden
From the stranger at the gate,
Who for just one glimpse within it
Long hath waited—long may wait!

—Henry Dumont, in "*A Golden Fancy*."

At Gettysburg

NOW fields are fair with ripening grain
As they were fifty years ago
When on the hill-slope, on the plain
Wild storm of battle burst amain
With cannon's thunder, shrapnel's rain
And smoke beclouding summer's glow.

These fields were then wide threshing-floor
Whereon was winnowed chaff from grain;
Deep-bedded straw was trampled o'er
By mustering troops of army corps,
Was matted with thick-clotted gore
Shed faster than dry earth could drain.

As on Pharsalia's fatal field
Rome's standards were once firmly set,
When Roman hands were strong to wield
A Roman sword 'gainst Roman shield.
So here were kindred armies steeled
To fiercest fight—in conflict met.

What pulse on Marston Moor was stilled
Beat strong at Gettysburg once more,
For battle hostile ranks were drilled,
With zeal the patriot soul was filled,
Hearts were with lofty courage thrilled
As they had never felt before.

It was the Roundhead's lineal son
Matched with brave son of Cavalier;
With Cromwell's Ironsides the one
Could claim proud share in victory won,
And one could claim was duty done
To rightful King, with conscience clear.

As billows rising from the sea
Roll in and dash against the rock
With no effect, then sullenly
Are swept by undertow to be
Reformed, so Pickett's infantry
Charged to the ineffectual shock.

These slopes of fresh, green grassy sod
On that bright, pleasant July day
Were washed and drenched with red, warm blood
Poured out with life as in a flood,
Wet soil was trampled into mud
By shattered regiments of gray.

Around God's acre on the height,
A place to slumber dedicate,
Long time and fiercely raged the fight,
From early dawn until the night
Shut out the ghastly scene from sight
Death wrought, grim harvester to Fate.

Thick-sown as stars are on the sky
Are graves found on this field today,
Unnamed are these to passers-by,
Comrades along with foemen lie,
God knows which—souls that glorify
The Union blue, Confederate gray.

—Isaac Bassett Choate.

THE BOOK OF GLADYS

Laura L.^{b'y} Hinkley:

MAY 1: I am fourteen. Almost everybody, however, would take me to be fifteen or even sixteen. I would not have made the above sad confession of my age, except that I have determined to tell everything, no matter how painful it is, like Marie Bashkirtseff or Mary MacLane. I have read those books, at least the interesting parts, for a great deal of them is not interesting, but some of it is. This book is to resemble the interesting parts, only it will be about me instead of them.

I will begin first by describing myself. I am petite in figure, and even my enemies cannot deny that I am beautiful. I have a mass of fluffy, blonde hair, large gray eyes with long lashes set in an exquisite girlish face, and a small, piquant, mocking mouth. I have a very slim waist and the daintiest foot and ankle. I wear lacy, fluffy gowns made with short sleeves revealing a lovely bare arm (oh, I wish they were not so thin!) and a skirt of modish cut. To see me dressed for one of our school dances—we have them every Friday night—is indeed a charming sight. Yet I live in terror on that account. Papa and mamma say they will not let me go if my grades fall below eighty per cent, and Miss Dunham is so hateful about marking me

down for every little thing. Anastatia Wetheral is another of my worries, which are almost worse than our deep sorrows. She is my cousin and lives with us and gives music lessons; but she hasn't any sense at all of her dependent position, as she ought to have, and, though she pretends to be very friendly and is too crafty to say anything, I feel that she is an influence against me. Because when I was getting my lavender crepe mamma asked her if she didn't think it was too grown-up for me, and she said it went beautifully with my complexion, and I suppose she thought I didn't see that she was just turning it off. But people cannot deceive me. I have the fatal gift of insight.

Two terrible griefs are eating out my young heart. The first is that I have to live in this wretched little town far removed from all that makes life pleasant, or even endurable. Oh, the cities of my dreams! Paris, how often have I trod thy streets in fancy! Or, if not Paris, then New York! Oh, to be seen and known and admired as I deserve to be! I have only one consolation, and that is the source of my other sorrow. If I were there, I should be parted from—one who is here. This is my secret sorrow. I sometimes talk about the other, but never this, not even to Ethel



You have guessed aright. I love!

Williams, my dearest friend. Yes! You have guessed aright. I love!

He is as handsome as a Greek god (though not at all like them in the pictures in the Classical Dictionary). He is very dark, and very tall, and very broad-shouldered, and dresses exquisitely. He usually wears a gray suit. In rainy weather he wears a raincoat that makes me perfectly insane. And his gloves are heavenly. It seems so marvelous that he should be so dark and I so fair, and that he should be so tall and I so little, and—perhaps most marvelous of all—that he should be a man and I a girl! His name is Walter McLaughlin, and he is the cashier of papa's bank, so, you see, it is very suitable. But, oh, the terrible, racking uncertainty I have to endure about his feelings! Usually something tells me that he adores me the way I do him. But, of course, he dare not betray it on account of my youth. That is one of the agonies of being young.

MAY 2.—I tried an experiment today. I read something like it in a book. It was warm and the windows were open, and I sat in the parlor and listened to the footsteps going by. Pretty soon one came up the walk, and I didn't look, and the blood sort of buzzed in all my veins, and my heart cried out that it was he. It wasn't, though; it was Jimmy Tredick, come to ask me where the Cicero lesson was.

MAY 3.—Today I read some of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." I supposed from things I had heard about this play that it would be interesting, but it isn't at all. I told Miss Dunham in class that I thought Shakespeare a greatly over-rated author; and she said in that nasty, sarcastic way of hers: "Miss Pulver will explain to us why she thinks Shakespeare over-rated." So I said I thought his love scenes were not natural; and everybody laughed, and Miss Dunham smiled her hateful, sarcastic smile.

I made up a balcony scene from a play this afternoon that is much nicer than the one in "Romeo and Juliet." Only the balcony is the little one on the front of our house, and I was the girl and he was the lover.

MAY 4.—I have told Ethel all. I did not feel it right to keep anything from her

faithful heart. And I have read her most of this book. She thinks it is perfectly wonderful. I did intend that no human eye should dwell on it till after my death—and her *eye* didn't because I read it to her.

Yesterday was Friday, and we had a lovely dance. I wish he could have seen me, but he doesn't go to "kid" dances. I danced most with Jimmy Tredick and Tom Bruce. I was very brilliant and coquettish and alluring.

MAY 8.—Something happened today. He called. I chatted gracefully and carelessly for awhile, and then I slipped out and left him with Anastasia. A light went out of his face as I disappeared. He stayed an awful long time, though. I went up on the balcony (that's what I went out for) and waited, and waited, and waited. At last, when he did come I let a flower fall at his feet. That's the way my balcony scene begins. I had to take a tulip because the roses aren't out yet. He looked up and saw me and laughed, and then he picked up the tulip and stuck it in his buttonhole, and went away very fast. Maybe he was afraid he would say too much if he stayed; his feelings would run away with him.

MAY 10.—Tried the balcony scene today with Jimmy Tredick. I used a big lilac blossom, and I had on my white organdie with the blue ribbons. Jimmy stopped and talked a long time; but it wasn't really satisfactory because he talked just like Jimmy. I wonder what Tom Bruce would do.

MAY 13.—Ethel told me today that Clara Snyder said that Gladys Pulver didn't do a thing but sit on their upstairs porch and throw flowers down at the boys! The *hateful thing*! Well, I guess she needn't talk! Everybody knows she just worked her head off to get Jimmy Tredick to go with her this spring. Of course, I just scorn her and everything she says. I wouldn't lower myself to pay the least attention to her. I just laugh at her jealous insinuations.

Ethel and I are going to get up a sorority. It's going to be awfully secret, and nobody will even know that it exists except those we take in. I'm so mad about Clara Snyder I can hardly think of anything else. You bet she don't get in!

JUNE 12.—I haven't had time lately to write in this book. I've been so busy with the sorority. All the girls are crazy to join, and the boys are just wild to go with sorority girls. Tom Bruce says they're going to get up a boys' fraternity and have it regularly affiliated. Maybe the Alpha Omegas will affiliate, too, when I find out how it's done. The superintendent made a speech about us in school this morning, full of mean things, though they haven't a particle of evidence. He said the board of education had made a ruling against all secret societies. I don't care what the board does because papa is president of it. We've initiated fourteen girls already—I tell you, they did some stunts, too, for initiation!—and the others are just frantic. The way we do, when someone who isn't in comes around and goes to hinting about it, or asks us right out, we smile sweetly and say we can't say anything about it, or we pretend we don't know what they're talking about, and then we go off with someone that is in, and talk and laugh together *secretly*, and it makes them simply *wild*. We're going to initiate Clara Snyder tonight. I decided to because Ethel thought she'd just be mean enough to get up a sorority of her own if we didn't. And then I thought of the things we could do to her initiating her.

I had a narrow escape with papa last week. Luckily, when we found out how mean the board and the teachers were going to be, we made a rule that if anyone asked you whether you belonged to the sorority you could say you didn't. That question dissolved your connection for the time being. So when papa called me into the library and asked me if I belonged to that secret society, I told him I didn't—now. Then he asked if I had and what I knew about it, and I said I couldn't tell on the other girls; so he said, very well, that would do. I must stop writing now, and think up some more initiation stunts for Clara.

EVENING.—Oh! oh! oh! The most wonderful, wonderful thing has happened! I am trembling so with ecstasy and excitement that I can scarcely hold the pen. *He adores me!* I have heard him say so. But wait, wait! I have only a little time to tell it before that old initiation.

When I came in this afternoon, he was

in the parlor talking to Anastatia. I thought he didn't seem particularly glad to see me and wanted to go on talking to Anastatia alone, but it just shows how you can misinterpret a person. Of course, when I thought that, I *wouldn't* go away. So pretty soon he went, and when he started he said something very low to Anastatia, and she went out on the walk with him, and they walked up and down in the garden talking confidentially.

Do you know the pangs of jealousy, dear reader? But of course you do, because I am only writing for that kind of readers. No one who has not experienced that fatal passion in its most terrible form, and few indeed of those who have, can understand the tortures of those agonizing moments. But pride upheld me to the last. I went to the piano and played a mad little waltz very loud, and the windows were all open, so they couldn't help hearing how much I cared. Then I took my Cicero, in case anyone should come in, and sat down and tried to think up some way to pay back Anastatia.

Pretty soon I heard their voices outside the window. The blind was pretty well down and the woodbine outside covered the rest, and the couch is just under the window inside. So I went over very softly and lay down on the couch, and pulled pillows under my head till my ear was level with the sill, and I could hear everything they said just as plain. Anastatia was talking, but I was so excited I couldn't understand what she said, but I could tell from the tones of their voices that it was something dreadfully confidential and kind of full of feelings. The first thing I heard him say was:

"Then you think there's some chance for me?" with a little sort of laugh.

I nearly shrieked. I thought he was proposing to Anastatia. I peeked through the creeper with one eye. They were standing quite close to the house, and he was pulling leaves off the climbing rose and breaking thorns off the rose-stems with his thumb without looking at Anastatia.

She answered, very soft and sympathetic, that she should think there might be a chance for him, but it wasn't for any third person to say. At that "third person" my heart beat once more.

"She's seemed so much absorbed in other things lately," he said.

"Her school duties, you know," said Anastatia.

I almost shrieked again. I clutched Cicero with a tense and trembling hand.

"She lays so much stress," he went on—"I know she does—on this nonsensical disparity in our ages."

I stuffed the pillow in my mouth to keep from shrieking. I kicked my feet up and down on the bottom of the couch and dug my toes in. I couldn't help it.

"Of course, it's nonsense," he said.

"Of course it is," Anastatia answered.

"You know her so well," he continued. "I rely tremendously on your judgment, Anastatia. You've been awfully good to me. A fellow has to talk to somebody once in a while when he doesn't dare to speak out."

Then they began to walk away and I couldn't hear any more. Just then the gong rang for supper. I had to go to the table with the shock of this overwhelming revelation upon me, and the frightful revulsions of feeling I had been through. Such is my marvelous power of concealing my feelings, however, that no one noticed anything different about me. And now, I've got to stop and go to that initiation.

MIDNIGHT.—It really isn't nine yet, but midnight looks better; and besides enough has happened to make it the middle of next week. We should count time by heart-throbs, and my sakes! I guess mine has throbbed some since I stopped writing! A bewildering succession of the most amazing, exciting and puzzling things has transpired. But let me collect myself, and calmly narrate the events of this astonishing evening.

I'm going to skip the initiation, because if I don't I'll never get to the most exciting part. We had it in Ethel's barn-loft. I have to tell you that because you couldn't understand without. We've been having them—initiations—around in different places where we wouldn't get caught, because the enemy have been hot upon our trail. Well, we had Clara blindfolded, standing in the midst, and we were just going to apply the test of fire and sword (I made that up) when Jane Lewis, our sentinel, rushed in among us, pale as death

and gasping that we were discovered, that someone was coming up the stairs. And sure enough, as soon as we kept still we heard the stairs creak and a kind of shuffling noise outside. Somebody blew out the light, and we all made a dash to get away. There's another way out of Ethel's barn, where they put the hay down for the horses. A lot of us tumbled down there. And, oh! there was someone there, too! Some men or boys! They caught the first girl that got out. I heard her squeal. I was the next. I dropped down in the manger and crawled along under the horses' noses. Pretty soon I came to a wall that wouldn't let me go any farther. I peeped cautiously over the manger. It was all dark, and I thought even if there was anyone in that part of the barn, they wouldn't see me. I heard trampling sounds overhead and a voice that I'm sure was Mr. Carley, the science teacher's. That made me mad to get away without being caught. With the calm courage of desperation I climbed out of the manger and stole noiselessly across the barn. As I whipped out of the door, I heard someone near the corner of the barn say, "There's one!" and run after me as I darted up the alley. Oh, how I ran!

I slipped and fell once in a horrid muddy place where a hydrant had been leaking. That shook me up and got me all muddy and pretty soon I got a dreadful stitch in my side, and had to gasp for breath so I thought the whole town could hear me. I saw a place under Mr. Simpkins' grape arbor just big enough for a small girl to crouch into and be half covered with leaves. I hid myself there, and my pursuer went by without seeing me. I knew him; it was a senior boy, one of Miss Dunham's pets. I heard him run to the end of the alley and down the street a little way, and then turn and come back slower. I couldn't run back, for I heard voices that way. I was caught in a trap!

That awful moment I saw him. He was sitting beside a table, writing in a book, in Mrs. Simpkins' back parlor. The blind was up, and I could see him just as plain by the lamplight. It came to me like a flash that he roomed there, and I'd heard he had two rooms on the ground-floor. And I knew there was a door open-

ing into that room under a peach-tree in the back yard. I didn't hesitate an instant. I couldn't on account of the fellow that was coming back down the alley. I went right up to that door, opened it and stepped inside. As I closed the door behind me, I put out my hand and pulled down the window blind.

He looked up. The thing he said was strange. I suppose it was the surprise of seeing me there like an apparition of his heart's dearest desire—he said: "What in—thunder!"

I didn't feel a bit frightened—just keen and excited and all nervy, you know. I said quickly: "Mr. McLaughlin, let me stay here a little while, and then take me home. Afterward we can talk about other things."

Something impelled me to say just that. I have thought since I've been writing that it might have been better just to have been mysterious and elusive and fascinating and arch like Robert W. Chambers' heroines. My not doing it shows how quick-witted I am, because it wouldn't have done on account of the mud I got on me when I fell down by the hydrant. My taking that tone with him prevented him from showing his feelings. He said rather drily:

"Hum! Yes, I begin to see. But suppose your papa wants to put in a word or two about those other things?"

Then I saw he had been dreading papa's opposition. I said coyly: "Oh, I think I can manage papa!"

"Um!" he said in rather an odd tone. "Perhaps you can. Well, I won't ask any indiscreet questions. Suppose you come over here and let me scrape some of the mud off you."

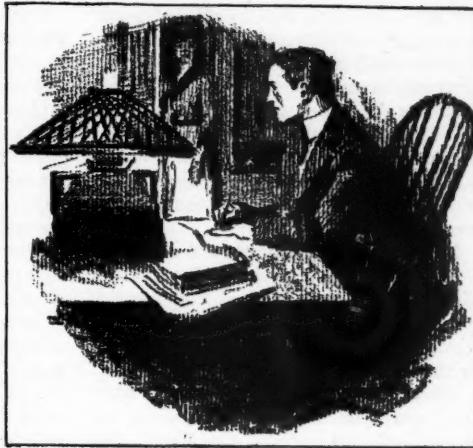
I went over and stood on the rug, and he scraped the mud off with a paper knife and put it in the waste-basket. There he was actually kneeling at my feet, and I knew he adored me, but it wasn't a bit like anything I had ever dreamed. I didn't say anything because I just couldn't think of anything to say, and that was odd for me.

I observed all the details of his room with my swift glance: but I will not stop to describe it now. Somehow the situation wasn't romantic like you would have thought. It was all the fault of that old mud.

Pretty soon he said, "You're putting me in rather an awkward position, Miss Gladys. I can hold my tongue about this business, but suppose I'm asked—by your father, for instance?"

I said very intensely, "Don't you think you ought to *lie* to shield a lady's reputation?"

And then the most bewildering thing of



"What in—Thunder!"

this bewildering night happened. He laid the paper-knife down on the rug, and *laughed*, not loud, but in a sort of muffled way, getting red in the face. Then he said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Gladys. It hadn't struck me in just that light. Now, if the infuriated populace have subsided sufficiently let's slip out of the front door and go home."

"Wouldn't it be safer," I asked, "to wait a little longer?"

"It might," said he in a solemn, intense way, with a queer look in his eyes; "but then, you see, I have a lady's reputation to consider."

We went. Nobody was watching. We walked along under the stars, and the mud on my dress didn't show, and I took his arm

and felt romantic again. I felt that then was the time for us to say what was in our hearts. So I said softly, "Don't worry about papa."

"Oh!" he said, as if he had been thinking about something else. "No, I won't."

"Everything will be all right," I said, still more softly.

"Well," he said, "I hope so; but I wouldn't rely on it too much, if I were you, Miss Gladys. This has been a regular raid."

"Oh!" I exclaimed pettishly, "as if I cared about that!" But I saw we were talking at cross purposes, so I tried another way. I said archly:

"Do you think it was dreadful and bold of me to go into your room?"

"Oh, that's all right," he said; "I understand there was considerable outside pressure."

Well, that wasn't any better, so I tried another way. I said with a kind of tender seriousness: "I never can thank you enough! Some day I'll try to thank you—properly."

He said something quick and impatient—I think it was, "Oh, shucks!" and I saw that his noble soul revolted from thanks, and also that he thought it would not be honorable to speak frankly under the circumstances.

We were home by this time. The front door was open and the light turned on in the hall and nobody was about. He stopped on the sidewalk and said,

"All serene! You'd better make your get-away quick."

Our hands met in a swift, passionate pressure that told all—at least, the palm of mine and the back of his did, for he didn't seem to be expecting it—and I had fled.

I'm actually getting sleepy; I thought I never should want to sleep again; and it's terribly late, so I'll go to bed.

JUNE 13.—Everything is discovered! All is known! I don't mean about me and Walter, I mean about the sorority. They caught a lot of the girls and they told all they knew, "implicating me," as papa says. And they found a list of members and stunts in my handwriting. It all seems so childish and distant to me now. But of course, I couldn't explain that to papa.

The really important thing is this: Papa is going to send me to a convent.

Of course I cried quarts. Papa said such horrid things. Oh, he is frightfully mad. I never knew papa to be so unreasonable; but I think I made him sorry at last, for he called me "little girl"; but he said, "That goes about the convent, though!" so I know it does. Of course I made him think I hated it like everything; but really I think it will be interesting. You see, the girls in a convent school will be from rich and stylish families, and they will probably have lovers, and a convent is so romantic anyway. I have begun to plan my clothes already. Papa heard me and mamma talking about it, and said the sisters would require everything perfectly simple, but mamma said, "Of course, she must have something decent, Horace," so I know I can have what I want.

I wonder what Walter will do when he finds out I am to be sent away! I shouldn't be surprised if he wanted us to be married right off! If papa objects—and of course, he will, he is acting so mean—maybe Walter will want to elope! It gives me delicious little shivers all over to think of it.

JUNE 14.—Hah! What mocking words are these that glare up at me as I open once more this Book of my Heart? I have been through the depths! Young as I am, I have sounded the uttermost reaches of anguish. I have read the falsity of man's heart, and I turn away with a hollow laugh from the allurements of love. Oh, I know what men are! They deceive us! They pursue us! They fling us aside! The brutes! But, I forgot, dear Reader, you cannot possibly understand the reasons for this bitter, bitter misanthropy. I will explain it.

The thunderbolt fell at dinner today out of a clear sky. Papa was talking about something, and he said all at once:

"By the way, Walter is engaged."

You can imagine how I felt!

"Mercy!" said mamma, "Who to?"

"I fancy Anastasia knows something about it," said papa. Anastasia smiled a prim little smile with her lips shut.

"They've kept it pretty quiet," papa continued. "The lady has been coy, and I believe it was only settled last night. I've

a notion that her difficulties this year helped to settle it. When a woman gets into trouble she realizes the advantage of having a man to take the brunt of things. Walter expects to be married this summer."

"Goodness, Horace," cried mamma, "aren't you going to tell us who to?"

"Why, to Miss Dunham, of course," said papa.

Then he happened to look at me, "What are you staring at, Gladys?" he said. "Better let bygones be bygones, and wish her joy."

I rushed out of the room. Just before I slammed the door I heard mamma say, "Horace, you mustn't tease the child!"

I have cried and cried until I can't cry any more. Of course, they all think it's about going to the convent; but I'm glad I'm going there. It's the only thing I want to do now. To hide my bruised heart in the cloistered shades, to stray, a pale and pensive presence, among the veiled and silent nuns; to be a living, breathing monument of a mysterious per-

petual sorrow—that is my only desire now. I shall probably take the veil.

I had a note from Jimmy Tredick today. He said he had heard that at convents they read all the letters you wrote or received, and he proposed to write to me in a little fine hand and sign a girl's name and write just like a girl; only fix up a secret code so that some words in the letter would say what he meant. I got quite interested in that for a little while, till I remembered that all is vanity.

My plans for my clothes are coming on pretty well. I'm going to have some things that will make the girls in that school sit up and take notice. I don't care who they are. Probably some of them will invite me to visit them in the East, and when I come back the bride of some handsome young millionaire, I shall nod and smile scornfully at *Miss Dunham's husband*.

I wish I didn't have to wait so long to go to the convent. I bet there won't be another girl there as passion-torn as I am.

THE BEACH FLOWER

By ROBERT W. NEAL

SANDS stretching bright and burning;
Sun beating fiercely down;
A simmering swell, low churning,
A beach all parched and brown;—

A desolate, bald shingle;
No blade of grass; no bloom;
As bare as plains where mingle
The dead in their drear doom.

But see! A-sudden springing
A flower—a beam of cheer—
Life, color, beauty bringing!
The summer-girl is here!

The Making of the Nation's Capital

by Mitchell Mannering

FOR centuries men said "All roads lead to Rome," and they were not only often the grand military roads of the Empire and their lesser branches, but the desires, ambitions, good and evil, of all who longed to look upon and dwell within the imperial city.

Other cities have at one time and another attained this sovereignty and charm, and today Washington is yearly becoming one of the great cities which millions of people in all parts of the world plan to visit at some time. The once "City of Magnificent Distances" has become the Magnificent City to whose majesty, beauty and attractions all highways and seaways are annually bearing an increasing multitude of pilgrims, and yearly the Capital is becoming more worthy of its traditions of the past and splendid endowments of the present. When the history of the creation and enrichment of Washington is rewritten, it will record a splendid, purposeful accomplishment of great things under the handicap of a conflicting and shifting authority, largely due to changes in senatorial and congressional elections and party administration.

At the farewell dinner tendered William Howard Taft by Washingtonians upon his retirement from the presidency, the history of the government of the District of Columbia was reviewed by Mr. Theodore N. Noyes, editor of the *Washington Star*. The District formerly had a common council, and it was the custom to pass a resolution of thanks to retiring presidents. This was always done, except in one instance, when the resolution was vetoed by the mayor, because he did not feel that President Martin Van Buren had done anything for the Nation's capital that deserved local appreciation. Today the new members of Congress are rising above the bickerings and jealousy of the past in recognizing that the residents of the city of Washington are a part of their constituency and as much a part

of their district as those living in their home town, for Washington is "the district at large." Even a Congressman having only a temporary residence in Washington can find no reason or excuse for looking upon the citizens of Washington as mendicants or thieves, because of an earnest interest in building up their home city in the same local spirit that a congressman would manifest in his own home district. In meeting Washington business and professional men, no open-minded observer can fail to endorse the sentiments expressed by President Taft in his farewell speech to the citizens.

"I have been here for the last nine years continuously," the President said, "and I believe I have been in such position as to know if graft or undue gain at the expense of the public were rife or had any substantial existence."

"I do not mean to say that every man in Washington in business or in banking is as pure and as disinterested as a saint, but I do mean to say that, as cities go, there is no city in the country where there is less graft, where there is less food for scandal, where there is less manipulation for the private exploitation of individuals at the expense of the public than in Washington. The District must acquire from Virginia that land which was formerly in its possession, in order that it may have room to grow."

* * *

After reviewing the work accomplished by Washington citizens and the members of the Senate and House who have had an appreciation of the responsibility resting on them as national legislators, it seems unfair that any citizen of Washington who has been foremost in planning and accomplishing things should be the target of congressional criticism from members in far-off states, whose constituents as citizens of the United States would certainly resent anything that would tend to detract or retard the development of

Washington. It is not so much the opposition as the indifference of Congress that has injured Washington city. In combatting this lassitude Washington citizens have been subjected to unjust attacks. Washington of today concedes that Mr. Charles C. Glover, known and respected by everyone, has been a great personal factor in the progress of the nation's capital. With business foresight he has saved the government many thousands of dollars in obtaining from the property owners options which have been made over directly to the government for land needed for public improvements.

The enmity of some congressmen toward the District of Columbia has aroused the indignation of the people of all parts of the country, and no less a person than Thomas Nelson Page, the author, calls the situation tragic, because legislators have created an impression that the residents of the city are rich, while the facts are that as a city Washington with no manufactures or commerce, is comparatively a poor man's city, with its large clerical population. The plans of L'Enfant would never have been realized had it not been for the self-sacrificing and energetic citizens of Washington who have steadily and persistently pushed forward the needs and necessities of the capital. There are men living in Washington today, and chief among them Mr. Glover, who are entitled to more credit for the Washington of today than many others glorified in the pages of history. Every foot of land held in the district traces its original title back to the Federal government, and the Federal government has always had absolute rule over the district and the people. While other territories have delegates in Congress, the people of the District of Columbia must rely on every congressman doing his share to give them fair representation, having no voice in the selection of the men who govern them. The old part of the district in Virginia should be again reseeded, to give Washington at least a fair opportunity to grow and expand in some orderly and artistic manner beyond her old boundaries as other cities are privileged to do. The erroneous assumption that the city is composed of wealthy residents has done the District a great deal of damage, and

all that the people of Washington ask is that the city should be treated as other cities on the same footing throughout the country.

The history of the city of Washington today would never be complete without the names of certain citizens who moved by patriotic zeal, have exerted every effort to make the nation's capital a city worthy of the distinction bestowed upon it by the Father of His Country—such men as Mr. Charles C. Glover, who has been a resident of the city from his early boyhood.

* * *

Year after year Mr. Glover has worked incessantly with this object in view, absorbed in projects for the making of the Washington of today, and providing for the necessities of the Washington of the future. The origin of the reclamation of the Potomac marshes and the Corcoran Art Gallery were all matters to him of vital concern, and especially the inception of that queen of municipal glory, Rock Creek Park, an incomparable park project, which was due to the foresight of this patriotic citizen of Washington and crowned him with an achievement lasting and enduring.

Well do I remember the day on which Mr. Glover gave up his business and other affairs to go to the capital to try and induce Congress to take action in a matter which he knew would mean saving a great deal of money to the government, and to follow out plans for a hundred-acre addition to Rock Creek Park. The price in the appropriation bill was \$423,000, and the options on the property were made out for the Government park purposes alone. Mr. Glover's whole heart and soul had been concentrated in the project, on which he worked early and late. It is charged the measure was adroitly killed at the critical moment by unfair and covert charges and insinuations. Later developments show that if the bill had not been defeated, the government would now possess, according to the statement of some of the opponents, property worth from \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000, preserving all its natural beauties, including Connecticut Avenue bridge and the Massachusetts Avenue causeway which together

cost the District of Columbia \$1,250,000. It would have been made the beginning of a great park connection which must eventually be made with the Potomac Park on the south.

The project had been thoroughly investigated and approved by the commissioners of the District of Columbia, and by the committee of the Senate and the House, and there seemed to be little doubt up to the last moment that the bill would pass, and to parade as glory the defeat of the bill which lost to the government the most picturesque portion of Rock Creek Park seems like praising New York aldermen if they had neglected to buy Central Park at the right time, for now this ravine and notable park of a hundred acres that Mr. Glover worked so hard to secure is gone forever, and is turned over to residential purposes.

As visitors ride among the glories of Rock Creek Park during the hot days of summer sessions, the initiated keenly appreciate the work of Mr. Glover. The letter of the late Congressman Hemphill tells the story:

My dear Mr. Glover: The bill to establish Rock Creek Park, which passed Congress only after the most strenuous efforts, has been approved by the President and is now a law. As it was at your request that the bill was introduced, setting aside this beautiful section of the country as a park for all time, I desire to congratulate you on the final approval of the measure, and to say that without your earnest, intelligent, and untiring efforts during the entire contest, it would, in my judgment, have failed to become a law. Your valuable work in behalf of this great pleasure ground at the National Capital ought to be known and long remembered by the many thousands who shall hereafter enjoy it.

Yours most sincerely,
JOHN J. HEMPHILL.

In addition to this Mr. Glover received the plaudits of all the newspapers, even those not personally friendly, giving full credit to his public-spirited efforts. He labored with the same zeal in the case of the Potomac Flats Park improvement and the new Corcoran Art Gallery. On the borders of Rock Creek Park he offered to let the government have land purchased long after the park was established for exactly what he paid for it, although the price had then greatly advanced. There

was talk at the time of changing the title from Rock Creek Park to Glover Park in recognition of the service which Mr. Glover had rendered in furnishing Washington with a park so unequalled, and in replacing the mud bars on the Potomac with a beautiful stretch of green.

It is to be remembered, however, that many senators and congressmen, as well as public men generally, have had a vision of the true proportions of the national capital city. Recent evidence of this is given in the provision for the parkway connecting Rock Creek and Potomac Park to beautify that stretch between Washington and Georgetown, which has always been an eyesore. In the parkway will be located the new Botanical Gardens. This bill was passed through the efforts of former Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island, who was ever tireless in the interests of the National capital in connection with the legion of patriotic citizens who feel that the nation's capital should be set in order in pursuance of the progressive spirit of the nation.

The frank and exhaustive detailed statement presented by Mr. Glover was a summary not only of the splendid work he has done, but unfolded future plans which no one could read without feeling that the nation itself, to say nothing of the city of Washington, owed him special recognition for patriotic services. Despite all opposition his work elicited praise and appreciation from people from all parts of the country when they visit Rock Creek Park and drive over the boulevards of Washington. Future generations will have reason to be grateful for the persistent work which for forty years has devoted most of his time and energy in a public service that will endure after those attacking him have passed into oblivion. The District of Columbia and the nation represented in the House and Senate are realizing the importance of co-operation in efforts so clearly and manifestly for the benefit of the country at large, and the chill of congressional indifference to the nation's capital is passing under the glow of the enthusiasm of the people to whom Washington as a city has become their pride and glory.

Deferring Old Age

by A CRITICISM

HALLAM WINTER

SINCE the days of Cicero and his celebrated essay "De Senectute," comparatively little of moment has been written for the lay reader on the subject of old age; its contributing causes, its effects on mind and body and the best means of minimizing and deferring its ravages, and their final consummation in death.

Dr. Arnold Lorand, well known to the frequenters of the baths of Carlsbad, Germany, and to European physiologists, has in his book "Old Age Deferred," lately published by F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia, given to the world an immense amount of information, deduction and advice on this interesting subject. The results of years of research, observation, medical practice and individual experience are given, which in the language of a Berlin medical journal, "is meeting in a happy way the newly-awakened tendencies to prolonging human life by scientific hygiene."

Dr. Lorand utterly disagrees with Professor Osler as to the possibilities of vigor and effectiveness long after the conventional limit of "threescore years and ten" has been attained, and recites many instances of long life and continued mental and physical activity.

Among these are named Thomas Parr who died at London, England, in his 153d year, who was married at 130, and was declared by the celebrated Dr. Harvey, who performed an autopsy, to show no such hardening of the cartilages, etc., as is common in old men. Drakenberg, a

Dane, lived to be 146 years old, was married at 111 years of age to a woman of sixty, and when she died fell in love in his 130th year, but was unable to secure another wife, partially owing to his frequent spells of intoxication, but principally owing to his refusal to take any but a young wife. Peter Albrecht, a German, married in his eighty-fifth year, had five children and lived to be 123 years old. Gurgen Douglas, of Sweden, died in his 121st year, had last married in his eighty-fifth year and had eight children, the last born in his 103d year. Baron Baravicino de Capellis, an Italian nobleman, died at Meran, Austria, in his 107th year. He had married four times between his seventeenth and eighty-fifth years, and had seven children. John Bagley of Northampton, England, attained 130 years; Petraz Czarteu, a Hungarian, died at Kopros, near Temesvar, aged 185 years, leaving a son ninety-five years old; one of "Old Paris'" female descendants died in Cork, Ireland, aged 103. Joseph Surington died in 1797 near Bergen, Germany, in his 160th year, leaving a young widow and a boy of nine, and an eldest son of ninety-five; Maria Williamson, of a Finnish village near St. Petersburg, lived to be 115 (1692-1807). Her brother died in 1767 aged 108 years; Jean Thuret, a French soldier wounded in many battles, died at 104; his mother lived to be 118, and his uncle, 130 years old. H. Jenkins of Yorkshire, England, appeared as a witness

concerning happenings and conditions that he had remembered 140 years previous. Two sons accompanied him, one was 100 and the other 102 years old.

Goethe founded the opera of "Faust" in his eighty-third year. Ninon d'Enclos at ninety still inspired the admiration of the young men of her day. In Bulgaria, which has astonished Europe by her victories over the Turks, it is said that there are more than 3,800 persons who have lived over a century, out of a population of only seven millions, while Germany with its 71,000,000 inhabitants had only seventy-one centenarians. It is claimed that the health and vitality of the Bulgars is largely due to their daily consumption of "jogurth," a fermented milk product, which it is claimed eliminates the cause of auto-intoxication.

* * *

The rapid advance of old age is attributed by Dr. Lorand to the insufficiency of the ductless glands. He favors the use of the active principle of several of these in medicine, and especially of the thyroid gland, whose healthy condition he considers of the first consequence to good health.

Of course he advocates the usual hygienic methods of increasing and sustaining the bodily health, advocates marriage as conducive to long life and deprecates single blessedness, although himself a bachelor; prescribes moderation in food, drink and exercise, and yet condemns the extremists in these regards; and commends the good effects of religious belief and mental suggestion, even as remedial and preservative agencies.

The free use of pure milk as food is highly recommended, the use of tobacco is condemned as hastening that hardening of the arteries and veins which ends in apoplexies and paralysis. Spinach, carrots, green beans, boiled lettuce, cabbage, graham and brown bread and fruits are advised to keep the system healthy, and

spinach, asparagus, strawberries, cabbage and cherries are commended as the best way of supplying iron to the blood. The doctor disagrees with Moses on the subject of using animal blood as food, and advocates eating blood puddings or sausages as a means of strengthening anemic and exhausted systems. It appears that in Europe, and especially in Denmark and Norway, physicians frequently prescribe such foods to chlorotic and other anemic patients. In Switzerland this class of patients often go to the slaughter houses and drink the fresh, warm blood which is described as tasting much like salted rich milk, and has given wonderful results in some cases.

Regular times for eating Dr. Lorand says should not be rigidly observed, unless one is also hungry, although the appetite may return if some relish or simple food is taken before the regular meal. When there is an abnormal lack of appetite, however, food must be taken to maintain vitality. It is more important than medicine.

The question of proper clothing, house-warming and ventilation; the prevention of improper marriages, the care of the hair and skin and many other matters affecting the health and the prolongation of life, are taken up in detail and carefully elucidated. As a popular work for the use of laymen, it uses the jargon of the schools and non-English quotations too freely, but a lexicon at the back of the book enables the reader to understand the medical terms, although some of the definitions are decidedly open to the same criticism.

These, however, are but "spots on the sun," for the book is worthy of all praise. An increase of the term of useful life by the means recommended by Dr. Lorand must be a benefit to the race because it must be bought and paid for by a life that is cleanly temperate, moral, loving, cheerful and religious.



THE MEN OF THE WEST

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

IN the great alchemy of life
Wedding their tenderness and strength
God shaped them fit for love and strife,
And gave them brawn and nerve and strength.
Teuton and Celt and rugged Norse,
Briton and Russ and sturdy Dane,
Fate made them for the plow, the horse,
The men of mountain and of plain.

The waste place and the desert sand
They made to blossom as the rose.
They touched the rock as if with wand,
And swift came largess of the snows.
Their feet struck fire from out the earth
But this was but the lesser gain—
They gave the land their lives of worth—
The men of mountain and of plain.

Not as the tribes of marsh and moor
In blindness asked but roof and food;
They toiled with purpose clear and sure,
They wrought the larger, wider good.
Their herds upon a thousand hills,
Their cities and their fruits and grain,
Lo, this the wonder of their wills—
The men of mountain and of plain.

Where nature is both broad and wide
They grew in stature with their skies.
Their souls enlarged with spacious pride
Swept to the giant's girth and size.
Their heritage is not of dust
But splendid heart and soul and brain:
Kings of the open, staunch and just—
Hail, men of mountain and of plain!

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-sixth day
of June, 1913. Lawrence S. Bearse, *Notary Public.*
(Seal) (My commission expires September 7, 1914)



CAPTAIN BIGELOW (WOUNDED) OF THE SACRIFICED NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY,
SAVED UNDER FIRE AT GETTYSBURG BY BUGLER CHARLES W. REED

The Battle of July 2d at Gettysburg

by A Veteran

ON the morning of July 2d, 1863, the Union Army at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, extended in a line from the front of Little Round Top along the base of the elevated ground and ridge to the north at Cemetery Hill, and thence in an elbow to the east at Culp's Hill. It was about three miles in length. The Third Corps under the command of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles extending the line in the direction of Round Top with its left resting near Little Round Top was the extreme left of the Union line of battle. The second Corps under the command of Major-General Winfield S. Hancock was immediately on the north on the line toward Cemetery Hill. In front of these Corps and to the west were two of the three Corps of General Lee's army, that under the command of Major General James Longstreet (Pickett's Division being absent) at the extreme right and joining it on the left and north the Corps commanded by Major-General A. P. Hill, while the Corps under Lieutenant-General Ewell confronted on the north and northeast the Union line from Cemetery Hill to Culp's Hill.

While entirely unexpected by both Generals Lee and Meade, the battle of July 1st had been very severe, and with great losses to both sides had ended in a crushing defeat of the 1st and 11th Corps of the Union Army. Major General John F. Reynolds, in command of the 1st Corps, was among the killed in this battle. There was so much uncertainty in the whole situation and lack of information that the battle was not continued after the repulse of the Union troops, but the battle of July 1st had determined that there was to be more fighting and that Gettysburg and its vicinity was to be the battlefield.

At this time all the Confederate forces were not on hand, and there were still many of the Union troops on the march to Gettysburg, arriving at various hours—

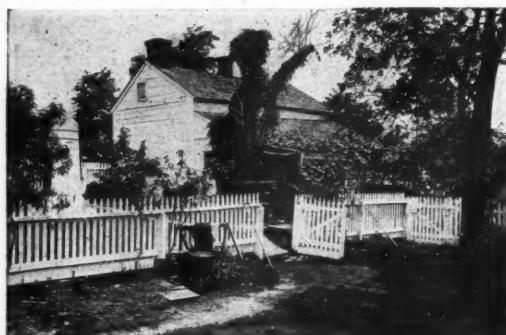
from midnight of July 1st until noon of July 2d. On the morning of that day, however, most of both armies were present and had been placed in position.

Every moment since early morning the Union lines expected to be attacked at some point, though no one knew where. About nine o'clock the Confederate skirmishers were seen to the west and northwest of the town about a mile and a half away, and they kept extending their line further toward their right and the Union left until opposite to the extreme left of the Third Corps. About noon the Signal Corps from the top of Little Round Top and the cavalry on the Union extreme left reported the Confederates in heavy force, making dispositions of battle to the west of Round Top and opposite the left of the Third Corps. All of these were closely watched, and all information relating thereto was hurried to the commander of the army. The hours wore away and still no attack was made by either army.

The position of the Third Corps upon the low ground at the foot of Little Round Top was felt by General Sickles to be unfavorable for a successful defense against the attack which he expected the enemy would soon make upon him. Hancock had particularly pointed out that the left of the line was the weak part and liable to be turned by the enemy. Meade was early informed that Sickles was in trouble about his position and that the left of the line was not fixed and in readiness for battle. Sickles was very anxious, as the ground from Cemetery Ridge to Little Round Top was low and marshy and commanded by the ground in front of it, while to the left were woods and rocks, the possession of which would be a great advantage to the enemy. As yet no preparation to meet the expected assault had been made and no orders had been received from General Meade, but he had sent Brigadier General Hunt, chief of artillery,

to General Sickles and directed him to inspect the ground at Peach Orchard with Sickles. This was about half a mile to the front and on the Emmettsburg Road and was the highest ground between the armies, commanding Cemetery Hill and especially Sickles' position in the line of battle and the ground occupied by the Second Corps. General Lee had ordered General Longstreet to occupy it first of all, as it afforded a splendid position for the Confederate artillery. Sickles' skirmishers had been posted there on the night of July 1st and were still in possession, and on the morning of the 2d two of his brigades which had been delayed marched down the Emmettsburg road to

almost nine o'clock at night. On the side of the Confederates were the whole of Longstreet's Corps, except Pickett's division; and Anderson's five brigades of Hill's Corps, while on the Union side were Sickles' Corps of ten thousand men with the first division of the Second Corps and the Fifth Corps. The attack was begun on the left flank of Sickles' Corps between the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, by Hood's Division of Longstreet's Corps in an endeavor to turn the Union left. Fifty-four guns were in action during that attack. In front, at the Peach Orchard, General McLaws with his division and Anderson's five brigades of Hill's Corps, all under the personal supervision of General Longstreet, made the assault on the Third Corps. In opening the attack by his flank movement and supporting it as he did, Longstreet was aiming to capture Little Round Top and the rough and wooded ground in its immediate front, but the offensive and aggressive movement of Sickles to the Peach Orchard seriously interfered with any flanking movement that might be attempted. Bates, the Pennsylvania historian, says of this movement to the Peach Orchard that had not Longstreet



MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS, GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863
From which General Meade was driven by Alexander's artillery storm

that point and from there marched to join in the line at the foot of Little Round Top. Learning from his skirmishers, who were beyond the Emmettsburg road, that the enemy was massing upon his left, without waiting any longer, he moved his corps forward to the Peach Orchard, but so much time had elapsed that no opportunity was afforded him for creating defenses. In answer to a summons by General Meade, he had gone to a council of officers, but just as he was about to dismount, the roar of cannon announced the opening of the battle, and General Meade ordered him at once to return to his command.

* * *

Then began the battle of July 2d, 1863, at Gettysburg. It lasted from about four o'clock in the afternoon until

been attacked and arrested by the timely offensive of Sickles he would doubtless have taken Little Round Top, and the battle would have been fought on other ground. The artillery reserve and supplies of the Union Army were in the rear of the Round Tops, and a successful flanking movement would not only have exposed them to capture but must have resulted in the retreat, if not the flight of the Union Army. General McLaws of the Confederate Army received reports from his scouts that no troops were there to oppose such a movement and that they were undefended. General Warren, who was sent by General Meade to examine reaching the top of Little Round Top just before four o'clock in the afternoon, found it undefended and easy to be taken by the Confederates.

The enemy opened slowly at first and from long range, but he was square up on Sickles' left flank. As he opened upon Sickles with his batteries, some five or six in all, Sickles, with as many, replied and with much more spirit. It was not long before the cannonade ceased, the enemy retiring out of range. It was now about five o'clock. The enemy seemed to be opening again and Confederate batteries were advancing. In the intervals between his batteries, far to Sickles' left, appeared the long lines and columns of the Confederate infantry moving out to the attack. As the enemy were advancing on Sickles' flank he commenced a change of front by throwing back his left and forward his right, but before this was executed, new Confederate batteries opened upon his right flank, his former front, and in the same quarter also appeared the infantry of the enemy. Giving Sickles fierce battle, they tried to gain the left of the Third Corps and moved into the woods at the west of Round Top. Here the Fifth Corps and the first division of the Second promptly engaged him and the roar of battle became twice what it was before. The Third Corps had been pressed back considerably, but the battle there still went on with no considerable abatement on our part.

Lieutenant Frank Haskell in his description of the battle written shortly after the event says:

"During all the morning, and the night too, the skirmishers of the enemy had been confronting those of the Eleventh, First and Twelfth Corps. About nine o'clock in the morning, I should think, our glasses began to reveal them at the west and northwest of the town, a mile and a half away from our lines. They were moving toward our left. They kept extending farther and farther to their right toward our left and continued to do so until their right was opposite the extreme left of the Third Corps. About noon the signal corps from the top of Little Round Top and the

cavalry at our extreme left began to report the enemy in heavy force, making dispositions of battle to the west of Round Top and opposite to the left of the Third Corps. We watched all of this posting of forces as closely as possible and all information relating to it was hurried to the Commander of the Army. Longstreet's Corps was upon their right, Hill's at the center. These two corps occupied the second or inferior ridge to the west of our position. When I have said ours was a good defensive position this is equivalent to saying that that of the enemy was not a good offensive one. Somewhat after one o'clock P. M. the skirmish firing had nearly ceased. A movement of the Third Corps occurred,



PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863.
The culmination of the great massacre

which I will describe. I cannot conjecture the reason of this movement. From the position of the Third Corps to the second ridge west the distance is about a thousand yards and there the Emmettburg Road runs near the crest of the ridge. General Sickles commenced to advance his whole corps from the general line straight to the front with a view to occupy this second ridge along and near the roads. From our position we could see it all. Sickles pushed forward his skirmishers who drove back those of the enemy across the Emmettburg road and thus cleared the way for the main body. The enemy opened slowly at first and from long range but he was square up on Sickles' left flank. As the enemy opened upon Sickles with his batteries, some five or six in all, firing

slowly, Sickles, with as many, replied and with much more spirit. It was not long before the cannonade ceased altogether, the enemy having retired out of range, and Sickles moved forward again to the position he desired, or nearly that. It was

part. Fresh bodies of the rebels continued to advance out of the woods to the front of the position of the Third Corps and to swell the numbers of the assailants of this already hard-pressed command. The men there begin to show signs of exhaustion, their ammunition must be nearly expended, they have now been fighting more than an hour and against greatly superior numbers. The Third Corps is being overpowered. The enemy are close upon them and among them and after a heroic but unfortunate fight is being literally swept from the field."

Then came a change. The cry of the enemy ceased, and the men of the Union began to shout and their lines to advance. The great assault, the greatest ever made upon this continent, had been made and signally repulsed, and upon this part of the field the fight of the second of July was soon over.

Pursuit was made as rapidly and as far as was practicable, but owing to the proximity of night and the long distance which would have to be gone over before any of the enemy could be overtaken, further success was not obtainable today. A large number of prisoners were captured, almost all their dead and such of their wounded as could not themselves get to the rear that were within our lines, several of their flags were gathered up, a good many thousand muskets, nine or ten guns and some caissons lost by the Third Corps and three of Brown's batteries were all safe now with us, the enemy having had no time to take them off.

Five or six hundred yards from where the Third Corps was making its last opposition, Generals Hancock and Gibbon rode along the lines of their troops and at once cheer after cheer rang out along the line for Hancock and Gibbon and our Generals. Such fighting as this cannot last long. It is now near sundown and the battle has gone on wonderfully long already, but a change has occurred. The rebel cry has ceased and the men of the Union begin to shout and their lines to advance. The

HIGH WATER MARK AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3, 1863
Here General Armistead broke through the Union lines with a few brave followers

now about five o'clock. The enemy seems to be opening again, and as we watched the rebel batteries seemed to be advancing there. The enemy seems to be fearfully in earnest this time, and what is more ominous than the thunder or the shot of his advancing guns, this time in the intervals between his batteries, then far to Sickles' left, appear the long lines and the columns of the infantry now moving out to the attack. As the enemy were advancing upon Sickles' flank he commenced a change of front by swinging back his left and throwing forward his right; but this movement was not completely executed before the new rebel batteries opened upon Sickles' right flank, his former front, and in the same quarter appeared the rebel infantry also. The enemy is still giving Sickles fierce battle and tries to gain the left of the Third Corps and for this purpose is now moving into the woods at the west of Round Top and the roar of the conflict was heard there also. The Fifth Corps and the first division of the Second promptly engaged him and the roar of battle became twice the volume that it was before. The Third Corps has been pressed back considerably but still the battle there goes on with no considerable abatement on our



rebels are breaking: they are in a confusion in all our front. The Confederate assault, the greatest ever made upon this continent, has been made and signally repulsed and upon this part of the field the fight of today is now soon over. Pursuit was made as rapidly and as far as was practicable, but owing to the proximity of night and the long distance which would have to be gone over before any of the enemy could be overtaken, further success was not obtainable today. A large number of prisoners were captured, almost all their dead and such of their wounded as could not themselves get to the rear that were within our lines, several of their flags were gathered up, a good many thousand muskets, nine or ten guns and some caissons lost by the Third Corps and three of Brown's batteries were all safe now with us, the enemy having had no time to take them off. These guns were silenced in about twenty minutes. Soon the brigades of Hayes and Hoke, led by the famous Louisianian Tigers, came in view and the guns of our batteries opened upon them. When they came within musket range they were swept down by the fire of Howard's Infantry, but they pressed on and were about to capture the batteries. Just then Carroll's brigade came to the rescue and the enemy retreated. Thus ended the greatest charge of Early's Division headed by Louisianian Tigers who boasted that they had never before been repulsed in a charge.

While this desperate struggle was being fought for the possession of Cemetery Hill a more formidable force was beating in upon them. This was Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps led by the old Stonewall brigade. Johnson was supported by the Division of Rodes. They were met by Green's brigade and Wadsworth's Division, but they soon discovered that the defences to Green's right were vacant. Rogers' and Geary's Divisions had been withdrawn to reinforce Sickles. Lee made a most gallant defense and saved his left flank from disaster. Darkness now came

on and this ended the battle in that quarter, to be renewed early on the morning of the third.

The policy of both Generals Lee and Meade was to compel the opposing General to make the attack upon ground chosen by the one to be attacked. The battle of July 1 defeated Lee's plan and compelled him to be the attacking party on July 2 upon ground of Meade's choosing, unless by flank movements Meade should be obliged to abandon his position and follow him. This was urged by Longstreet strenuously, but Lee insisted upon a direct and frontal attack at Gettysburg. There remained still the opportunity to flank Meade's Army lying in a long line by moving around its left wing and through the depression between the Round Tops or around Round Top. This was what Longstreet wished and was prepared to do and what Major General McLaws, C. S. A., who examined the position just before the battle, urged. General McLaws says: "If there had been previously any question in regard to the policy of a front attack there now remained not a shadow of doubt that our point of approach was Round



SPANGLER'S SPRING AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 1863
Here, after the first day's fighting, men of both armies met to draw water

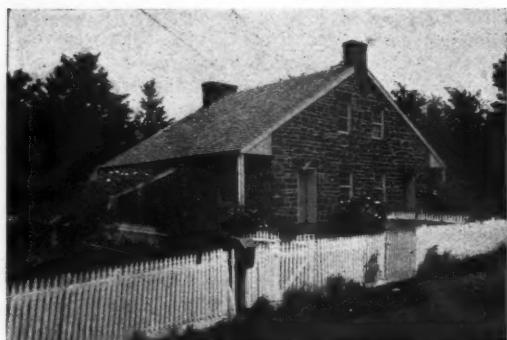
Top. I communicated this to General Hood and pointed out the ease with which a movement by the right flank might be made. He said that his orders were to attack in front as soon as the left of the Corps could get into position. I therefore entered a formal protest against a direct attack on the grounds following:

1. That the great natural strength of the enemy's position in our front rendered the result of a direct assault extremely uncertain.

2. That even if successful the victory would be purchased at too great a sacrifice of life and our troops would be in no condition to improve it.

3. That a front attack was unnecessary—the occupation of Round Top during the night by moving upon it from the south and the extension of our right wing from that point across the enemy's left and rear being not only practicable but easy.

4. That such a movement would compel a change of front on the part of the



LEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 1-4, 1863

enemy, the abandonment of his strong position on the heights and force him to attack us in position. In reply to this protest which was made to General Longstreet, Longstreet's orders were that you begin at once. *Just here the battle of Gettysburg was lost to the Confederate armies.* General Lee failed at Gettysburg on the second and third of July because he made his attack precisely where his enemy wanted him to make it and was most fully prepared to receive it.

The two armies being face to face on the second of July General Lee's alternative of a direct attack was a movement by his right flank to the Federal left and rear. This direct attack promised nothing but desperate fighting, heavy loss and probable failure. The second promised nothing worse with the probability all in favor of a

"fair field and free fight," which was all his army asked.

What Longstreet thought of Sickles' movement is expressed in the following letter:

WASHINGTON, September 19, 1902.

GENERAL D. E. SICKLES,
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

MY DEAR GENERAL SICKLES: My plan and desire was to meet you at Gettysburg on the interesting ceremony attending the unveiling of the Slocum monument; but today I find myself in no condition to keep the promise made you when last we were together. I am quite disabled from a severe hurt in one of my feet, so that I am unable to stand more than a minute or two at a time. Please express my sincere regrets to the noble Army of the Potomac, and to accept them especially for yourself.

On that field you made your mark that will place you prominently before the world as one of the leading figures of the most important battle of the Civil War. As a Northern veteran once remarked to me: "General Sickles can well afford to leave a leg on that field."

I believe that it is now conceded that the advanced position at the Peach Orchard, taken by your corps and under your orders, saved that battlefield to the Union cause. It was the sorest and saddest reflection of my life for many years; but, today, I can say, with sincerest emotion, that it was and is the best that could have come to us all, North and South; and I hope that the nation, reunited, may always enjoy the honor and glory brought to it by that grand work.

Please offer my kindest salutations to your Governor and your fellow-comrades of the Army of the Potomac.

Always yours sincerely,
(Signed) JAMES LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant-General Confederate Army.

General J. B. Kershaw, Major General C. S. A., says of General Sickles' position at the peach orchard, "After General Longstreet and General McLaws had reconnoitered and some more time had elapsed, Longstreet commanded me to advance with my brigade and attack the enemy at the peach orchard, directing me to turn the flank of that position. At 3 p. m. the head of my column came into the open field where we were in full view of the federal position. An advanced line occupied

the peach orchard heavily supported by artillery and extended from that point along the Emmettsburg road toward our left. *The position just here seemed almost impregnable.* I examined the position of the Federals with some care. I found them in superior force and strongly posted in the peach orchard with the main line of battle in their rear opportunely intrenched and extending to, if not upon, Little Round Top far beyond the point at which their left was supposed to rest. Six of their batteries were in position, three at the Orchard near the crest of the hill and the others about two hundred yards in the rear in the direction of Little Round Top. That night we occupied the ground over which we had fought at Peach Orchard on the hill and gathered the dead and wounded, a long list of brave and efficient officers and men. Captain Cunningham's Company of the Second South Carolina Regiment was reported to have gone into action with forty men, of whom but four remained unhurt to bury their fallen comrades."

General E. Porter Alexander, C. S. A., commanding the artillery in that fight, says of it, "It was explained to me that our corps (Longstreet's) was to assault the enemy's left flank and I was directed to reconnoiter. In about three hours I had a good idea of all the ground and after we had waited for the infantry, about four o'clock the word was given for Hood's Division to move out and endeavor to turn the enemy's left, while McLaws awaited the development of Hood's attack ready to assault the Peach Orchard. The Federal artillery was ready for us and in full force and good practise. We had fifty-four guns in action and I hoped they would crush that part of the enemy's line in short time, but the fight was longer and hotter than I expected."

The opinion of General O. O. Howard, commanding the Eleventh Corps, was quite as strongly and characteristically expressed in an article in the *Atlantic*:

"But to my mind there is a remarkable providence in the fact so much complained

of that General Sickles had taken up an advanced position, for thus he caused delay of Longstreet and enabled Meade to put General Sykes, then commanding the Fifth Corps into position to save the extreme left (the Round Tops), which was the high ground that Lee made his main attack to secure."

In the year 1880 General Sheridan, while in Boston, after stating that he and General Forsyth had been to Gettysburg to study the battlefield, was asked by Lieutenant Jenkins, formerly First Lieutenant of the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, who had served in the Third Corps if he had formed an opinion of General Sickles' forward movement to the



DEVIL'S DEN, GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863
Held alternately by Union and Confederate riflemen

Peach Orchard position on July 2, 1863, and if so that he would like to know his views about that movement from a strictly military point of view. Sheridan replied very freely and forcibly, "I examined that portion of the battlefield very carefully, and I have no hesitancy whatever in saying that under the circumstances in which General Sickles found himself on that occasion he could have done nothing else but to move out as he did to meet General Longstreet's threatening advance, and if he had not done so there would have been no third day at Gettysburg, and General Meade would have been forced off his position on his left flank and would have had to withdraw the Army to his Pipe Creek position, where he first planned to fight the impending battle."

On the other hand the movement of

General Sickles with the Third Corps from the line of battle where it was stationed at the foot of Little Round Top, to the Peach Orchard has been severely criticised and much has been said and written against it.

Lieutenant Frank A. Haskell of General Gibbon's staff of the Second Corps in his famous letter of July 16, 1863, from which we have already quoted, says of it: "What his purpose could have been is past conjecture. It was not ordered by General Meade as I heard him say. General Hancock and Gibbon as they saw the move in progress criticized its propriety sharply, as I know, and foretold quite accurately what would be the result. I suppose the truth probably is, General Sickles supposed he was doing for the best, but he was neither born nor bred a soldier but this move of the Third Corps was an important one—*it developed the battle.*"

But General Sickles, who the day before had gone to Gettysburg at the sound of the cannon without orders, because he knew that where battle was going on was his place, even if he was a volunteer officer, knew the weakness of the line where he was stationed, saw the strength of the position at the Peach Orchard, how completely it commanded the Union line, and with his Corps of ten thousand men moved out and occupied it confronted as it was by about twenty-five thousand Confederate veterans under Longstreet. It was a most daring and courageous movement. No doubt Sickles felt,

"He who dallies is a dastard
He who doubts is damned."

As yet no flanking attack had been made and no longer was it feasible for Longstreet to march from Seminary Hill to the Round Top without firing a shot and thus flank the Union army out of its position, compel it to attack Lee on ground of his own choosing, nearer to Washington and the Potomac. In a speech in the Boston Music Hall in 1886 Sickles said of his movement:

"It may have been imprudent to advance and hold Longstreet at whatever sacrifice, but wasn't it worth a sacrifice to hold the key of the position? What were we there for, were we there to count the cost in blood and men when the key to the position at Gettysburg was within the enemy's grasp? What little I know of conduct on a battlefield I learned from Hooker and Kearney. What would Hooker or Kearney have done, finding themselves in an assailable, untenable position without orders from headquarters as to their disposition for battle when they saw masses of the enemy marching to seize a vital point? Would they have hesitated? Would they have sent couriers to headquarters to find out what to do? Never! Never! Well, I learned war from them, and I didn't send any. I simply advanced onto the battlefield, and seized Longstreet by the throat and held him there."

The misapprehensions that have existed against General Sickles because of this movement will cease, and the future historians will give him full credit for saving the second day's fight at Gettysburg by his wise foresight, matchless courage and daring bravery.



CULP'S HILL., GETTYSBURG, JULY 1-4, 1863
Partly occupied by General Ewell July 1, but re-occupied next day



LET'S TALK IT OVER

AN EVENT characteristic of the whole-some old-time sentiment of New England village life occurred in Dalton, Massachusetts, when Senator Winthrop Murray Crane returned home. It was strictly a gathering of home folks. No invitations were sent to state or national celebrities. The picturesque village amid the Berkshires was gayly decorated, and the presentation of a loving cup was something more than an empty formality, for Senator Crane is very close to the hearts of the people of his home town as a neighbor and friend. While this esteem and liking extend far beyond the boundaries of the Berkshire Hills, making him a national leader, this little gathering, restricted to no class or party, in which everyone heartily joined, reflected the broad civic spirit of the citizens of Dalton.

Senator Crane was most deeply impressed by the sincere tributes so spontaneously and eagerly tendered by his old friends, who may well be proud of the Dalton boy reared among them, who today maintains a leadership and influence upon public affairs scarcely second to that of any other single citizen of the country.

* * *

THE retirement of Colonel Sidney M. Hedges from active participation in the life assurance business in Boston recalls his prominence in the most interesting epoch of insurance development in national history. In 1869 Colonel Hedges formed his first connection with this important interest, associating himself with the Connecticut Mutual. He remained with this company until the Centennial

year of 1876, when he was appointed General Agent with the Aetna of New York City. Four years later he came to Boston and soon became one of the prominent figures in civic and public activities of the Hub.

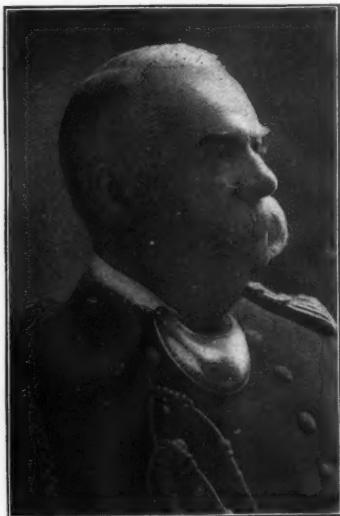
A man of fine presence, receptive mind and generous heart, he has served his company faithfully and well and made a record that stands out pre-eminent in insurance annals, and there is universal regret at his now voluntary retirement from the managerial cares and responsibilities which he has so long and effectively dealt with. He is the oldest general agent of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, and a letter addressed to policy-holders in eastern Massachusetts by the president of the company, Hon. Frederick Frelinghuysen, which follows, is an unusually warm-hearted and appreciative tribute:

To our policyholders in eastern Massachusetts:
Colonel Sidney M. Hedges, for thirty-four years the Company's General Agent at Boston, has voluntarily resigned, preferring to be relieved from the managerial duties of a General Agent. We sever this tie with the greatest reluctance and our best wishes will follow Colonel Hedges throughout his life, which we trust will be long and full of joy. He has lived nobly, and earned the leisure he seeks.

Yours very truly,
FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN,
President.

It is not only in business activities that Colonel Hedges has established a national reputation. In early life he was in the railroad business in Chicago and had then as now the gentle art of making friends which few men possess. He has been an active member and twice commander of the

historic Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, the historic organization established in 1638, which has always enjoyed the distinction of having Faneuil Hall for its armory home. Two tours were made to England by this historic and distinguished corps, largely under the enthusiastic leadership of Colonel Hedges, each time being graciously received by the Queen and later the King of England. When the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London were entertained in the United States, Colonel Hedges was again commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery and foremost in making the tour of the London



COLONEL SIDNEY M. HEDGES

Who commanded the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts on their notable tour to London and afterwards entertained the London Ancients in Boston

Artillery a pronounced and memorable success. The banquet at Symphony Hall, tendered the noted visitors, was pronounced one of the most notable and brilliant dinners ever given in Boston, and an event of international scope and import. The china service used was made and specially decorated for the occasion and furnished unique souvenirs. The following verses written on the occasion of the first visit of the Ancients of Boston

town to London, tells the story of Colonel Hedges. Wherever he has been there is always a radiant good-fellowship in his greeting that has enlarged his circle of friends day by day and year by year, and in the comradeship of his fellow-man is the ideal that has inspired his life.

HEDGES UNDISMAYED *

By MORTON B. BIRGE

Poor old "Lunnon"! Just imagine. She is trying to dismay
Colonel Hedges of our Ancients with imperial display;
Trotting out her bravest soldiers, in a glittering review,
Thinking she will dazzle Sidney, show him something really new.

They have taken him to Windsor, to a garden party fair,
Royalty in all its glory, gorgeously arrayed,
was there;
Edward VII, peers and princes, belted earls
in colors bright
Made a gaudy, giddy pageant, just to dazzle
Sidney's sight.

And the Mayor gave a luncheon, lacking
naught of lordly state,
Tried to paralyze our Sidney with a ton of massive plate;
All these things they did for Sidney, thinking
they could guarantee
That such royal, regal splendor Sidney ne'er
before did see.

Futile effort. Poor old "Lunnon"! Think how small it all must be
To a man who led the Ancients in their rainbow panoply;
One who's used, as Gallant Hedges, to that blazing, blinding bright
Aggregation of apparel, can't be jarred by any sight.

Just imagine how our Sidney must be smiling up his sleeve,
Saying to himself, "Now really, these good people can't believe
That all England's court and army, in its very best arrayed,
Can approach the awful splendor of my Ancients on parade."

* * *

WITH his characteristic foresight and energy, Mr. Dan R. Hanna, proprietor of the Cleveland *Leader and News*, has announced his intention of endowing

* Colonel Sidney M. Hedges of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston is being lavishly entertained in London. He has been received by the King, attended an imposing review of Aldershot and one of the Lord Mayor's luncheons.



MR. DAN R. HANNA

The son of the late Senator Mark Hanna. Mr. Hanna is one of the most successful newspaper men in the West, and has recently announced his intention of endowing a new school of journalism.

a school of journalism. The new school will be thoroughly practical, dealing with every detail of newspaper work, and giving special attention to reportorial and editorial training. Mr. Hanna is the son of the late Senator Mark Hanna, and

has made a marvelous success of the Cleveland newspapers under his charge.

The requirement for admission to the proposed school will be as high as those in other professional schools of the university. Both men and women will be ad-

mitted to the classes. Mr. Hanna's active and widely varied business experience has inspired him in an enthusiastic determination to give the young people of the present day in Cleveland and Ohio every advantage in this special line of study that can be afforded elsewhere. The Western Reserve University has made marked advances in recent years, and with the co-operation of such public-spirited gentlemen as Mr. D. R. Hanna, it will certainly attain great prominence among world universities for a widely varied and practical curriculum.

* * *

IN a back room at No. 71 Broadway, with a few tables and camp chairs roped off from any spectators that might drop in, sat the United States government through Judge Dickinson, ex-Attorney-General, questioning the head of the United States Steel Corporation. Only the clang of fire engines which went whirling down the side street broke in upon a scene and stage setting that suggested district court day in a frontier town. Squarely across the room, a serried line of reporters sat writing and tearing off pages of copy for the waiting messenger boys, who made up most of the audience. It was only another one of those government hearings that seems to have fastened itself upon our legislative life.

Altogether the government hearing of the United States Steel Corporation has brought many surprises, not the least of which was the wealth of detail and information that lay at the finger tips of President James A. Farrell. Under the cross-fire of questions from the ex-attorney general, Mr. Farrell amazed his hearers by his ability to answer offhand even the minutest inquiry dealing with steel manufacture or trade in any part of the world. Speaking of the advantages of foreign manufacturers over the Steel Corporation, with which he had to contend, Mr. Farrell said:

"German manufacturers can ship to Antwerp and Bremen about three hundred miles, for sixty cents a ton. From Pittsburgh to New York, four hundred and eighty miles, the rate is \$2.05 a ton in general, and \$1.75 a ton on rails.

"The new plant at Sini, near Calcutta, can make pig iron at \$5.40 a ton. The men working at the blast furnaces get three cents a day wages. It costs forty-eight cents a ton to get it to Calcutta. There it can be put on a sailing vessel and sent to San Francisco for \$5.50 a ton. The duty under the new tariff bill would be eleven cents, so that the pig iron could be laid down in San Francisco at about \$11.50. The first cargo from India is now on its way to the Pacific Coast.

"In China there is a plant near Hankow, where the workmen average sixteen cents a day. Pig iron can be made there for \$6.20 a ton and transported to San Francisco for \$3.60. Tariff and all, it can be laid down for about \$10.78. The market price for American pig iron at San Francisco is \$21.50."

Again, in reciting the self-imposed obligations of his company at times to continue the manufacture of unprofitable commodities in order that the people should not suffer, he gave as an illustration the manufacture of cotton ties.

"There is no profit on cotton ties and the business is not attractive. Our competitors have abandoned their manufacture, so it has devolved on us to meet the demand. Last year we furnished the compress men in the South with 1,900,000 bundles at eighty-five cents a bundle. If we should follow the example of our competitors and stop making them, the cotton crop would lie on the ground.

"At the time of the recent floods, the Government needed steel piling to strengthen the levees on the lower Mississippi. We got a rush order for 515 tons, and although we were filled up with regular orders, we delivered them in New Orleans five days later, eighty-six hours before the high waters arrived. We always give the preference to Government work."

Patiently Mr. Farrell traced the steel corporation export business from less than three thousand tons the first year to three and a half millions in 1912, representing a valuation approaching one hundred millions of dollars. Aggressive efforts to push this foreign trade have been continuous and indefatigable, and as Mr. Farrell declared, ninety per cent of the foreign trade is handled by his company, which

he insisted never operated under any pool or agreement with foreign manufacturers, either as to price or location. He also showed that the corporation did not sell its products lower abroad than in this country; in fact, he reviewed the situation as it existed before the Steel Corporation was organized, when seven different companies were competing for foreign business. After they were united in one office and the work systematized, the United States Steel Products Company forged ahead tremendously in this conquest

and prejudices. Sometimes a lower bid was rejected in order to favor English mills but there was something that thrilled an American's blood when Mr. Farrell related on the witness stand how he had sold structural steel against French, German and English companies in their home land, thus bringing every dollar's worth of business he could to the United States for American workingmen, more than fifteen thousand of whom are now employed exclusively in manufacturing for the export trade alone.



GOVERNOR FOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS AND HIS EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

of foreign trade. The investigation of foreign markets, in order that business might be done according to the requirements of each particular market, was a study in itself, and in this work Mr. Farrell was one of the initiative forces. Mr. Farrell spoke from personal knowledge of selling wire fencing in South Africa, telling how it had been necessary even to charter ships to carry steel to points seldom reached by regular steamship routes.

The development of this foreign trade, as Mr. Farrell plainly showed, has been accomplished in the face of bitter financial opposition in Europe by hostile tariffs

Under Mr. Farrell's administration, efficiency and loyalty among the steel workers has become a noted condition in the industrial world. The earnest appreciation of good workers as the most vital asset of his corporation is the dominant note of his success. Mr. Farrell has given, unflagging attention early and late to the interests of his co-workers in the steel corporation, and the confidence reposed in his plans is best evidenced by its results.

The improvements in the home life of the workers in the steel mills, and the hundreds of provisions that have been made to better conditions and eliminate

the terror of old age and want through the operation of the pension fund, is a great work in itself.

Few men in business life are more thoroughly informed on world events. Hour after hour Mr. Farrell continued his testimony, having at his tongue's end a wealth of detail that indicated how thoroughly he had mastered the subject. The story of his rise from a common laborer in the steel mill, at the age of fifteen, to the executive head of the greatest industry in the world at fifty, is sensational in itself, but after his evidence on the witness stand, it is easy to explain the events that led to his selection. In James A. Farrell was found a man who in himself best typified the triumph of the American workingman, in helping to win the markets of the world against handicaps that would have daunted any man who did not have in his very veins the steel of determination.

* * *

WITHIN the past decade the grass carpet industry developed in Wisconsin and Minnesota has revolutionized trade in modern floor coverings. A little more than ten years ago Mr. E. H. Steiger, a young man born in Waupaca County, Wisconsin, on the banks of the Wolf River, came to Oshkosh full of enthusiasm concerning the production of grass and rugs made from wire grass. He then clearly saw the change to be wrought in the use of wire grass, and his enthusiasm was unbounded. One of the first men he interested was Mr. Leander Choate, a pioneer of that thriving city, a man who had in his long and active lifetime helped many individuals to success and developed many important industries in Wisconsin. For two years Mr. Steiger talked the subject with all the earnestness and stick-to-itiveness inherited from Swiss ancestors. Then a factory was put in operation, and Mr. Steiger took charge of the field work in looking after the grass, because he felt that the fabric was of primary importance, and he was determined to master the new production in every detail.

Having lived on a farm until 1891 and operated a threshing machine, he was in

close touch with the products of the soil. His success in later life in dealing with men indicates that he had acquired a basic knowledge of human nature, as well as of nature in the fields. Attending the Oshkosh Business College in 1889, he first launched in business with the F. B. Sumner cheese factory. Later he managed a saw mill, lumber business and sold threshing machines under the firm name of Steiger Brothers. He continued in the threshing business and real estate until 1899, when the call for the State Legislature came, and it came in no uncertain way, when he was elected from the First Assembly District in 1899 and re-elected two years later with a handsome majority. In the Legislature he proved a "live wire," and was chairman of many important committees, and whatever he undertook was given that enthusiastic concentrated effort which brings results.

The first wire grass ever harvested in the State of Wisconsin was contracted for by Mr. Steiger, and every year since he has been cutting thousands of tons of this fibre on the meadows which he has been acquiring, becoming thoroughly familiar with the wire grass industry, not only from a practical but from a scientific standpoint. He observed closely in his study the nature, growth and development of wire grass, and is today acknowledged as one of the greatest experts in the country, having inspected wire grass meadows wherever they exist, from the Gulf to the Lakes, and on to the limited area of territory in Manitoba.

He was associated with the original patentees of straight grass twine machines. There were twelve or fifteen machines originally built which occasioned an outlay of more than \$25,000, and this Mr. Steiger made a personal investment. After the machines were perfected, a partnership was formed, consisting of Mr. Leander Choate and others, with a capital of \$25,000. The Oshkosh Grass Matting Company was organized later with a capital stock of \$100,000, and a year later Mr. Steiger was elected secretary and treasurer. He is now president of the concern, which does a business of more than one million dollars per year, and has held every position in the company, from

foreman in the grass fields to the presidency. The days, months and years of perfecting these machines point by point, as well as the product, became with Mr. Steiger the one absorbing purpose of his life, and he is recognized as the authority on grass products. In fact, he has been the soul and spirit of his business, from its inception and growth of the productions from a modest beginning to the tremendous proportions of the present time.

The product of his factory was christened "Deltex Grass Rugs." No one knows just why, but "Deltex" just seems to be the name, and the trade-mark "Deltex" has become a standard in the rug market in all parts of this country, and in South America, Panama and Europe. The development of the business in the matter of providing artistic carpet and rug designs brought grass matting to a close relationship to the Oriental rug in furnishing a home or office, for winter and summer, and has been an interesting trade evolution.

In talking of the development of the grass rug and matting business, Mr. Steiger is always insistent in his appreciation of the man who virtually made the development of the grass rug and matting possible—Mr. Leander Choate, the sturdy son of Maine, who pioneered to Wisconsin and loved to see things grow and develop. When Mr. Choate died, his widow, Mrs. Adaline P. Choate, succeeded to the presidency of the company, and has always taken an active and personal interest in its affairs. Knowing as she did the faith and confidence of her husband in the business and Mr. Steiger, she insisted upon continuing affairs just as when her husband lived, believing that this policy would result in the same success that had attended his projects while living. The rapid advancement of Mr. Steiger, the farmer boy of Wisconsin, to a position of eminence in the carpet and rug trade, is the concrete evidence of the ability, common-sense, cool-headed judgment of the young man who knew when to seize opportunities and when to work hard and to obtain results. He has been especially prominent in the development and exploitation of grass rug and matting trade, and wherever he goes there is an

exploitation of grass rugs that serves as a trade wake for salesmen to follow.

In the civic and public affairs of his city Mr. Steiger has been active. When Colonel Roosevelt visited Oshkosh he was the guest of Mr. Steiger, who provided an auditorium in his new warehouse, where eleven thousand people greeted the former President. Aside from his activities in connection with the Grass Matting Company, Mr. Steiger is also president of the Oshkosh Pure Ice Company; president of the Shawano Lumber Company of Shawano, Wisconsin; president of the Davis-Hansen Company, manufacturers of pumps; president of the Phillips Sprinkler Company, of Oshkosh, contractors for the installation of automatic sprinkler systems; treasurer of the Oshkosh Steamboat Company; treasurer of the Little Wolf Power Company, and manager of the Wegner Fuel and Coal Company. As a result of his close business association with Mr. Choate and of his familiarity with local conditions, Mr. Steiger has had charge and managed the Leander Choate estate. His management of the estate is in keeping with the success of the various enterprises with which he has been associated. Mr. Steiger has again proven the old axiom that "a man whose purpose is right and who knows his business finds the way to success." The companies with which he is associated have enjoyed the advantage of the same clear-headed vision that inspired the young farmer boy to believe in wire grass as a commercial commodity, and that the market for the goods was unlimited.

He was the first to manufacture grass rugs from straight grass twine without twisting the grass so as to make them more serviceable and make greater variety of patterns and obtain a softness in a grass rug that approximates the quality of the best rugs. From a hygienic standpoint he has studied the question from all angles.

Think of taking out a rug, turning on the hose and washing it every week and oftener and bringing back to the room the cool cleanliness of Nature itself. In the tropics and in Panama, and as far north as Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, I have seen the welcome roll of grass rugs un-

folded, which indicates the wide range of a market only in its infancy. The time is coming when a house would not be considered completely furnished without grass rugs and mattings. As the volume of the trade has developed on such a gigantic scale, Mr. Steiger has given his attention to looking close to the supply of wire

At the semi-annual carpet sales in New York, Mr. Steiger has been a conspicuous figure for some years and is one of the two life members of the Carpet Club, of New York City, with rooms and headquarters adjoining the famous Hoffman House. His business interests cover a wide range of activities, emphasizing again that the basis



Photo by Marceau, N.Y.

MR. E. H. STEIGER

A young western business man who has revolutionized the rug and matting industry

grass, which thus far has been discovered in only two states of the Union—Wisconsin and Minnesota—and in Manitoba. While some of the fields have been cut year after year for twelve years, they are now allowed to fallow for a year or so, so as to improve quality. Mr. Steiger's ambition is to weave into the grass rug and matting a quality that will stand wear and tear of the activity of the average American.

of modern business operations is about the same in every line of trade and industry. The increasing popularity of grass rugs and mattings has been anticipated in the enlargement of the factory at Oshkosh from year to year until it now covers an area of four or five acres. The factory is operated all the year round and is visited by many interested purchasers from all over the world. Once in the factory you

feel the very atmosphere and fragrance of the fields, as the grass is gathered in the storehouse in the autumn, calling to mind the old scenes in the hay mow, or jumping into the haystack on the farm, a sort of rejuvenation of youth itself. By careful preparation and curing, the rugs are shipped odorless, but with all the refreshing qualities of an article that comes close from Nature to the service of mankind, and meets the modern demand for simplicity and the most urgent sanitary requirements.

* * *

DURING the early morning hours the lobby of the New Willard Hotel at Washington is thronged with business men, cigars atilt and expressions eager, awaiting the hour of "tariff hearing." This gathering of prominent manufacturers, business men and wage-earners, and the evidence accumulated at the tariff hearings afford an interesting study of present-day economics. Through personal contact new ideas are often evolved. In the lobby one morning I came across the committee appointed by the National Association of Shoe Manufacturers, National Shoe Wholesalers' Association, National Shoe Retailers' Association and New England Shoe and Leather Association to prepare their brief. Among the group was Mr. Elmer J. Bliss, of Regal Shoe fame, the young man who evolved the idea of branch retail shoe stores in all parts of the country, and in discussion with him were Mr. J. Franklin McElwain, the head of the large McElwain Shoe Company of Boston; Mr. H. M. Slayton, Charles H. Jones, of the Commonwealth Shoe Company; Mr. T. F. Anderson of the Shoe and Leather Association, Boston; Mr. Craddock of Lynchburg, Virginia, and Mr. Rand of St. Louis. This committee had been selected by Mr. Bliss to prepare for the hearing on Schedule N before the tariff committee. At short notice a series of colored charts had been prepared, showing graphically a comparison of wages and presenting every phase and every angle of the questions at stake, so that each could be grasped at a glance.

The brief supporting the retention of the present tariff was reached after a sci-

entific examination of the facts, and when it had been proved that the tariff was necessary to the protection of a great American industry, national in extent, in which competition is more keen than in almost any other branch of trade. Working on a small and decreasing margin of profit, in which pools and trust combinations are unknown, the shoe makers of America declared through their committee that the present tariff was a necessary protection to skilled and well-paid American workmen. A reduction of ten per cent in the present tariff on shoes, they brought out in the hearing, would not concretely benefit the customer, but reduce wages. The difference in the wages paid the workmen in this country and those oversea was an interesting phase of the testimony. In the average shoe factory in Great Britain the workmen receive only 55 per cent of the wages paid to Americans making a similar line of goods, and in German factories they receive less than half as much. The total cost of labor on a pair of shoes abroad is 60 per cent less than in America. In this country there are also high overhead charges, and for handling and selling the goods, and under these conditions the present tariff is very low, and a further reduction could not be made without affecting American labor.

The bulk of boots and shoes exported from American factories are sent to Mexico and the Latin-American countries, and when our manufacturers come in direct competition with British products, and have to fight a difference in labor cost alone of about 45 per cent, or 25 cents per pair of shoes, they work under a handicap that would become an impassable barrier if the tariff were reduced. These facts were revealed in the testimony of the shoe manufacturers' committee, as details were given showing the cost of every part of a shoe, down even to the shoe strings and eyelets.

Out of all the chaotic evidence deduced from the tariff hearings, interesting "inside" business history has been revealed. In the case of the shoe manufacturers, every phase of the trade was represented from manufacturer to consumer. On a notice of only a few hours, shoe manufacturers representing every branch of the

shoe trade in every part of the country were summoned to Washington, and stood ready to prove that the recently reduced compensatory tariff rate of 10 per cent should not be eliminated. The situation was discussed by manufacturers from north, east, south and west, virtually boxing the compass. The charts were carefully analyzed and figures officially verified. The case was presented with business-like celerity, showing conditions as they stood in reference to workmen's

worker would never be tolerated in the United States, the question widens and becomes still more vital.

The shoe manufacturers who gave testimony at the hearing were thoroughly in earnest, and the alluring smile and adroit questioning of Chairman Oscar W. Underwood did not stir them from keeping to the facts at issue. There were no sensational revelations. The shoe men were thoroughly primed and loaded, and the reporters who were looking for "scare heads" and yellow headlines were obliged to suffer disappointment. The Committee on Ways and Means also found that there was no use in trying to "rattle" the witnesses, and they finally concluded to turn the whole matter over to their successors in the Sixty-third Congress.

Thus the hearing was closed for the time without any definite result, but the evidence accumulated would make a worthy showing for historical archives. Many interesting "side issues" in shoe manufacture were discussed, and the question of publicity was covered in different phases. The possibility of reaching people in all parts of the country through every package of shoes, with a direct message to ninety millions of people, furnishes one enginery of publicity that has been overlooked in the past. The evolution of parcel

post and package advertising will bring manufacturers and consumers in closer contact as the years advance, and the great voice of the package, which has been so long quiescent, is beginning to be heard as manufacturers realize that here is a way of sending the people a message, not only on the quality of their goods, but on the vital public questions of the day. Fancy for a moment that every manufacturer could tell his story direct from package to consumer. The retail stores today stand as sentinels on the consumers' highway, and retail merchants and manufacturers are beginning to realize the close



TWO COY INDIAN GIRLS

Photographed by Mr. W. D. Boyce on his way through Peru

wages—and wages are an important concern, especially as a matter of legislative consideration. Even the most hardened free trader was impressed. The whole proposition was expressed in one word, "wages." If wages were equal and other conditions the same, then there would be no necessity for a protective tariff, but with the fact staring manufacturers in the face that wages in Europe and in America are far from being equal, the deduction is inevitable that if the compensatory tariff is not maintained, it must come directly out of the wages of the workingman. Then as the living conditions of the European wage-

relations and identity of interest that exist between the factory and the delivered parcel or letter.

An illustration of the effectiveness of cohesive action was shown at the time of the San Francisco fire. Mr. Bliss was in Los Angeles, and in looking over the relief work he discovered that nothing definite had been done for the children. He presented the case to the Executive Committee of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and through the generosity of the Associated Press wires and the telephone companies, necessities were provided for the little ones. More than one hundred and fourteen children's relief bureaus were instantaneously established at his own branch stores, and within twenty-four hours forty carloads of goods were on their way from the Atlantic to the Pacific to be distributed to the children alone. This not only demonstrates the homogeneity of American humanity, but also the cohesiveness of American business interests.

One cannot suffer or be attacked without others being injured. Every piece of goods manufactured and labeled has reached a circulation of proportions that make the largest periodical or newspaper pale into insignificance. It is only one form of publicity, and through this same medium the people are kept informed.

They demand to know the evidence from all sides and angles, and experts, with their mysterious, coddled knowledge as capital, must show the reasons for their arguments as well as the business interests they attack. After all, the people today rule as they have always ruled, and the interest and rights of the wage-earners and the ultimate consumer, who represent the bulk of the people, are paramount. With this assured, capital gains confidence and continues to expand and develop.

The new committee on Ways and Means have a gigantic task before them in regulating the tariff, and the swiftly changing and improving industrial conditions of the country will have to be taken into account before the wages of any branch of workers can be imperilled or the great rivers of revenue as now represented by American payrolls be wastefully directed to foreign channels. To survey the whole situation without envy, without class, sectional or

racial discrimination from the rostrum of the Committee Room is a legislative function of pre-eminent importance.

* * *

After a busy sight-seeing day, one could not think of leaving Washington without a visit to Chase's Theater any more than forgetting to glance at the Washington Monument. The new Chase Theater, on Fifteenth Street, opposite the Treasury Building, is claimed to be the handsomest theater in America, but "Chase's" was an institution long before this building was constructed. The story of the establishment and early years of this popular vaudeville house in Washington is intensely interesting, for it was only thirty years ago that Mr. B. F. Keith, the originator of modern vaudeville, opened his theater in Boston in a room 15 x 35. It required courage in those days to persist in the face of disappointment, but there is a hopeful answer in Mr. Chase's handsome new playhouse, which maintains the same high standard of entertainment in which the owner, his manager, Miss H. Winnifred deWitt, and his son and secretary, Mr. H. Beverley Chase, always believed. Their well-balanced, bright, clean, entertaining and varied vaudeville bill is a popular diversion in Washington, and staid supreme court judges, congressmen, diplomats—all official Washington, in fact—would think a week dull indeed without dropping into Chase's.

The taste and discrimination of the owner and manager have evidenced a careful study of the peculiar requirements of the stream of tourists and the shifting personnel of official life. Theatrical success lies with the audience, and the stream of Washington public that have the "Chase habit" has created a typical Chase audience. It has been grimly said that when Mr. P. B. Chase came to Washington from Ohio and bought the old Albaugh Theater, he faced Jeremiah and an Anvil Chorus of Knockers. He established a record for rigid propriety on his stage, and insisted on courtesy in the auditorium, with his own employees setting the example. He supervised the bills with microscopic care, until "Chase's Polite Vaudeville"—

with emphasis on "Polite"—has won for Mr. Chase a patronage among all classes of people, from the most exclusive circles to the great transient public. Plimpton B. Chase has made the word "polite" a posi-

bought for five cents has long since departed. Fifteen years ago millions of bushels of wheat were fed to swine and poultry, because only in that way could the farmer get back his money and wages;

but today the poor man who buys his bread is paying even higher prices for "the staff of life" than for meat, all things considered. As good flour takes up a large quantity of water, much of which is retained in the bread, it is evident that a barrel of flour is almost as profitable a thing to make in to bread and sell as a barrel of whisky.

Fortunate, indeed is the householder who in these days of high prices sees the white hands and arms of a loving, cheery housewife kneading the dough, and placing in the oven the loaves which are, indeed, the "staff of life," the bread which is the indispensable item of every meal. The girls who can make bread could prove real bread-winners at home these days.

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DRAPINGS AND PLEATINGS OF 1879

From an old fashion plate brought to light by Mr. S. Wilbur Corman of Philadelphia, showing the revival of drapings and pleatings in milady's wardrobe. Up-to-date tailors point also to the similarity in coat styles—the cutaway front, sewed-in sleeve and long reverred collar—pictured in the fashions of thirty-five years ago, and reflected in the jaunty suit-coats of the spring and summer

tive and attractive qualification of theatrical production.

* * *

IN a New England bakery a placard bears the legend: "Bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ loaf, 8 oz., 5 cents; $\frac{3}{4}$ loaf, 24 oz., 10 cents," a significant hint to the purchasers that the days in which a pound loaf of bread could be

IN West Virginia there has never been a political cyclone or turmoil that has disturbed the popularity of Stuart F. Reed, who was elected Secretary of State by a rousing majority. He is one of those stalwart country lads from Tygart's Valley, whom everyone seems to know, and to feel that whoever else may fail on election day, Stuart F. Reed must have a rousing vote. Born in West Virginia just after the Civil War, Mr. Reed was reared in the early days of reconstruction. He attended the University of West Virginia, from which he received his LL.B. From his college days he has been actively interested in journalism, and edited the *Clarksburg Telegram* for eight years after his graduation. He has been vice-president of the National Republican Editorial Association of the United States and president of the West Virginia Editorial Association, even during his busiest years in public life. Throughout the State, in every glen, mountain range and dale, to the majestic reaches of the Ohio, men love to recall how the clarion voice of Stuart F. Reed was always heard to purpose in the campaign, and rings true to promise and good faith.



Evolution of the Department Store

by Marion Brunot Haymaker

DURING the last few years corporations of both greater and lesser magnitude all over the United States have been brought into the dragnet of popular dissension. The old scriptural question "Am I my brother's keeper?" has taken on the positive attitude, and both men and women who never gave the under person a thought have suddenly been forced to realize that each individual no matter how insignificant, counts in some way either for good or ill. In the last months much has been said about the department store, and the all too meager wages for woman. The question "Has the employer a moral responsibility for those who come under his regime?" has been asked again and again. In answer have developed in detail accounts that have shocked the senses.

It should not be imagined that every department store is conducted upon a plan which is totally devoid of concern for the moral welfare of the employees; indeed

many institutions of this nature endeavor, so far as competition in trade will permit, to give a good remuneration for services and to make surroundings so pleasant that there can be no real occasion for any honorable girl to stray from the virtuous path.

The history of a department store that has been in existence for nearly sixty-five years may be used as an illustration of honorable treatment of employees and fair dealings with the public.

It was in 1849 that Joseph Horne first opened his little department store at 79 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. At this time the Mexican War had been history for but a few months. James K. Polk was President of the United States. Queen Victoria had reigned but ten years of her long and meritorious rule in Great Britain. It was but five years after Morse had sent his first message over the telegraph, and only some six years before Charles Bourseul had advanced

the theory that speech might be transmitted by means of electricity.

Today, going the length and breadth of the states, it is impossible to find a home of merchandise which has so steadily grown, so methodically developed, until it covers an entire square in the best business section of the Smoky City—a drygoods' house that has so surely implanted itself

of Joseph Horne's Market Street rooms. The same romance can be traced when the adjoining building was added. And again when moving to Library Hall, and still on to Penn Avenue and Fifth Street, where today the immense emporium impresses strangers as a place of quiet superiority in all things in dress and domesticity, and is known to customers as the ideal store of modern merchandise.

What is the spirit dominant here? What has made this store succeed against both flood and fire? What has caused this emporium of merchandise to expand no matter what the opposition, or whither the trend of times?

We can truthfully answer as the man is, so is his business, and as a man lives so shall the generations that follow him prosper. Joseph Horne exemplified this theory. He went back and forth in Pittsburgh for a long stretch of years, until his death in 1892. He built, step by step, a reputation for truthfulness, foresight, goodness, righteousness, and benevolence. He was a leading citizen in all ideal progress, a clear thinking inhabitant of a growing manufacturing center, and a regular church-goer; best of all, he carried all this form of living consistently with him into his business—he formulated as his slogan: "Integrity," so truly implanted that it has weathered the winters of all the ensuing years.

He lived for the day conscientiously, and in so living engraved the outline of a great trust to posterity. In his meager Market Street store, in which were made small sales, in which could be seen austere window decorations, into which went few customers, and which were served by four or five clerks, were established the inviolable principles which are the essential qualifications for all continued success, no matter whether statesmanship, army discipline, or the slow, sure grind of the great wheels of civilization's commerce.



MR. JOSEPH HORNE
The founder of Joseph Horne & Co.

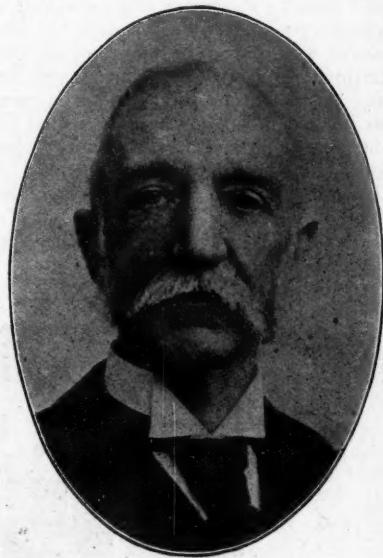
in the hearts and minds of the best of Pennsylvania's people.

In sixty-four years a business of high-class merchandising has been established so accurately, a philanthropy of kindness and justice has been so formulated, a sense of such keen integrity and genuine sympathy has been noted by all patrons that it seems more than well to take a peep behind the curtain and ascertain the reasons for such phenomenal success.

The romance of the department store is clearly depicted from the very beginning

In the early days of merchandising there was an incessant warfare of wits between buyer and seller, and sharpness was the means by which the bargain usually was sealed. The price of an article could be so changed by the cunning of those interested that there could be no standard for either—the purchaser or the one from whom the purchase was made. This was unfair to both the merchant and the public. It meant that one person might pay an exaggerated price while another would buy much below actual worth. Mr. Horne was one of the first to acknowledge this to be an abuse to be remedied. He marked goods on the one-price system, from which has evolved the

the first Pittsburgh merchant to realize the value of creating a home atmosphere in the aisles of his store. Even in the early days he insisted upon the nearest approach of daylight for purchases. He saw that the true aristocracy of a nation born of war for freedom and brotherhood



MR. C. B. SHEA
The partner of Mr. Horne

more or less standard conception of values, and also the spring and winter bargain seasons. This method, too, has done away with the pedlar instinct in the clerk, and today the man or woman behind the counter is as [free from the necessity of subterfuge as are those employed in any line of trade.

Mr. Horne was the first to establish the three-month credit system, from which has come the thirty-day account. He was



MR. A. P. BURCHFIELD
The partner of Mr. Horne

is the noble intent to serve well, and to grow slowly, positively, legitimately.

From less than ten clerks in a small two-story brick structure, and on a side street, to a building taking up an entire square and employing 2,000 people is the fairylike tale of the Joseph Horne institution. This is a story as picturesque as the one related in nurseries of Dick Whittington. It is as sentiment-laden as that of Benjamin Franklin when he first set foot in Philadelphia with his entire fortune done up in a small package under his arm. It is the story of the one-man influence which evolves until a whole community can be reckoned with for good, the one-man business which grows and grows until sons and sons' sons are taken into the firm.

Some years after Mr. Horne had been prosperously carrying on the drygoods'

business, Mr. C. B. Shea and Mr. A. P. Burchfield became partners with him; both men of the same sterling qualities of character. Today Mr. Durbin Horne, a son of Mr. Joseph Horne, is president of the corporation; Mr. J. B. Shea, son of Mr. C. B. Shea, is vice-president; while the two sons of Mr. A. P. Burchfield, Mr. A. H. Burchfield and Mr. W. H. Burchfield, are secretary and merchandise chief, and assistant treasurer. These men continue in precisely the same path as was originally laid



THE BEGINNING OF THE JOSEPH HORNE DEPARTMENT STORE

out for them with the exception that they have enlarged every part of their business. These men have decidedly quick perceptions and prophetic intuitions of what will constitute advanced merchandizing.

To make a huge store a unit in order and satisfaction, the wheels in every department must be well oiled. To make this a surety every head of every department and every employe must work in co-operation. The spirit must be friendly, the interest must be that of a whole divided but for a time into parts. To do this satisfactorily there must be a clear comprehension of justice in reward. The Joseph Horne Company has understood this from the beginning. Employees have been promoted from time to time, cash girls becoming heads of department as they exhibited ability and special initiative. The salaries are based entirely upon sales, and salary adjustments made twice a year. Thus a girl who works diligently and has a large balance to her credit at the end of the week is recognized accordingly over and above her usual wage. It has also been observed that all work and no play make both Jack and Jill dull, so a week's vacation with full salary is allowed each year. In case of sickness the half-wage system always has been used, and full pay

is given when death occurs in the home or any employe.

This consideration to those under supervision has caused a genuine brotherhood and sisterhood to obtain from basement to the sixth floor of the big department store. The fact that the same faces may be seen for twenty or thirty years and in the same departments, and that these faces never show depression, has imbued all with a sentiment of loyalty and devotion which is worth seeing, in a time when so much stress is being laid upon the cruelty of "the man higher up."

Joseph Horne's store was the first in Pittsburgh to establish the half-holiday on Saturday during the months of July and August. It was the first to provide a hospital equipped with nurses for the employes who should be taken ill on the premises. When the girls are unable for any length of time to attend to business on account of illness, they are visited by the house physician. The nurse also looks after the welfare of each girl, and, if thought expedient, she investigates the home conditions.

About fourteen years ago the older employes, in appreciation of the younger people of the concern,

started the half-holiday outing in the country. This was in the form of a picnic on the first Saturday the store was closed in July. The number of employes who became

interested was so great that about six years ago the idea was formulated to give the young people a week's vacation in the country where tired eyes could gaze upon brooks and trees and flowers, and tired minds could be refreshed with pure air and the chirp of birds.



THE NEXT STEP IN DEVELOPMENT CAME WHEN JOSEPH HORNE & CO. TOOK IN THE ADJOINING BUILDING

This meant an organization that must be thoroughly enthused in the work, and the means for providing for its maintenance. From the executive committee in charge of the former picnics the new organization was derived. Eight people were selected. They decided to establish a camp in an attractive section of nearby open territory, one where food, tents, in fact every plain living necessity could be provided. From the former outings money had accrued to such an amount that when the camp was ready to be opened a sufficient balance for a permanent fund was on hand.

A dancing pavilion, a mess tent, water, and, last but not least, a competent number of cooks to prepare delicious food are special features of this charity. The junior employees of the firm are thus taken care of, and during a season two hundred young people will enjoy the week free of charge. This has served to impress them with the fact that their services are appreciated by the older employees, as well as the firm, and has a tendency to make them better pleased with their start in life, and better equipped to go on with existence in a cheerful, honest way.



THE LIBRARY HALL STORE OF JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY

Hundreds of older people go down to Camp Horne to participate in the games and entertainments. A large farm was leased for a number of years to test the plan thoroughly before entering into any permanent arrangement. This summer it is thought that a site positively the Horne

employees' own will be an investment, one that will be a monument to the co-operation, sympathy and interest of the older workers with those who will succeed them.

All this is more than inspiring. It comes



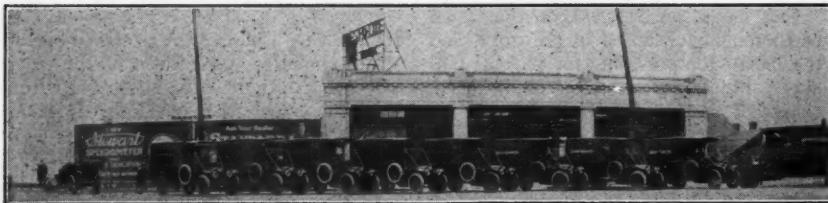
FIRST STORE OF JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY
ON PRESENT SITE

The store as it stands today is pictured at the head of this article

like a refreshing breeze in this day of so many cases of under-pay, of unrest among women workers, of bitterness at lack of proper sustenance, at thought of no kindness, no consideration from those who employ them.

The drygoods' store of America's big cities no longer caters only to the buyer. The day of the clerk being indifferent to the casual onlooker is past. It has gone its way with the inferior bargain, the fitter who let seams be too narrow and arm-holes too big. The visitor—the purchaser of tomorrow—must be considered. Courtesy to the visitor, even at the expense of energy and apparent wasted time, must be the motto. So come the wonderful window panoramas, where the latest fads from Paris, the finest color schemes, the most recherche

apparel that may find its way to any of the summer colonies scattered all through the northern states, are exhibited. With the demand for this interior decoration the Joseph Horne Company store has again been quick to grasp the trend of the times. And at all seasons of the



FLEET OF AUTOMOBILES WHICH FORM PART OF THE

year, the head window trimmer is working his imagination overtime to find the latest shades and tints, the most artistic fabrics in all lines of wear and adornment.

The rest room of the modern department store is something else that pleases the visitor and the purchaser. Here are desks at which letters may be written, telephone booths in which social or business conversations may be conducted. Here are rockers in which the mother may sit and allow her mind to drift away from household cares. Here are prettily contrasting tables and rugs and wall embellishments on which the eye may gaze with admiration and interest.

The Horne art department was the first in the field of Pittsburgh. A drygoods' store is no longer only a place for buying materials and household furnishings that are necessary. It also consults the needs of the artist, and canvases in oil, water colors, pastels, and proof prints are displayed in great variety. You are invited to come and look at such art treasures. You are not asked to purchase until you show a willingness to do so.

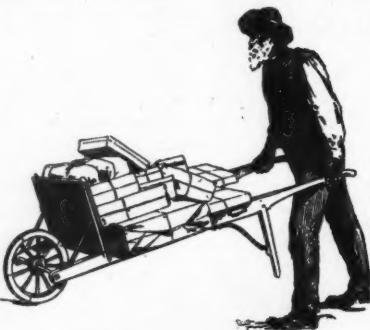
The Herter tapestries before they were placed in the foyer of the Hotel McAlpin, in New York City, were brought to Pittsburgh at no small inconvenience and expense, and displayed on Horne's fifth floor, along with Mr. Herter's rare Persian pottery. Hundreds of people visited these collections, and learned something new, something to improve both the mind and the soul.

Psychology tells us there is the same advancement in nations that there is in the individual. We can say truly the age of having to touch everything is past, and we are in an era of the supremacy of sight. The eyes are over-strained with the transcendent views seen and recalled at a moment's thought. The moving pictures, the stage productions given us by such masters as David Belasco and Klaw & Erlanger, the many ways in which the

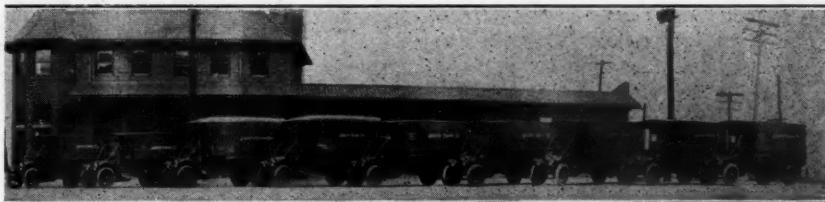
large land-owner arranges his grounds, following Italian models, the forests of Ardennes, or something nearer our own doors, the incessant demand for the kodak and the camera, Yellowstone Park, the varying beauty of tropical California, the heights of the Victoria Falls in Africa, the grandeur of the pagodas in the Far East, are all known to

us not because we have their likeness in words but in actual flat reproduction. So, the artist, angered at such rivalry, promotes ideas new and strange, and sees landscapes, ocean scenes and peoples not as did Raphael and Michael Angelo. He gives us depicted sunlight. He shows us the lights and shades of the spectrum. He goes over to the geometric formation of figures and perspective. We stand aghast at his results, and yet withal we are pleased, for we now are children of the eye instead of the finger tips.

The department stores, never a second behind, recognize as never before the necessity of making pictures of their wares.



THE ORIGINAL DELIVERY



UP-TO-DATE DELIVERY SYSTEM OF JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY

So we have the French rooms, cool, fresh, restful, and here and there a dainty piece of headgear. More and more French rooms pass before us, and here are noted lingerie and negligee such as years ago the Priscillas [and] Marthas may have dreamed of as they sat in their gardens of poppies and stately peonies. There is the darker finished background for the Daghestan rugs, the domestic carpets, the wood furnishings. There are the newest materials ravishingly draped, the softly planned silks, the more severely tucked up winter fabrics. There are waxen models dressed in evening finery, afternoon frippery, or street array. Surely these wax figures will move, or at least an inspired sculptor could awaken such Galateas.

To have all these kaleidoscopic effects as they should be much depends upon the lighting system. Long ago tallow candles and oil lamps passed into history. The shaded lamp globe is no more. Instead the Edison-Mazda lamps and Holophane shades, the latest electrical lighting devices, are employed in various combinations. For the main floor, the Joseph Horne Company use the single unit lighting system—one lamp for each outlet, which usually consists of five hundred-watt or less. On the furniture floor, four-unit, or four-light fixtures are thought advisable. In the

rug and wall paper departments, the chain festoon lighting system prevails. Electricity is generated on the premises by means of gas-driven and steam-driven generators. The stores in Pittsburgh have different lighting systems from those used in any other city, this on account of the peculiar atmospheric conditions and the scarcity of sunlight.

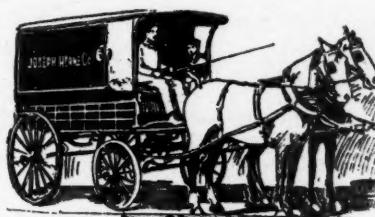
In finally summing up the evolution of the department store in America, fancy the two-story building in

Market Street over against the six-story, entire-block edifice on Penn Avenue. Picture the errand boy as the only means of speeding a message as compared to the installation of an operating telephone switchboard of the latest and most effective patterns. With this it is possible to distribute the calls among the different operators, which relieves congestion at busy times. This, by means of a cross connecting frame work, by which calls can be so distributed that all operators can carry

an equal share of the pressure. Changes from operator to operator are made in a second's time. In use there are forty trunk lines connecting private branches with the central telephone office; also private wires direct to the warehouse, manufacturing and other buildings located away from the main store. Some 160 interior telephones,



SECOND DELIVERY SYSTEM



THIRD DELIVERY SYSTEM

also direct long distance service for customer's use, are noticed. The telephone order board—the first to be put in use in Pittsburgh—was constructed especially for the Joseph Horne Company store. It is an 8-position board, with twenty lines connecting with the central office.

The delivery system sixty-four years ago consisted of the wheelbarrow. Today there are twenty-two gasoline trucks and forty delivery wagons which are always on the go.

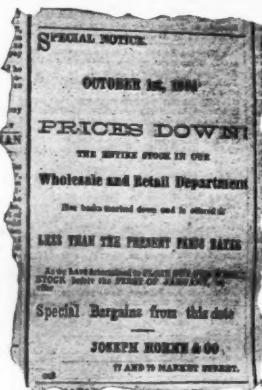
Stairs were the only means by which customers went from the first to second floors sixty-four years ago. Today there are seventeen elevators and one lowerator in use, the latter exclusively for taking merchandise from the different floors to the shipping department.

The advertising department, which used to depend on the cleverness of some head floorman, or the owner of the store, has now developed into a huge and fully equipped department with an expert manager and assistants, artists and stenog-

rappers. The advertising policy is not so much a basis of immediate sale as an effort to disseminate information about the store, its absolute guarantee of merchandise and prices which shall secure and increase public confidence and attention.

By this time the reader appreciates that the motives behind the big and really prospering department stores in the United States are the same as those that should be behind railroads, mills and factories. Unless the men at the helm have foresight, consistency, philanthropy and a thorough understanding and enjoyment of their work, they cannot go onward and upward. It is essential that at all times they be ready and eager to let the onlooker glance on the other side of the curtain and criticize—adversely or admiringly.

Integrity and justice—such should be the watchwords. The integrity and justice that have gone unerringly through sixty-four years of competition and advancement is the record of this big Pittsburgh merchandising institution.



THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENT

THE ROSE-BUSH IN AUTUMN

I KNOW, and the sunset-angel knows,
Painter nor palette could paint the rose,
The bush that tall by the border grows
And waves in the wind today!
Ruby and brown where the green has fled,
Bronzed, and brightened with gold and red,
Purple and amber, so lit and wed
By the sun in the soft blue overhead
And the light wind's careless sway,
That the perfect bloom of its summer flowers
Is poor to the wealth of these autumn hours,
And the richest jewels of Asia's mines
Are pale to the hues of its pendent vines
And the tints of its topmost spray!

—Edna Dean Proctor